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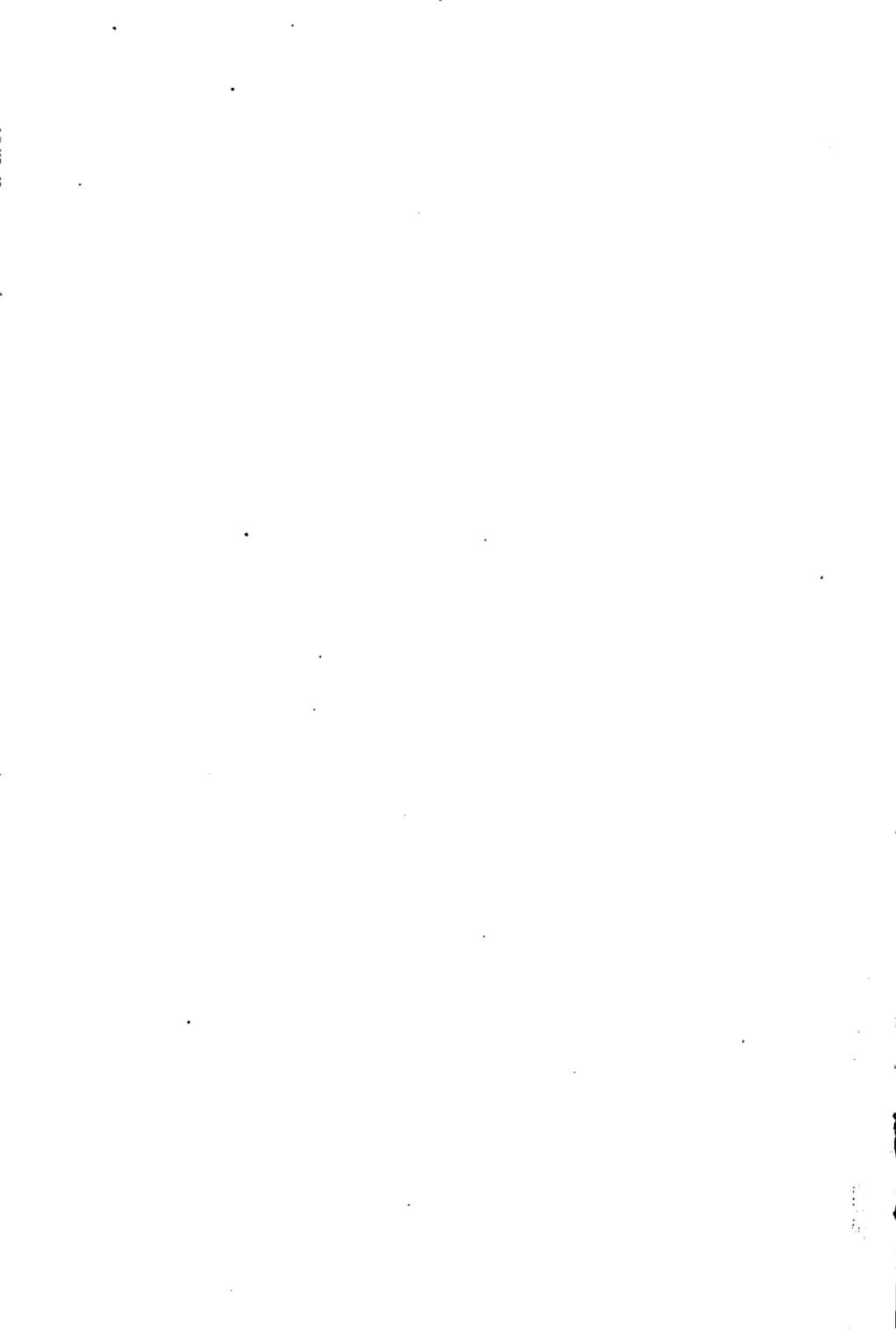
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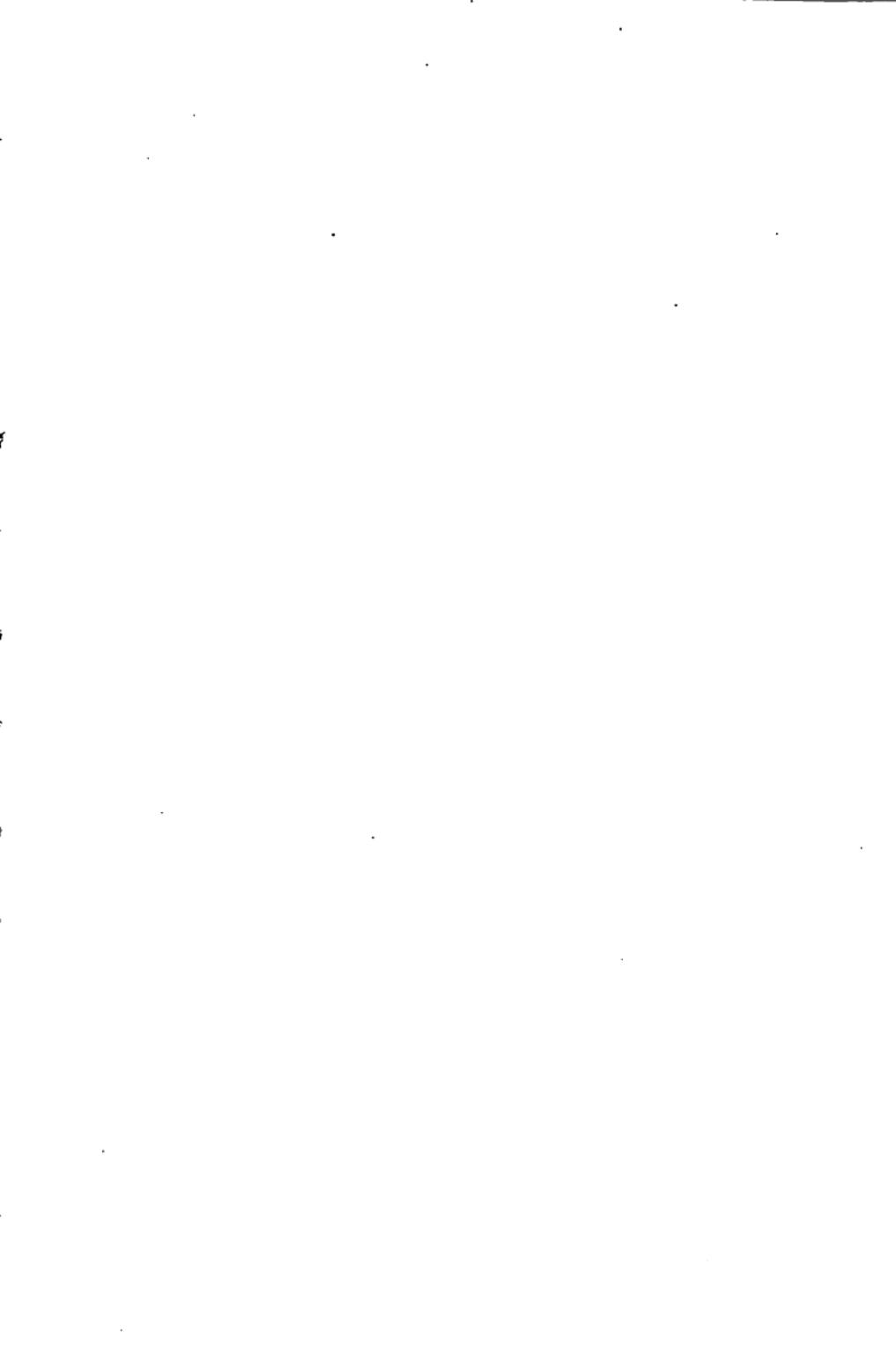
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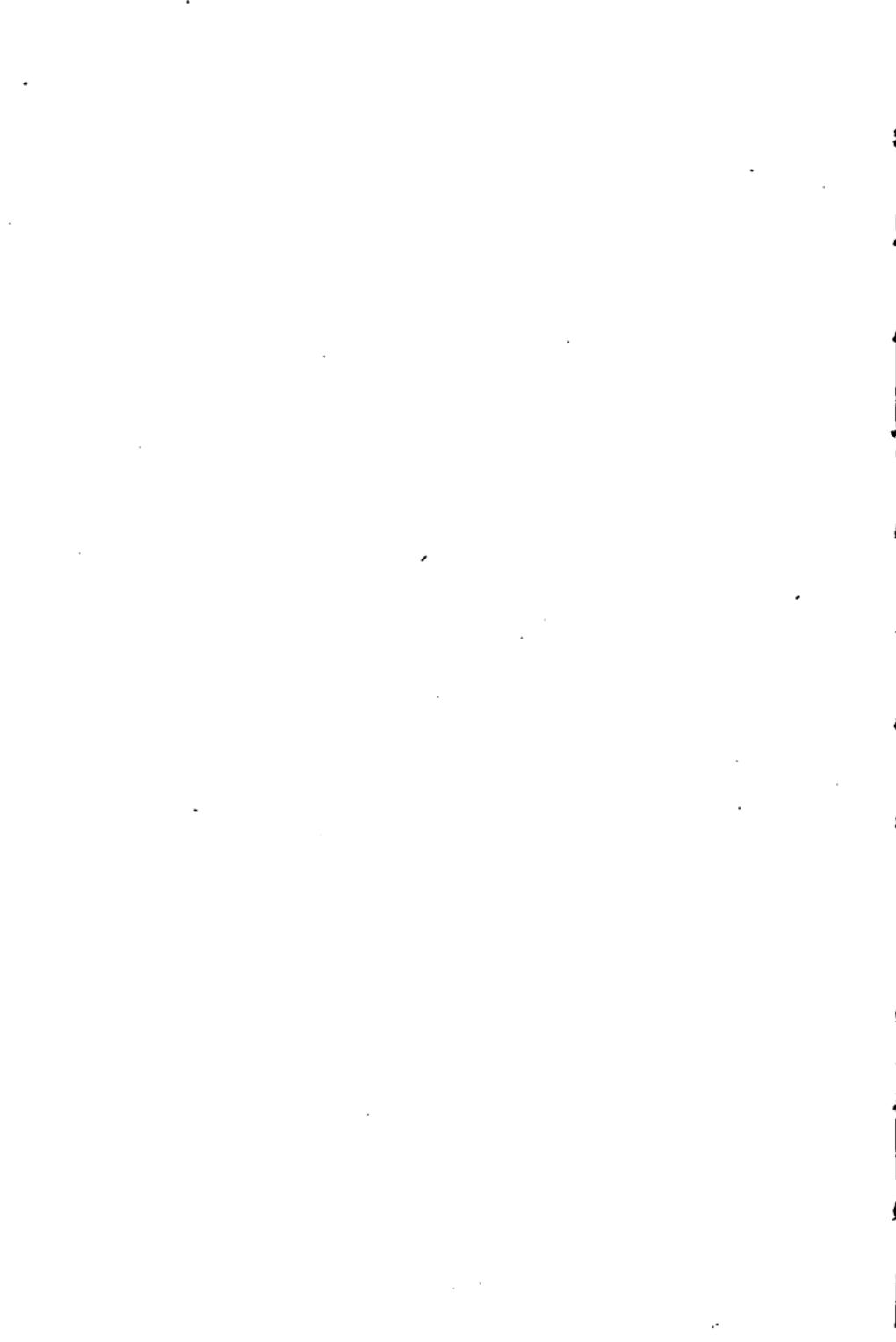
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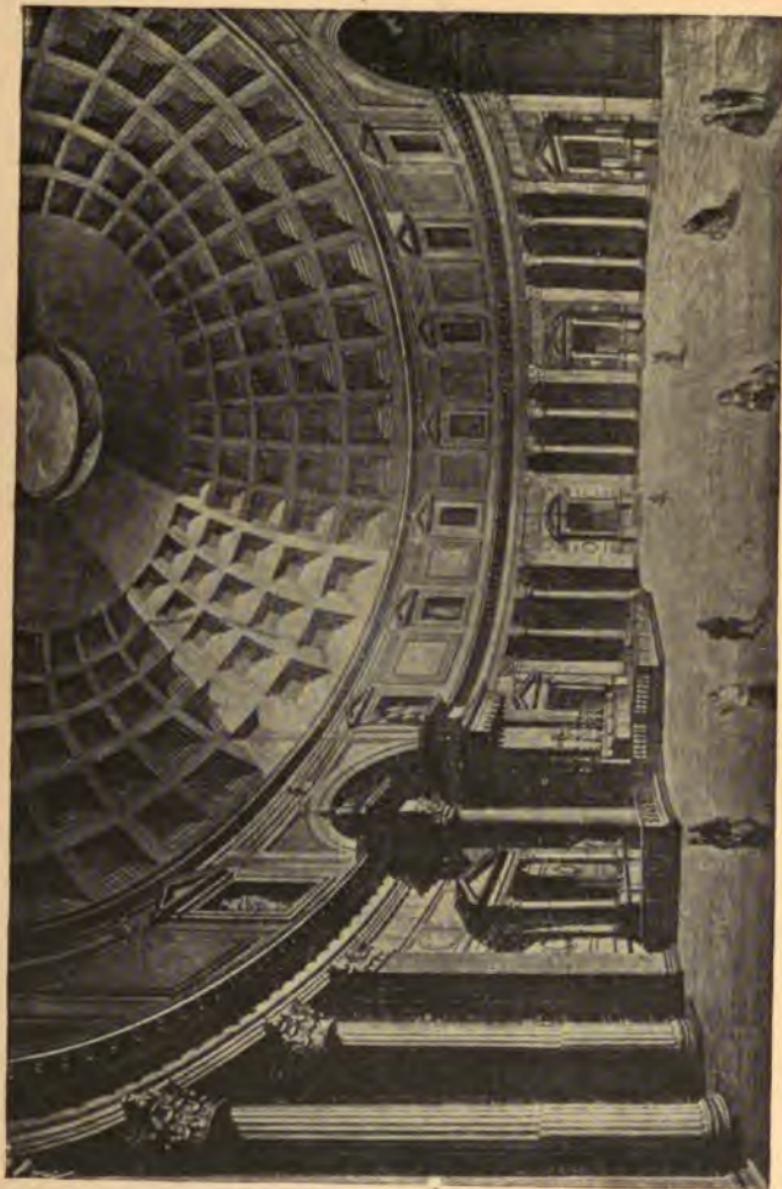


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THE PANTHEON.—INTERIOR.

LITTLE ARTHUR'S
HISTORY OF ROME

FROM THE GOLDEN AGE, TO CONSTANTINE

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

AUTHOR OF "YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF BOSTON,"
"ZIGZAG SERIES," &c.

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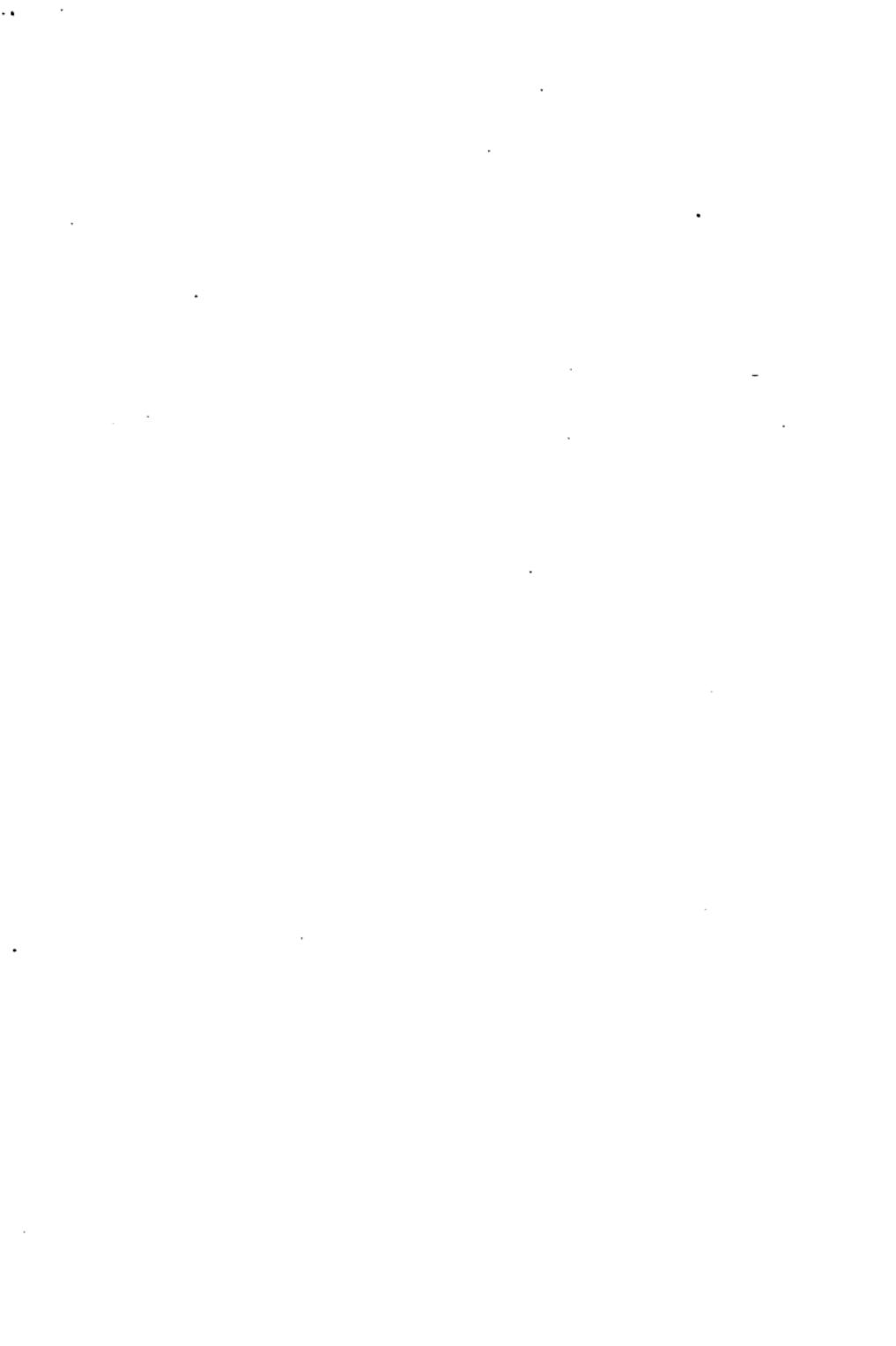
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PREFACE.

I HAVE aimed to write this story of the Golden Age of Rome and the Roman Republic and Empire in such a way as to prepare the young reader for an interest and zest in his classical studies. Hence I have quoted freely the most picturesque stories of Virgil, Livy, Suetonius, and have sought to illustrate notable events by the vivid words of the Roman orators. In a succession of stories and historical explanations, I have hoped to lead the young student on to his academic and collegiate studies in such a way as to make his higher education an agreeable prospect and a classical course of study a delight. And to such as cannot secure a higher education in the usual way, I have sought to give a popular introduction to the best classical reading and to awaken in the minds of all young readers a love for the best literature and art.

H. B.



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PART I.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

CHAPTER I.—THE STORY OF VIRGIL, AND VIRGIL'S
STORY OF AENEAS AND THE TROJAN HEROES.

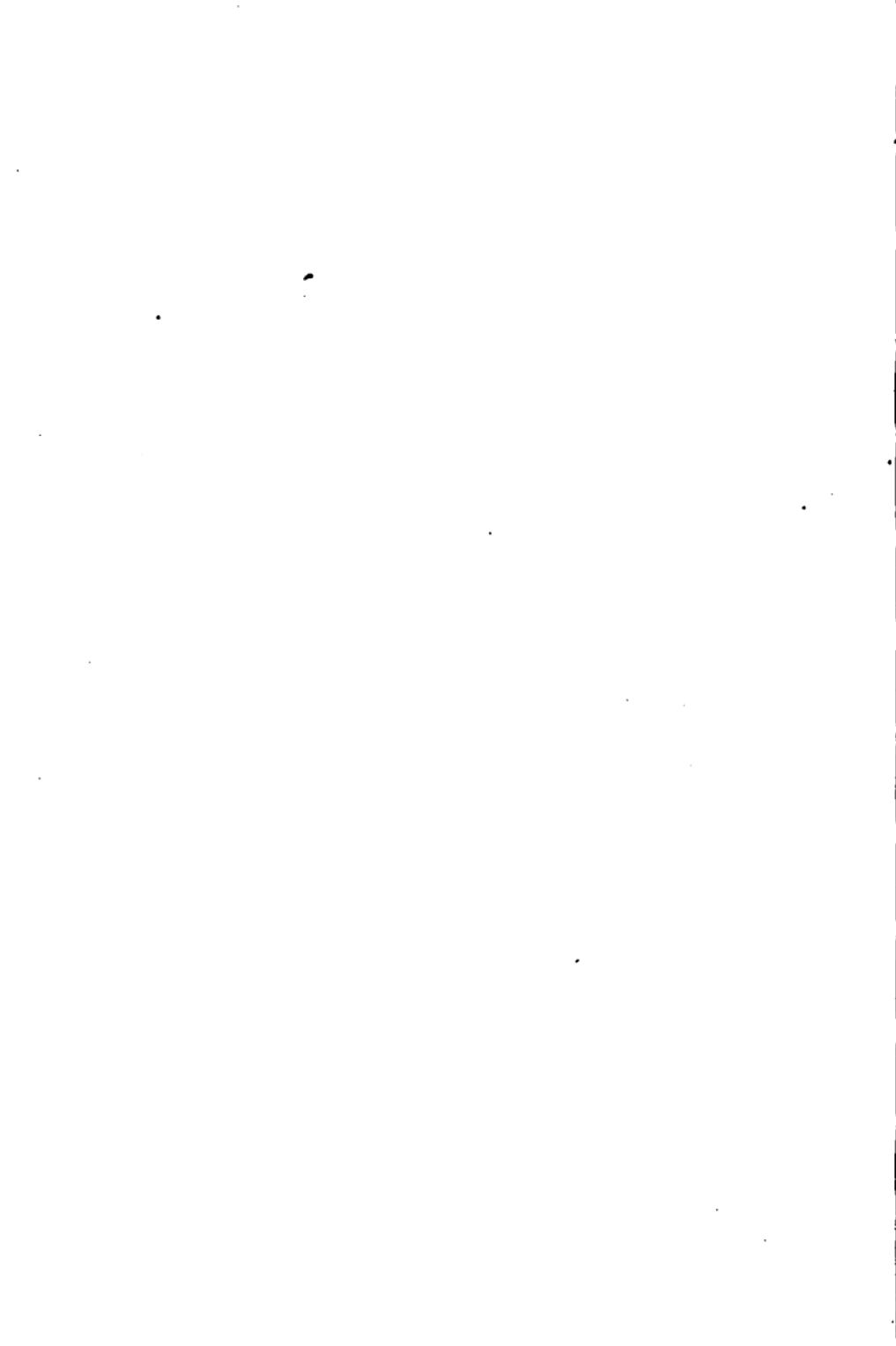
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THE ALPHABET.

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CHAPTER V.—THE STORY OF THE SEVEN KINGS OF
EARLY ROME.

CHAPTER VI.—CLASSICAL STORIES OF THE GOLDEN
AGE, AND OF THE PERIOD OF THE SEVEN KINGS.



LITTLE ARTHUR'S
HISTORY OF ROME.

FROM THE GOLDEN AGE TO CONSTANTINE.

CHAPTER I.

The Story of Virgil, and of Aeneas and the Trojan Heroes.

I WILL tell you some of the stories of Rome. The stories of a country are pictorial history. So when you have read the stories of the Roman Empire, you will have learned the most important incidents of the history of that empire. There is a story that the poets tell of the Wooden Horse of Troy: it would require so many incidents to make it clear, as to give a picture of the whole Trojan War. There is a sad story of Hylas, the lost hero of the Argo, which would lead you to ask so many questions as to involve the whole narrative of the voyage of the Argonauts in search of the Golden Fleece. There is a strange legend of Oedipus, the Swelled Foot, who guessed the Sphinx's Riddle—"What is that which has four feet, three feet, and two feet, but is the weakest when he has the most feet?"—to tell you the story well would bring old Thebes again to view. The simple incident of Ulysses' Dog would lead you to inquire out the long traditions of Ulysses.

We love the beautiful stories of a nation, and those stories are that nation's best picture. The poets tell best the good stories of an old nation. So we will follow the poetic writers in the narrative of early Rome. Later on in your school life you may read these poets in their own language, and then the stories may please you all the more for knowing something of them now. They will seem to answer many questions that cannot be answered in a small book like this. The Roman poets were delightful story-tellers, and had some of the most beautiful stories in all the world to tell. The Latin language was this true tongue of poetry, and those were happy schooldays when boys and girls read Virgil in the musical lines that charmed the great Emperor Augustus, for whom the poet wrote them.

The early history of most great nations begins with fables of a Golden Age. Dreamland is a beautiful country; childhood is always simple, and loving, and wise, and the childhood of most races is pictured as being a fairyland of stories.

So, Little Arthur, take my hand, and let us wander together in fancy far away into the child land of the great Roman Empire, which was the ancient world, and listen to the beautiful stories that the old poets tell. Nations, like men, have their childhood, manhood, and gray old age. So Rome grew and owned the world. So she hobbled on crutches, as it were, at last, and became a pile of ruins. The families of nations that came after her moved towards the west, and have been moving west for nearly two thousand years.

Come, ye poets who lived and dreamed on the old farms near the city of marble and gold in

the days of the Cæsars; ye do not grow old, like the rest of us; come, and tell us your tales.

Hither comes Virgil, who wrote for the great Augustus such a tale of the early Roman world as the purple emperor loved to hear. Livy may be classed among the poets though he wrote in the form of prose.

The world has always loved Virgil, even as the Emperor Augustus did. The schoolboys of all times have liked him; the schoolgirls not quite as well, for did he not say something about women being changeable? You will know about that when you read Virgil.

But before we are ready for the story we must know something about the poet himself. You will be pleased to know something about him, for you soon will be reading the *Aeneid* at school.

THE STORY OF VIRGIL.

Publius Vergilius Maro, for such was the beautiful name of the poet whom we call Virgil, lived in the golden days of the great Roman Empire, when everything looked bright, though it was the beginning of decay. This period was called the Augustan Age, because Augustus Cæsar was emperor of Rome. The chief minister and counsellor of Augustus was Mæcenas, who was a descendant of the family of old Etruscan kings, and who lived in a splendid palace on the Esquiline Hill, that was called a shining house in the sky. Mæcenas was a friend of Virgil and of the poet Horace. He gave Horace a villa near the city, which is known as the Sabine Farm. He used to visit that poet there. Horace wrote poems of the age in which he lived,

but Augustus desired Virgil to honor Rome by an heroic poem on the tales of the founders of the city and empire. So, while Horace lived in the present, Virgil dwelt in the past.

Virgil was born near Mantua, 70 b.c., and lived in his early years upon his father's simple farm. He always loved the country, even when surrounded by the splendors of the court of Augustus. He wrote poems of country life called *Pastorals*. The pastorals of Virgil are among the most delightful poems in the world. His little estate was once taken away from him by war; but Augustus restored it to him, and Virgil's first *Pastoral* was written to express his thanks to the generous emperor.

His first poems were these pastorals; he wrote earliest about those things of which he knew the most and loved the best. These were written between his twenty-seventh and thirty-fourth years; a good example to all poets. One should write poems slowly, and not begin to publish them while too young. These poems were so well written that they attracted the attention of Mæcenas, and won the praise of the court.

Mæcenas, the minister of Augustus, who liked the poets, used to give splendid receptions to the Roman nobles and men of genius, and at one of these receptions there one day appeared the country poet, Virgil. He looked very awkward, and doubtless felt so, but his fame has been greater than that of any man of his age.

Virgil next wrote his *Georgics*—poems of the herds and fields.

One day Virgil was paid a great compliment by the emperor, who told him that he should begin

some nobler work for his country than mere pictures of country life. It was under this influence that the *Aeneid*, or his great poem of the old tales of Rome, began to form in his mind.

Virgil lived at Naples, although he had a house near the palace of Mæcenas in Rome. He spent seven years on the *Georgics*, all of which might be published to-day in the columns of a single newspaper. He undertook the *Aeneid* with the same painstaking study and care. It seems to have been his purpose to put the best years of his life into it. He was a modest man, and was never satisfied with his own work.

When about fifty years of age, 19 B.C., Virgil went to Greece for the purpose of rewriting his great poem amid the scenes of which it in part treated. He there met the Emperor Augustus returning in triumph from the East. The emperor asked him to return with him. The poet fell sick on the journey, and died in the fifty-second year of his age.

The fourth pastoral of Virgil is a mystery, and is one of the most wonderful poems of the ages. It is called *Pollio*. There lived in the age of Augustus a consul of great influence, named Caius Asinius Pollio. He had been a friend of the Emperor Julius Cæsar, and he was honored with the friendship of Augustus. He was an orator and a man of letters.

The pastoral known as *Pollio* was written in honor of this consul some forty years before the Christian era. Its subject is the birth of a child in whose life the Golden Age, as the good times of old used to be called, is to return to the world. Some of its most beautiful ideas have been thought

to be borrowed from the Book of Isaiah. For this reason Virgil was held to have been one of the prophets of Christ.

There was, according to tradition, an ancient sibyl, or prophetess, who lived at Cumæ. She went from the cave in which she dwelt to Tarquin, about whom you will be told, and offered to sell him nine books of her prophecies, or "Sibylline Leaves." Tarquin refused her offer. She destroyed three of the books, and after a time visited Tarquin again and offered him the remaining six books at the same price. The king again refused her. She destroyed three other books, and returned again to Tarquin with the remaining three books, which she offered him for the same price as she placed upon the original nine,—a good example for people who have poems to sell and must learn that it is quality and not quantity that has value.

Tarquin was so impressed with the old Sibyl's perseverance and earnestness of purpose that he purchased the poems and found them full of wonderful prophecies of the destiny of Rome. After a time a most beautiful temple was built in Rome to hold these Sibylline Leaves. Virgil is supposed to have found the prophetic ideas of Isaiah regarding the Christian era in these poems, and so to have used them in *Pollio*, in his picture of the Golden Age, which he claimed was to reappear in the reign of Augustus and the consulate of Pollio.

For this reason both Virgil and the Sibyl were greatly honored by the early Christian Church. In a Latin hymn of the Middle Ages, beginning "Dies iræ, dies illa," we are told that great Christian events were foretold by David and the Sibyl,—

"Teste David cum Sibylla."

This wonderful pastoral caused the works of Virgil to be used to tell fates after the manner of the Sibylline Leaves in ancient Rome and the Middle Ages. When princes and statesmen wished to consult their fortunes, they used to open the poems of Virgil at sundown, and the Latin passage in the poems on which their eyes first rested was believed to be prophetic.

The Roman Emperor Severus in his boyhood opened Virgil in this way, and his eye fell upon "Thou shalt be our Marcellus." Charles I. of England once consulted the poem in this way, and it is claimed opened the book to a passage which pictured his life and doom: —

"But let him fall in manhood's prime,
And welter tombless on the sand."

It was wrong to use Virgil's poems in this way. A good life is the best prophecy of the future. This use of the poet's works was called *Sortes Vergilianæ*, or the Lots of Virgil, a very hard term to remember.

There is a picture by a recent artist of the Cumæan Sibyl going to Tarquin for the last time. It represents her as dark, withered, and old, with a terribly earnest face, being half blown along by the wind on her way from her cave to the court of the king. Her manuscripts are enrolled under her arm, and one has but to see the picture to wish to know her story.

And now, little Arthur, you may be interested to read the wonderful poem called *Pollio*, which has such a strange and curious history. You will find in it some hard words and things not easy to understand, but from what I have related you will be

able to see in it some of the beauty of the poems of Virgil. We shall refer to this poem again when we tell you the story of the reign of Augustus.

POLLIO.

“Muses of Sicily, lift me for once
To higher flight ; our humble tamarisk groves
Delight not all ; and though the fields and woods
Still bound my song, give me the skill to make
Fit music for a Roman consul’s ear.

“Comes the Last Age, of which the Sibyl sang —
A new-born cycle of the rolling years ;
Justice returns to earth, the rule returns
Of good King Saturn ; —lo ! from the high heavens
Comes a new seed of men. Lucina chaste,
Speed the fair infant’s birth, with whom shall end
Our age of iron, and the gilded prime
Of earth return ; thine own Apollo’s reign
In him begins anew. This glorious age
Inaugurates, O Pollio, with thee ;
Thy consulship shall date the happy months ;
Under thine auspices the Child shall purge
Our guilt-stains out, and free the land from dread.
He with the gods and heroes like the gods
Shall hold familiar converse, and shall rule
With his great father’s spirit the peaceful world.
For thee, O Child, the earth untilled shall pour
Her early gifts, — the winding ivy’s wreath,
Smiling acanthus, and all flowers that blow.
She-goats undriven shall bring full udders home,
The herds no longer fear the lion’s spring ;
The ground beneath shall cradle thee in flowers,
The venomous snake shall die, the poisonous herb
Perish from out thy path, and leave the almond there.

“But when with growing years the Child shall learn
The old heroic glories of his race,
And know what Honor means : then shall the plains
Glow with the yellow harvest silently,
The grape hang blushing from the tangled brier,

And the rough oak drip honey like a dew.
Yet shall some evil leaven of the old strain
Lurk still unpurged ; still men shall tempt the deep
With restless oar, gird cities with new walls,
And cleave the soil with ploughshares ; yet again
Another Argo bear her hero-crew,
Another Tiphys steer : still wars shall be,
A new Achilles for a second Troy.

“ So, when the years shall seal thy manhood’s strength,
The busy merchant shall forsake the seas —
Barter there shall not need ; the soil shall bear
For all men’s use all products of all climes.
The glebe shall need no harrow, nor the vine
The searching knife, the oxen bear no yoke ;
The wool no longer shall be schooled to lie,
Dyed in false hues ; but, coloring as he feeds,
The ram himself in the rich pasture-lands
Shall wear a fleece now purple and now gold,
And the lambs grow in scarlet. So the Fates
Who know not change have bid their spindles run,
And weave for this blest age the web of doom.

“ Come, claim thine honors, for the time draws nigh,
Babe of immortal race, the wondrous seed of Jove !
Lo, at thy coming how the starry spheres
Are moved to trembling, and the earth below,
And widespread seas, and the blue vault of heaven !
How all things joy to greet the rising Age !
If but my span of life be stretched to see
Thy birth, and breath remain to sing thy praise,
Not Thracian Orpheus should o’ermatch my strain,
Nor Linus, — though each parent helped the son,
Phœbus Apollo and the Muse of Song :
Though in Arcadia Pan my rival stood,
His own Arcadia should pronounce for me.
How soon, fair infant, shall thy first smile greet
Thy happy mother, when the slow months crown
The heart-sick hopes that waited for thy birth ?
Smile then, O Babe ! so shall she smile on thee ;
The child on whom no parent’s smile hath beamed,
No god shall entertain, nor goddess love.”

Can we wonder that this poem, written to flatter Pollio, fifty years before the Christian era, should have come to have been looked upon as a prophecy of the birth of Christ?

I think that you must have learned to like Virgil after reading this beautiful poem of peace and good will. You are now ready in part to listen to his story of the founding of Rome. It is not a true story, or only a part of it can be true, but such an one as poetic Augustus and his ambitious court loved to hear. For Augustus, the emperor, was very proud of the old fables of early Rome.

THE WOODEN HORSE OF TROY.

The *Aeneid*, as Virgil's great poem is called, begins with a tale of Troy, taking up the legendary story of the Trojan War where the old poet Homer left it. *Aeneas* was the fabled son of Venus, a goddess who lived in the heavens, and by mortal birth belonged to the house of old King Priam. He was loved of the gods, except by Juno, who hated the Trojans because handsome Paris had preferred Venus to her. The poem begins: "Arms and the man I sing," and describes the flight of *Aeneas* from Troy after the fall of that city. He sets sail for Hesperia, or the West, and Juno induces *Æolus*, the god of the winds, to let the winds out of the caves, and to shatter the fleet. Neptune, the god of the sea, befriends him, and he is saved from shipwreck and cast upon the shores of Carthage. Here he finds Queen Dido building a city, and relates to her the tale of the Wooden Horse, the stratagem or trick by which the Greeks overthrew Troy.

The Greeks had besieged Troy in vain. They saw that if they could get a party of their own soldiers within the walls, to open the gates secretly by night, the conquest might be easy. But the question was how to get such a party of soldiers into the city. They adopted the following plan: They would construct a gigantic horse of wood, and pretend that it was an offering to Minerva, a bountiful goddess. They would fill it with soldiers, and sail away and leave it to the Trojans, who would be sure to draw it in a great procession into the city. So the great wooden horse was made and filled with soldiers, and the Greeks sailed away and hid themselves behind Tenedos, not many miles away.

When the Trojans saw that the Greeks had gone, they rushed out of the city and found the great wooden image of the horse, the grand offering to Minerva that had been left behind. They at once proposed to drag it into the city. The priest, Laocoön, opposed the removal of the image, but there came two huge sea-serpents from Tenedos, and crushed him and his two sons. Then the Trojans made a breach in the walls, and with shouts and songs drew the monster into the city.

Night fell on Troy after the high festival. The Greek fleet came sailing back in the darkness from its hiding-place in Tenedos. A spy named Sinon undid the fastenings of the horse, and the armed Greeks leaped out of the image. With such a foe in the heart of the city, Troy fell. The gods fled away, according to the fable, and a prophet exclaimed, "*Fuimus Troes*" — Troy was, —

"We *have* been Trojans — Troy *has* been."

Æneas fled with his wife and son, and his father, Anchises, whom he carried upon his shoulders. The enemy pursued the family, and the wife of Æneas perished. When Æneas went back to look for her he met her shade, who told him not to grieve for her, for she would be happy in following in the other world the glorious things that



Æneas carrying Anchises.

awaited him. He led a band of fugitives to Mount Ida, and there built a fleet, and so began one of the many migrations or journeys towards the West, of which Columbus, after thousands of years, became a hero, and which have not yet ceased. The world in fable and history has ever been marching from the sunrise to the sunset.

Æneas remained for a time in Carthage, and was joined there by his shipwrecked companions. He repaired his ships and prepared to depart for Hes-

peria, or Italy, when Dido endeavored to detain him. Under the influence of a little god named Cupid the queen had fallen in love with him.

But the Trojan hero had been sent forth by the gods to found a new city, and he stole away by night, holding that his mission in life was more than love. When Dido saw him sailing away, she mounted a funeral pyre, as a great altar of wood was called, slew herself with the sword of Æneas, and Iris, or the rainbow goddess, came gently down and bore away her soul to the shades, or place of souls. The story is a very beautiful one, but Æneas and Dido really lived, if Æneas ever lived at all, centuries apart. But a poet is not obliged to follow real dates, and Virgil never allowed any ugly facts to stand in the way of his glorious dreams. To him the past had only existed for the glory of Rome, and any fancy that would reflect lustre upon the Cæsars, and especially upon Augustus, was, in his view, none too good to be true.

The poem next describes the Funeral Games, and then pictures the ancient Cumæan Sibyl in her cave in a rock which is hidden by a temple of an hundred doors. Here, seated on a tripod, she wrote her verses and prophecies upon the leaves of trees — hence the name “Sibylline Leaves.” When she was under inspiration, or was writing, she is thus described by a poet : —

“ Her visage pales its hue ;
Her locks dishevelled fly ;
Her breath comes thick ; her wild heart glows,
Dilating as the madness grows.”

And then : —

“ The seer, impatient of control,
Raves in the cavern vast.”

When she uttered her prophecies, all the hundred doors of the temple flew open. She seems to have been a very lively old woman.

Æneas asked the Sibyl to conduct him to the underworld, or the shades, that he might there meet with his ancestors and his aged father, Anchises, who had died on the journey. She led him over a dark river, with the ferryman of the shades, and went to the Mourning Fields, where he met Dido, who turned away from him in silence. He then visited the Field of the Heroes and beheld the mighty men of old. In the Elysian Fields in the shades he found his father, Anchises, who unfolded to him the founding, rise, and glory of Rome. The shade of Anchises, you may well believe, glorifies the Emperor Augustus:—

“Augustus Cæsar, god by birth,
Restorer of the Age of Gold,
In lands where Saturn ruled of old.”

Æneas ascended again to the upper world, rejoined his fleet, and sailed from Cumæ to Italy. He entered the Tiber and landed at Latinum. It had been prophesied that when the Trojans should come to the land where they were to found an important nation, they should eat their own tables. As they moored their galleys under the trees of Latinum, they plucked the wild fruits and laid them on wheaten cakes for tables. After eating the fruits they began to eat the cakes. “We are eating our tables,” said the boy Iulus, Æneas’s son.

Such is the fable of the founding of the Latin Empire, and the twilight legend of Rome. It is very pretty as a story, and one could wish that much of it were true.

The *Aeneid* closes with an incident which every boy will find worth remembering. As Aeneas was about to go into his last combat in his contests for Latium, he parted from his son in this scene and with these words:—

“ In his mailed arms his child he pressed,
Kissed through his helm and thus addressed :
‘ Learn of your father to be great,
Of others to be fortunate.’ ”



Aeneas.

CHAPTER II.

The Story of the Alphabet.

WE are still in story-land. The descendants of *Æneas* built a city called *Alba Longa*, which was some twelve miles from the Seven Hills, where *Romulus* is said to have founded *Rome*, about which event we will tell you in another chapter.

Latinus, the king of the new country, received *Æneas* kindly, as you will be told in the *Latin Reader*, and he gave him his daughter *Lavinia* in marriage. *Iulus*, the son, to whom *Æneas* had said,—

“Learn from thy father to be great,
From others to be fortunate,”

succeeded his father as ruler, and the house of *Æneas* reigned for fifteen generations. *Alba Longa* was the beginning of the city of *Rome*, though *Rome* itself in the reign of the house of *Æneas* was, according to the *Latin tradition*, only a place of blue hills, among which the *Tiber* ran under sunny trees, beneath purple skies.

We are now in *Europe*, or *Europa*, as the country was then called. We have told you the legend of the *Greek migration*. *Æneas* was an early *Columbus*, and *Italy* was the *West*. The nations were beginning to move ever nearer and nearer to the last lands of *Hesperia*, following the course of the sun, through thousands of years.

But you could not read this tale were it not for letters,—the letters of the alphabet. Now letters are symbols, or representatives, of sounds. They are pictures of sounds, and sounds are often tone pictures of things. In the early world, and among rude nations of to-day, picture-writing lies at the beginning of recorded history.

The story of the invention of the alphabet is like that of *Æneas*,—very pretty; but only a part of it can be true.

There once reigned in Phœnicia, according to the story, a king named Phœnix, or Agenor, who had a very beautiful daughter named Europa. When the god Jupiter saw her he loved her, and came down to earth to woo her. He at first changed himself into the form of a bull, that she might not know him.

One day as Europa was gathering flowers on a green mead near the seashore, Jupiter, in the form of a bull, approached her, “breathing saffron from his mouth.” Europa thought the animal very tame, and she crowned him with flowers. The animal received the gifts gently, and she ventured to mount his back. She wished to take a ride. He began to run, plunged into the sea, swam to Crete, a distant island, changed into a god, and, after this curious journey, claimed the beautiful Europa as his bride, under a plane-tree.

Now, the lovely Europa, whose beauty called down the great god of the skies, had a brother named Cadmus; and King Phœnix, of Phœnicia, bade him go in search of his lost sister, and never to return until he had found her. His mother and brothers went with him, but their search was in vain. Fearing that he would be punished if he

returned without her, Cadmus resolved to settle in a foreign country, and he founded the city of Thebes in Greece. It is said that in despair of finding Europa he went to consult the oracle of Delphi, and that the oracle told him that he must wander until he should find a certain cow ; he must follow the animal, and where she should first lie down he must found a city. He found the prophetic cow in Phocis, followed her to Bœotia, and there began the city of Thebes, where the poor tired cow lay down to rest, 1550 B.C. Those were queer times which fancy made, but it is delightful to read of them. We do not have any such cows now.

Cadmus invented an alphabet of sixteen letters, which he brought into use in Greece. He is supposed to have learned the art of making it in Phœnicia, before his wanderings. This alphabet was the foundation of the Greek, Latin, and Arabic alphabets. The Hebrew alphabet is quite like the Phœnician. There have been some four hundred alphabets in the world, and they all trace their origin to Cadmus and this curious story, which is probably partly true, notwithstanding the fable.

The old Phœnician alphabet and writing made a very curious manuscript. The words first proceeded from right to left, and turned on the page, like the furrow of a man ploughing. Something like this : —

srettel eht evah eY"
Cadmus gave."

The alphabet of Cadmus grew. In the Greek period of early learning it came to consist of twenty-four letters. From Greece the alphabet came into Italy, and the Latin alphabet was the beginning of the schools of the Western world. So, if the pretty

story were true, which one almost wishes it to be on the part of the brother, Cadmus did great good in his journeyings for Europa, his lost sister. A person who honestly seeks some good thing is likely to find another equally good. We always liked the legend of Cadmus. He was the fabled father of schools, and the legend is a worthy one:

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CHAPTER III.

In the Twilight of the Gods.

THE mother of *Æneas* was Aphrodite, or the goddess Venus. She was the goddess of love and beauty. She had two children who always remained young, and never grew to the stature of manhood. They were Eros, or Cupid, the god of love, and Anteros, the god of love returned. She fell in love with the Prince Anchises, and, in order to become his bride, she appeared on earth as a wandering princess. She at last became tired of Anchises, and wished to return to the home of the gods on Mount Olympus. She then told the prince who she really was, and charged him never to reveal the secret to any one, declaring that if he did she would cause *Æneas*, their son, to be killed by a stroke of lightning.

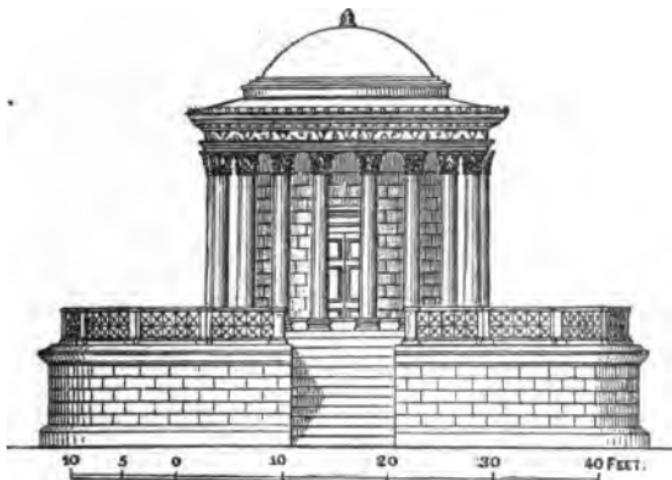
Venus often protected her son *Æneas* in his wars and wanderings. Once in doing so she was wounded. Iris, the rainbow, bore her home through the air in a golden chariot to Mount Olympus, where the gods and goddesses gathered around her, and grieved that men were so cruel.

We come now to a very poetic story of the union of a god with a lovely maiden, and of a husband who vanished away instead of a wife.

There followed *Æneas* a race of sylvan kings. They bore the name of Silvias, or Kings of the Woods. The queens bore the title of *Silvia*, and

there was a certain princess of the line named Rhea Silvia, who stood in her uncle's way of succession to the throne, and he caused her to be made a vestal virgin.

Now Vesta was the goddess of home, and in the Temple of Vesta was the sacred hearth or altar of the city. The Temple of Vesta was situated in a beautiful glen at the foot of a shadowy mountain, among bowers and streams, and the office of the



Temple of Vesta.

vestal virgins was to keep the fires on the altar eternally burning. A vestal virgin was not allowed to speak to a man or to marry. She made a vow to this end on entering the temple, and if she broke this vow she was to be punished by being buried alive.

Rhea Silvia was very beautiful. The god Mars saw her and loved her, and he transformed himself

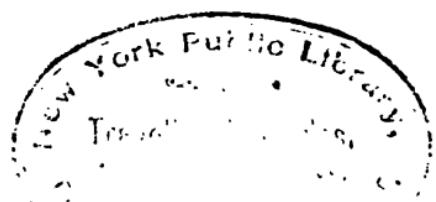
into a man, and met her among the woods and streams, and, notwithstanding the vow that she had made, she became his bride. She was the mother of two sons, twins, who were named Romulus and Remus.



Vesta holding the Palladium and a Sceptre.



PORTRAIT OF ONE OF THE CHIEF VESTALS.



CHAPTER IV.

The Strange Legend of Romulus and Remus, and of the
Founding of Rome.

WE are still in the Golden Age, where the historian knows not what are the facts and truths that underlie the fables. Was there ever an *Æneas* or a *Romulus*? Probably such heroes really existed, but their lives are so inwoven with poetic fancies that their true history can never be known.

When Amulius, who was usurping king, learned that two sons had been born to Rhea, he was very angry, and caused the vestal priestess to be imprisoned, and ordered the twins to be thrown into the Tiber.

A peasant, named Faustulus, was commissioned to drown the twins. He pitied the babies, and made an ark for them. This ark drifted along the sunny stream to a place of seven hills, and fell upon the banks, and left the poor babies there. The place where the ark landed became at last the city of Rome.

A she-wolf came out of the green forest where the ark had drifted, and seems to have been drawn to the babes by their cries. A mother animal pities all helpless offsprings, and the wolf licked the babes, and lay down beside them, and let them nurse. She became a mother to them, and fed and protected them. A woodpecker also took pity upon them, and fed them with berries. So, cared for by the animals

and birds, they lived until they were found by another shepherd, also named Faustulus, who watched the flocks of the king. He took the babes to his home, and brought them up as his own sons.

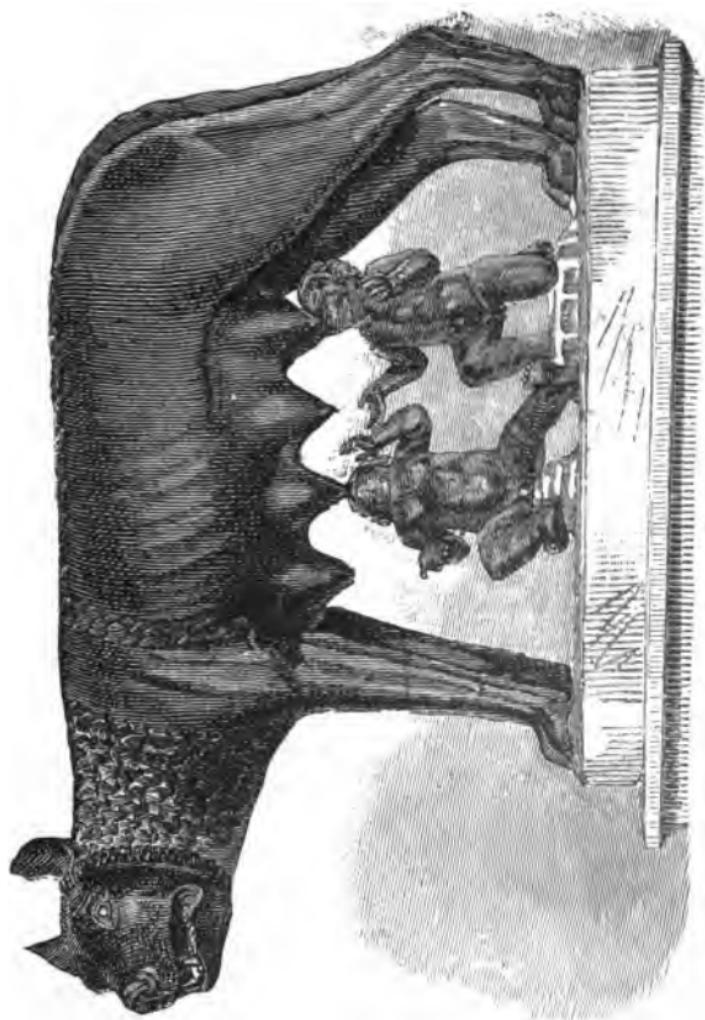
The two sons of Mars thus grew up amid the fields and forests, and became handsome, brave, and superior men. They surpassed the other herdsmen in arts and arms, and became leaders among them.

The grandfather of the twins, whom King Amulius had deprived of the throne, was named Numitor. He was the brother of Amulius, and lived to be very old. There came to be a rivalry between the shepherds of Numitor and the herdsmen of Amulius, and in the contests that followed Remus was made a captive, and brought to Numitor, and Romulus followed him.

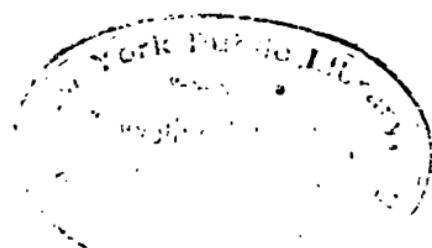
Numitor was greatly impressed with the godlike appearance of the youth, and asked in regard to his origin, birth, and early life.

"My name is Remus," said the youth. "I was so named by a shepherd named Faustulus of the king's herdsmen. I have a twin brother named Romulus. We were found in infancy on the banks of the Tiber."

The city that the Trojans had founded continued to be the residence of the sylvan kings, and was known as the Long White Town (Alba Longa). Here Amulius lived. His selfish nature had grown, and made him very offensive to the people, who now desired a new king. In this state of affairs, Faustulus, the shepherd, revealed to Numitor the early history of Romulus and Remus, and brought to the old man the cradle or ark in which the babes had been found, and a messenger of Amulius pointed



THE WOLF OF THE CAPITOL.



out the ark as that in which the children of Rhea had been given to the Tiber.

When Romulus and Remus came to know that they were the sons of Rhea Silvia, the daughter of Numitor, who was the real heir to the throne, and that they stood in the succession to the sylvan kings, they summoned their rustic followers and besieged Alba Longa and slew Amulius, and restored their grandfather Numitor to his place among the sylvan kings. The story of Amulius's arts and treachery was thus disclosed, and when the people knew the terrible tale they all turned to old Numitor, and were glad that Romulus and Remus were to succeed him as twin kings.

One of the first acts of Numitor was to set apart a portion of his territory in which Romulus and Remus might build a city for themselves. The two brothers chose the seven hills on the Tiber as the site of their city, where they had been landed by the ark and cared for by the she-wolf and the woodpecker. Here the two princes founded the city of Rome, and brought their bands of followers there.

But now comes a sad part of the curious story. The two brothers began to disagree and to quarrel with each other. Numitor endeavored to reconcile their disputes by appealing to the augury, or the flights of birds. But the twins differed in regard to the meaning of the flights of the vultures of the Appenines.



Roman Augur.

One day, as Romulus was surveying the walls of the city, Remus began to deride him. He leaped over the wall, saying:—

“This is the way your enemies will do.”

“And this is the way that we will kill them,” answered Romulus, and he struck his brother dead to the ground.

Romulus was terribly smitten in conscience when he saw what he had done. He refused food, and could not sleep. He made a splendid funeral for Remus, and instituted a religious rite, so that his brother's ghost would not haunt him.

The city that Romulus had founded was full of men without wives. The prince saw that he must make it a city of homes. How were the men to be provided with wives?

There were lovely young women among the Sabine tribes. Romulus resolved to make a great fair, to invite the Sabines to the shows, and to capture the

handsome young women, and drive their fathers and mothers home again. He carried out this strange plan. But the Sabines returned and waged war upon him, and they were finally urged to go away by the captive wives, who had come greatly to enjoy that kind of life.

Romulus divided the people into tribes. The



Romulus.

heads of the tribes he constituted a senate. These senators became the Patricians, or fathers, of Rome, and their descendants the aristocracy or leading families of the city.

After a long time Romulus became unpopular with the senate. He was one day with the senators in a lonely place when there arose a terrible tempest. He was never seen again. The senators said that he ascended to the gods in the storm, in a flash of fire; but it was believed that the senators slew him, and cut up his body, and carried away his limbs under their cloaks, and buried them in the lake near where they were gathered when the tempest arose. Such is the poetic story of the founding of Rome.



Rome seated on her Seven Hills.

CHAPTER V.

(THE END OF THE GOLDEN AGE.)

The Story of the Seven Kings of early Rome.

THE new city of Rome among the seven hills of the Tiber had seven kings before the great period of the commonwealth called the Roman Republic. Of these seven kings, Romulus, accord-

ing to tradition, was first. He became king naturally as a leader of armed bands and of the people. He was succeeded by Numa Pompilius, the law-giver, and we are still in the Golden Age. Numa was a Sabine, for it had been agreed among the people that if the Sabines would join their fortunes with



Numa Pompilius.

the founders of the new city there should be Sabine kings.

You will ask me where the beautiful legends and stories that I am telling, or am about to tell, may be found in the early writers. You may like to read them in the original language.

If you shall have a classical education, you will read a book in Latin called "Livy." Titus Livius

Patavinus, or "Livy," was one of the vivid writers of the court of Augustus, and lived in the social circles of Virgil, Horace, Mæcenas, and of the writers and poets who delighted to extol the virtues of ancient Rome. He was born about 59 B.C. Horace, the Roman poet, was some five years older than he, and Virgil, ten. He came of a family that had given consuls to Rome in the great eras of the Republic. He grew up in the country, but his genius introduced him to the court of Augustus, the great book-loving emperor, or Cæsar. He was the author of the *Annals of Rome*, a work in which every old legend that offered glory to Roman history was treated as true because the poetic historian thought it ought to be so. Livy was an artist, a poet, a story-teller, rather than a careful inquirer into facts,—a man of happy fancies and dreams. Modern history is strongly inclined to follow "Livy," notwithstanding he mingles fancies with fact, and wrote what the ambitious Emperor Augustus would best like to read.

You may like to read some specimens of Livy's pictured pages, and learn how a Roman presented incidents of the long past.

After the building of Rome it was determined to destroy the first Rome, or Alba Longa, which had been the city of the sylvan kings who had followed Æneas and reigned for a period of some four hundred years. The story of the overthrow of the "Long White Town" is thus told by Livy:—

"Then the legions were marched up to raze the city. When they entered the gates, there was none of the tumult or panic which is wont to be seen in captured towns, where the gates have been forced, or the walls breached by battering-rams, or

the citadel taken by storm; when the shouts of the enemy are loud, and the rush of armed troops through the city lays everything waste with fire and sword. But a gloomy silence, and a sorrow that found no voice, so overwhelmed the hearts of all, that for very terror they forgot what they meant to carry away and what to leave behind; losing all presence of mind, they kept questioning each other, now standing idly in their doorways, now wandering helplessly through their houses, which they knew they should never see again. But when the shouts of the mounted guard, who were ordering them to quit, came nearer, and they heard the crash of the buildings which were already being pulled down in the outer quarters of the town, and saw the dust rising from distant points, and filling the whole place as it were with an overshadowing cloud—then, snatching up and carrying off each what came first to hand, they made their way out, leaving their hearths and household altars, and the roof under which they had been born and brought up, and filled the roads with a continuous stream of emigrants. The sight of each other's misery renewed their tears; and piteous were the wailings heard, especially from the women, as they passed the temples they so revered, now surrounded with guards of soldiers, and left, as it seemed, their very gods in captivity. When all the Alban population had quitted the place, the Romans levelled to the ground every building, public and private, and gave to utter destruction in a single hour the work of four hundred years, the time during which Alba had stood. Only the temples of the gods were left untouched, for such had been the king's command."

You will like to see from time to time in this history the stories of such a picture-painting writer, and I shall hope to awaken in you an interest for the study of Livy when you are a little older.

Numa reigned for forty-three years. His reign was so peaceful and full of delightful things that it has been called the Second Golden Age. What Alfred the Great is to English history, and Jefferson to ours, Numa was to the Roman. We really hope that Numa lived and did the things recorded of him; it would be a great misfortune not to have it so. We like to believe that good stories are true, because they *might* have been so, and perhaps ought to have been.

Numa was not chosen king from any warlike deeds, but because his character was so tender and human as to appear also well-nigh divine. He had married Tatia, a daughter of King Tatius, of the Sabines. He greatly loved his wife, but she died. After her death Numa wandered from grove to grove, from stream to stream, offering sacrifices to the gods, and seeking communion with the heavens where beautiful beings like Tatia do not die.

In his pious wanderings he went to a green grove near the city where a fountain gushed out of a rock. Here a water nymph named Egeria came to comfort him and offer him counsel, and he used to go to visit her there, and under her instructions he became very amiable and wise, and loved all the people, and lived only to do them good.

The Romans doubted that it was the lovely water nymph who made Numa so good and wise. When the goddess knew this she was grieved, and determined to give the people a proof of her power. She did this very prettily; for when Numa next gave

a feast she changed all the earthen plates on the tables into gold. Alas! we have no such proofs now.

Numa had a shield that came down from heaven, in those days of nymphs, plenty, and peace. He caused eleven other shields to be made like it, and these shields were hung in the Temple of Mars, and were yearly borne through the city on festal days. Numa is said to have invented the calendar, or a kind of almanac, and to have divided the year into twelve months. He erected altars everywhere, and among them one very useful one, to Good Faith, which was intended to teach the Romans to speak the truth, and to keep their word, whatever might be the consequence. How well the Romans learned and fulfilled this lesson of conscience will be told you later on, in stories like Regulus, and heroes to whom honor was dearer than life.

Numa was also a reformer of the old religion. Jove loved him, and the king had such influence with

Jove that he persuaded him to accept no more sacrifices of men and women, and to forbid human blood to be shed. There was in Rome a temple called Janus. It was to be open in war and closed in peace. Numa kept the temple closed during all his reign. He was a

The Bronze Temple of Janus. king of peace.

When the time came for him to die, he just all faded away, and disappeared, as solid water turns to mist, and the mist drifts off in the sun and makes golden the skies. The nymph



Egeria wept for the good king until she became a fountain. The fountain used to be shown as a proof of the wonderful story. It is gone now, and so have all beliefs in the lovable goddess. We know that the nymph merely represented the good feelings of the old king's heart.

Tullus Hostilius succeeded Numa, and war came again, and there was no good nymph Egeria in the fountain of his heart. He made an agreement with the Albans for a union of the two kingdoms, but a dispute arose as to which city, Rome or the Alban capital, should have the place of honor in the league. The Albans had for champions, three brothers born at a birth, called the Curatii, and the Romans also had three champions called the Horatii. These warriors were all young men, and the pride of their own states. It was proposed to settle the dispute in regard to the place of honor of the two cities by a battle between the six champions.

Now, one of the Horatii had a beautiful sister who was loved by one of the Curatii, and you may well ask if her heart in the contest would be true to her Alban lover or her Roman brother. We shall see. The battle was fought on a plain between the two armies. Two of the Horatii were killed, and all of the three Curatii were wounded. The Horatius who was left continued to fight the Curatii, and by pretending to run away killed them one after another, saying as they fell, "To the glory of Rome; to the glory of Rome!"

A wreath was put upon his head when the contest was over, and he was conducted back to Rome in triumph, having gained the throne of supremacy for that city.

Amid the triumph, the flowers, the dancing and

song, his lovely sister, whose lover he had overthrown, came out to meet him. The girl had made a garment for her lover, with her own hands. As she approached the gay procession and heard Horatius hailed as the champion of Rome, she saw a bloody garment hanging over his shoulders. She recognized it as the one she had made for her lover. She uttered a cry of agony, and gave vent to her sorrow by tears. Horatius came up to her and saw her grief. He lifted his hand and struck the poor girl dead, saying, "So perish every Roman who mourns the death of an enemy."

We are getting out of the Golden Age now into very practical times, when things were as they were told, and not as poets in the mellow days of Augustus fancied them to be.

Hostilius was struck by lightning. The Romans said that Jove hurled a thunderbolt upon him on account of his many wicked deeds.

Ancus Martius was next made king, the son of good Numa's daughter. He built the first bridge over the Tiber.

The history of Rome is that of bridges, for it was by the pontoon bridge that the Roman army found its way to all the eastern world. The Latin words "pontiff" and "pontificate" and "pontifical" are associated with bridge-building (*pons*, a bridge, and *facere*, to make). There was a sacred college in



Ancus Martius.

ancient Rome which taught and controlled the arts of bridge-building. It was said to have been instituted by the good Numa. It was known as the Pontifex, and its president, or chief priest, was called the Pontifex Maximus, or Sovereign Pontiff. This title came to be applied to the emperors, and at last to the pope of Rome. In the Middle Ages the building and guarding of bridges was held to be among the most worthy of good works, and monasteries or religious houses were built near such places to protect them and to guide the travellers. So the time was when the Sovereign Bridge-Builder was one of the noblest offices of the world.

In the days of Ancus Martius there came to Rome a family named Tarquin. The founder of the family in Italy was a Greek, and according to an old tradition, he brought the art of writing into the new country. His eldest son, with his wife and his little boy, Lucius Tarquinius, made a journey from an Etruscan town to Rome, intending to settle in the new city if the gods were favorable. Just as the family came in sight of the seven hills of the Tiber, the shadows of eagles' wings drifted across the sun, and the bird of Jove, as the eagle was thought to be, settled down from the sky and seized the cap of little Tarquin and lifted it into the air, but brought it down again and replaced it on his head.

"My son will one day become a great king," said Tanaquil, who was little Tarquin's mother, and who foresaw in the descent of the eagle the coronation of her son. And so it was. Little Tarquin grew up in Rome and became a great warrior, and when Ancus died the Roman people entrusted to him their fortunes. He established in Rome the old

Greek games, and was the first king to wear a purple robe.

There was a divinity in ancient Rome named Lar, a household spirit. One day, says a poetic fable, a beautiful slave girl in the house of Tarquin was making an offering to Lar, when the god appeared to her, and she loved him and became his bride, and bore to him a son, who was named Servius Tullius.

Another fable says that once, when the boy was sleeping, flames of fire appeared in the place where he was cradled and played around his head. Tanquil was told of the dancing flames.

"He will become great," said the queen, and she caused one of the royal family to be given him in marriage. When Tarquin died Servius Tullius succeeded him, and became one of the great kings of the traditions of Rome. He was probably of obscure origin and acquired his influence through his personal bravery and force of character.

Numa gave the people their religion. Servius Tullius made for them their laws. The Patricians, as the senatorial families were called, were the governing power. Servius Tullius was a friend of the common people, or Plebeians.

That these might not be oppressed by the Patricians, he caused a law to be enacted that the senate could not make a decree without the consent of the Comitia, or the assembly of the people. He thus established the principle of republican liberty which afterwards became the glory of the Roman Republic and of the world. He built a great wall around the city, and one of the stones from this wall was sent as a present to Abraham Lincoln by distinguished citizens of Rome. President Lincoln, it is said, from a modest feeling, hid the stone in

a cellar of the White House, and he perhaps little dreamed that his own history, which had thus far resembled that of Servius Tullius, would also end like the noble Roman's. Servius, seeing the future dangers to the Roman people that would arise from a line of kings, advocated a plan by which the people should yearly choose their own ruler. This plan for a republic angered the house of Tarquin and the Patricians, and one of the Tarquins struck Servius dead, and the senate made him king. He is known as Tarquinius Superbus, or Tarquin the Proud. He was a hard king, and the people mourned for the good Servius, who had made himself a martyr to their cause, and wished that his days would return again.

We have told you the story of the Cumæan sibyl. She is supposed to have lived in the days of Tarquin the Proud.

The reign of Tarquin became so oppressive and unjust that the Roman people formed a plan to expel the Tarquins as a house of tyrants and to adopt the government that had been proposed by wise Servius Tullius. They arose as one body and drove the Tarquins without the walls, and with the expulsion of the Tarquins the Golden Age of tradition and fable begins to fall away and the great Roman Empire to arise.



Coin of the Marcii.

CHAPTER VI.

The Last Stories of the Golden Age.

THE Golden Age of Rome became very human in its last years. The good gods seem to pass away and leave the world to the warlike deities. To speak plainly, when the times of the old poets' fables began to change into real history the selfishness of the human heart begins to appear.

One of the darkest days in the lingering days of the Golden Age was that on which the daughter of Servius Tullius, the beloved Commons King, rode in her chariot over the dead body of her father. Her name was Tullia — “the wicked Tullia” she was justly called. She inherited the bad blood of the Tarquins from her mother. She caused her first husband to be murdered, and then married his elder brother, Lucius Tarquinius, who aspired to the throne of her father. He caused his own wife to be killed that he might marry her. A bad race were the Tarquins, and they all came at last to an evil end, as you shall be told.

She plotted with her bad husband to murder her old father, the good Servius Tullius, and when the old man had been stricken dead, and his body flung into the street before the steps of the senate-house, this undutiful daughter, the wicked Tullia, did the brutal deed which filled the people of Rome with horror. Livy, the picture-writing historian, thus gives the horrid tale in vivid words: —

“ It was believed that this was done at the instigation of Tullia, inasmuch as she did not shrink from the wickedness that followed. At least it is an admitted fact that she drove in her chariot to the Forum, unabashed by the crowd of men, and, summoning her husband from the senate-house, was the first to hail him ‘king.’ When he bade her begone from such a scene of tumult, and she was making her way home, she ordered her chariot to turn to the right down the Orbian Hill, so as to drive out through the Esquiline, when the man who drove her horses suddenly stopped in horror, checked the reins, and pointed out to his mistress the body of the murdered Servius lying in the road. Whereupon a foul and inhuman deed is said to have been done, and the place serves yet as a memorial of it (men call it the Accursed Quarter, *Vicus Sceleratus*), along which in her madness, urged by the avenging shades of her murdered sister and husband, Tullia is said to have driven her chariot over the corpse of her father, and to have carried home on the blood-stained vehicle — nay, on her very dress and person — the traces of his slaughter, to defile the household gods of herself and her new consort; and that from the wrath of those offended powers the reign which had been so ill begun was speedily brought to a like violent termination.”

This deed, says Livy, made the name of “king” hateful to the Roman ear. It showed what ambition for the royal power might do, and how brutal such an ambition might make the heart. The people now saw the wisdom of the good Tullius in proposing the plan that they should govern themselves by an annual election, in which they would be free to choose the best men to administer the laws. In

that case the rulers would be at least as good as the majority of the people. The Roman Republic began in the ideas and plans of Servius Tullius, and our own republic and all republics may be said to have sprung from the brain of the Commons King of Rome. They did well to put the stone from the wall of Servius Tullius into the tomb of Lincoln, our own great Commoner. You will see it there, when you go to Springfield, Illinois, some day.

But there are very heroic stories that are told of the last days of the Golden Age, and we turn away from the bad deeds of the Tarquins to the incidents of Roman virtue which began with the republic and became the glory of Rome in the long eras of the consuls and tribunes.

After the Tarquins were banished, and their property was confiscated, the people elected two *prætors*, or head men, to govern them for a fixed period; and these *prætors* did so well that the republic was firmly established, and the *prætors*, after a time, were called *consuls*. The *consul* was a *president*; and Rome had two *presidents*, or *prætors*, or *consuls*, as we have one.

Lucius Junius Brutus and Collatinus were the first *prætors*, or *presidents*. The early republic, like ours, required its *prætors* to be men of simple habits and living. When one of the *prætors*, Valerius, built a costly and pretentious house, the people compelled him to pull it down, as they said it indicated an ambition to live in a style above them, the end of which spirit was royalty. These were sensible times.

During the presidency of the early *prætors*, the banished Tarquins sought to come back again. There were patrician families in Rome who did

not like the simple freedom of the new republic, and these secretly favored the return of the Tarquins. They formed a plan to bring the Tarquins back. The plot was discovered, and the consuls were obliged to condemn the traitors to death.

The conspirators were arrested and brought before the praetors. Among them were two sons of Brutus, who was a praetor himself. Would the president condemn his own sons?

When the two young men were brought before their father, the praetor said, —

“What defence have you to make?”

They only stood and wept in silence.

“Banish them!” cried the senators, in a merciful mood.

“Executioners, do your office,” said the father sternly. The officers led out the two sons, and scourged and beheaded them before their father’s eyes. This is one of the first tales of Roman virtue as such acts were called, and we shall have many such to relate.

The Tarquin who stood nearest to the Roman throne, after the old order of things, found an advocate in an Etruscan king who bore the musical name of Lars Porsena. This king came to the Tiber with his army to lay siege to Rome, and to restore the banished Tarquins. The Romans were taken by surprise, and driven across the bridge over the Tiber. The safety of the city now lay in their being able to destroy the bridge, to prevent the army of Lars Porsena from crossing. There were three brave Romans named Horatius, Lartius, and Herminius who held at bay the invading host while the bridge was being cut down.

The story of Horatius Cocles at the bridge of the

Tiber has been finely told by Livy. When you study Livy you may find the account. You may now be more interested to read the tradition as told by Macaulay in his *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Students like to speak this poem at school on elocution days, and we quote the greater part of the story as given in Macaulay's heroic verse. The poem presents a vivid picture of the spirit and times of early Rome: —

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

Lars Porsena of Clusium — by the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin should suffer wrong no
more.

By the Nine Gods he swore it, and named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth, to summon his array.

East and west and south and north the messengers ride fast.
And tower and town and cottage have heard the trumpet's
blast.

Shame on the false Etruscan who lingers in his home
When Porsena of Clusium is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen are pouring in amain,
From many a stately market-place ; from many a fruitful
plain ;

From many a lonely hamlet, which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest of purple Apennine.

* * * * *

The harvests of Arretium, this year, old men shall reap ;
This year, young boys in Umbro shall plunge the struggling
sheep ;

And in the vats of Luna, this year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls, whose sires have
marched to Rome.

* * * * *

And now hath every city sent up her tale of men ;
The foot are fourscore thousand, the horse are thousands ten.

Before the gates of Sutrium is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena upon the trysting day.

* * * * *

But by the yellow Tiber was tumult and affright :
From all the spacious champaign to Rome men took their
flight.

A mile around the city, the throng stopped up the ways ;
A fearful sight it was to see through two long nights and
days.

* * * * *

Now from the rock Tarpeian could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the city, they sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came with tidings of dismay.

* * * * *

I wis, in all the Senate, there was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat, when that ill news was
told.

Forthwith up rose the Consul, up rose the Fathers all ;
In haste they girded up their gowns, and hied them to the
wall.

They held a council standing before the River-Gate ;
Short time was there, ye well may guess, for musing or
debate.

Out spake the Consul roundly : "The bridge must straight
go down ;
For, since Janiculum is lost, naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying, all wild with haste and fear :
"To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul ; Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward the Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust rise fast along the sky.

* * * * *

But the Consul's brow was sad, and the Consul's speech was
low,
And darkly looked he at the wall, and darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us before the bridge goes down ;
And if they once may win the bridge, what hope to save the
town ? "

Then out spake brave Horatius, the captain of the gate :
 " To every man upon this earth death cometh, soon or late.
 And how can man die better than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his gods ?

* * * * *

Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed ye may ;
 I, with two more to help me, will hold the foe in play.
 In yon straight path a thousand may well be stopped by
 three.

Now who will stand on either hand, and keep the bridge
 with me ? "

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,—a Ramnian proud was
 he,—

" Lo, I will stand at thy right hand, and keep the bridge
 with thee."

And out spake strong Herminius,—of Titian blood was
 he,—

" I will abide on thy left side, and keep the bridge with
 thee."

" Horatius," quoth the Consul, " as thou sayest, so let it
 be."

And straight against that great array forth went the daunt-
 less three.

For Romans in Rome's quarrel spared neither land nor gold,
 Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life, in the brave days of old.

* * * * *

Now while the three were tightening their harness on their
 backs,

The Consul was the foremost man to take in hand an axe ;
 And Fathers mixed with Commons seized hatchet, bar, and
 crow,

And smote upon the planks above, and loosed the props
 below.

* * * * *

The three stood calm and silent and looked upon the foes,
 And a great shout of laughter from all the vanguard rose ;
 And forth three chiefs came spurring before that deep array ;
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew to win the
 narrow way.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus into the stream beneath ;
 Herminius struck at Seius, and clove him to the teeth ;
 At Picus brave Horatius darted one fiery thrust ;
 And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms clashed in the bloody
 dust.

* * * * *

But all Etruria's noblest felt their hearts sink to see
 On the earth the bloody corpses, in the path the dauntless
 three.

And from the ghastly entrance, where those bold Romans
 stood,
 The bravest shrank like boys who rouse an old bear in the
 wood.

* * * * *

But meanwhile axe and lever have manfully been plied,
 And now the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling tide.
 "Come back, come back, Horatius ! " loud cried the Fathers
 all :

" Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius ! back, ere the ruin fall ! "

Back darted Spurius Lartius ; Herminius darted back ;
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet they felt the timbers
 crack ;

But when they turned their faces, and on the farther shore
 Saw brave Horatius stand alone, they would have crossed
 once more.

But, with a crash like thunder, fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck lay right athwart the
 stream ;

And a long shout of triumph rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken when first he feels the rein,
 The furious river struggled hard, and tossed his tawny mane,
 And burst the curb, and bounded, rejoicing to be free,
 And battlement, and plank, and pier, whirled headlong to
 the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in mind ;
 Thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad flood
 behind.

"Down with him!" cried false Sextus, with a smile on his pale face.

"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena, "now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning those craven ranks to see ;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena, to Sextus naught spake he ;

But he saw on Palatinus the white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river that rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber ! father Tiber ! to whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge this day ! "

So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed the good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back, plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise, stood gazing where he sank ;

And when above the surges they saw his crest appear,
Rome shouted, and e'en Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current, swollen high by months of rain ;
And fast his blood was flowing ; and he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor, and spent with changing blows,
And oft they thought him sinking — but still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood safe to the landing place ;

But his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave heart within,

And our good father Tiber bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him !" quoth false Sextus ; "will not the villain drown ?

But for this stay, ere close of day we should have sacked the town ! "



THE TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX.



“Heaven help him!” quoth Lars Porsena, “and bring him safe to shore ;
For such a gallant feat of arms was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom ;—now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the Fathers to press his gory hands.
And, now with shouts and clapping, and noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate, borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land that was of public right
As much as two strong oxen could plough from morn till night ;
And they made a molten image, and set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day to witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium, plain for all folk to see ;
Horatius in his harness, halting upon one knee :
And underneath is written, in letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge in the brave days of old.

Lars Porsena blockaded the city and continued the siege until the Romans seemed about to perish for food. He then sent word to the people that he would send them bread if they would receive the Tarquins back again. Their answer was most heroic: Hunger is better than slavery.

In the midst of the distress in the city, a youth named Caius Marius asked leave to go without the walls into the camp of the enemy, on a secret errand. He obtained per-



Horatius Cocles at the Bridge of the Tiber.

mission, and crept into the Etruscan camp while Lars Porsena was reviewing his army. Lars Porsena and one of his counsellors were sitting side by side, and each was richly dressed. The youth rushed into the king's pavilion, and, mistaking the counsellor for the king, struck him dead. He was seized, dragged before Lars Porsena, and asked what he meant by such a deed.

“I am Caius Marius,” said the youth, “and I did the deed to liberate Rome, and I am willing to suffer anything for my country.”

“Torture him,” said the enraged soldiers.

The young man saw a fire burning in a brazier near by, and, going up to it, thrust his right hand into the flame, and stood without flinching while the flesh was burned. Porsena liberated the young Roman, who told him that Rome was full of young men as brave and determined as himself. Lars Porsena made peace with Rome, and Tarquin died in exile at Cumæ, after all his sons had perished.

We come now to the last story of the Golden Age, and perhaps the most beautiful of the stories of the appearances of the gods among men. Such stories cannot be true, but as they were believed to have been true they form a very important part of the history of Rome, as great events were brought about by popular superstitions, which had much to do with the worship, the arts and monuments in Rome. There were two brothers of celestial origin, named Castor and Pollux, or the Twins. They had sailed in the Argo, and they lived one day in heaven and the next on earth. They appeared to men as horsemen. Thirty cities combined against Rome in the days of Valerius Publicola, a consul, who, like Servius Tullius, was the people's friend. Publicola

made a vow that if the gods would grant him a victory over his enemies he would build a temple to the Twins, Castor and Pollux. A great battle was fought near Lake Regillus.

We tell the tale of the battle briefly here, but you must read the legend as related by Macaulay in his *Lays of Ancient Rome*, under the title of "The Battle of the Lake Regillus":—

"Ho, trumpets, sound a war note !
Ho, lictors, clear the way !"

In the midst of the battle two of the contending champions met on horseback, Mamilius and Herminius:—

"Mamilius spied Herminius
And dashed across the way ;
'Herminius, I have sought thee
Through many a bloody fray.
One of us two, Herminius,
Shall never more go home ;
I will lay on for Tusculum,
And lay thou on for Rome.'"

Mamilius smote Herminius, and Herminius smote Mamilius, and each of the champions fell dead beside his horse.

The horse of the dead Herminius rushed out of the battle and ran back to Tusculum, and dropped dead at his master's door. Beside the horse of the fallen Mamilius two princely horsemen appeared.



Medal Commemorating the Battle of Lake Regillus.

“ So like they were no mortal
Might one from other know :
White as snow their armor was,
Their steeds were white as snow.”

These mysterious horsemen led the Romans to victory and then disappeared. They appeared again, however, in the Roman Forum and announced the victory before any messengers from the army could arrive. The Romans had no doubt that the luminous princes on the white horses were the Twins, Castor and Pollux, and, as Valerius had vowed, a glorious temple was erected, where divine honors were paid to the Twins, who were long regarded as the patron saints of Rome.

The Golden Age, when the earth and air were full of appearing and disappearing gods and goddesses, now passes into the living age of the Republic. We come now to firm historic ground, and our next part of this narrative will be that glorious period of Roman virtue which will forever be the pride of the Latin race. It is a far nobler period than the Golden Age of fable. It represents the first great struggle for human liberty and the birthrights of men.



Virgil.

PART II.

STORY OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER VII.—THE RISE OF THE REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE GRAND DAYS OF ROMAN VIRTUE.
CINCINNATUS. CURTIUS.

CHAPTER IX.—GREECE MAKES WAR ON ROME.

CHAPTER X.—CARTHAGE MAKES WAR ON ROME. REGULUS.

CHAPTER XI.—ROME GOES FORTH TO CONQUER THE WORLD.

CHAPTER XII.—CÆSAR AND THE END OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER VII.

Rise of the Roman Republic.

SP. Q. R., — *Senatus Populusque Romanus*. Such was the motto of the purple standards of the new Republic of Rome. The meaning of the words is *the Roman Senate and people*. The standards were ornamented with eagles, and they marched, as a rule, to victory for nearly five hundred years.

The kings were overthrown about the year 500, but the struggle for the Republic had begun many years before with the plans of Servius Tullius. Exact dates cannot be given. The glorious stories of “Horatius at the Bridge” and the “Battle of Lake Regillus” belong to the final struggles for the establishment of the Republic.

We have grand stories to tell of the Republic of Rome in its integrity and simplicity. But before we begin this pleasing narration we must explain what the Roman government was and the meaning of its terms and offices. You will like to know in what respects it resembled our own.

The prætors, or, as they were called later, consuls, were really two kings who were elected yearly. They had the supreme power. For a time they could inflict the sentence of death. They were advised by a council of patricians called the Senate. In the early days of the Republic the Senate had no power except as counsellors. Later they were intrusted with great power and became the law-makers of Rome.

The consuls were elected like presidents and, being so elected, were presidents; but they for a long time exercised kingly power. They did not wear golden crowns like kings, but they wore

purple robes, and sat upon elevated seats with ivory sceptres surmounted by golden eagles. They declared war and made peace, and led the Roman armies. They also acted as judges, and when employed in this office were attended by twelve guards, called lictors, whose emblem of authority was an axe in a bundle of rods.

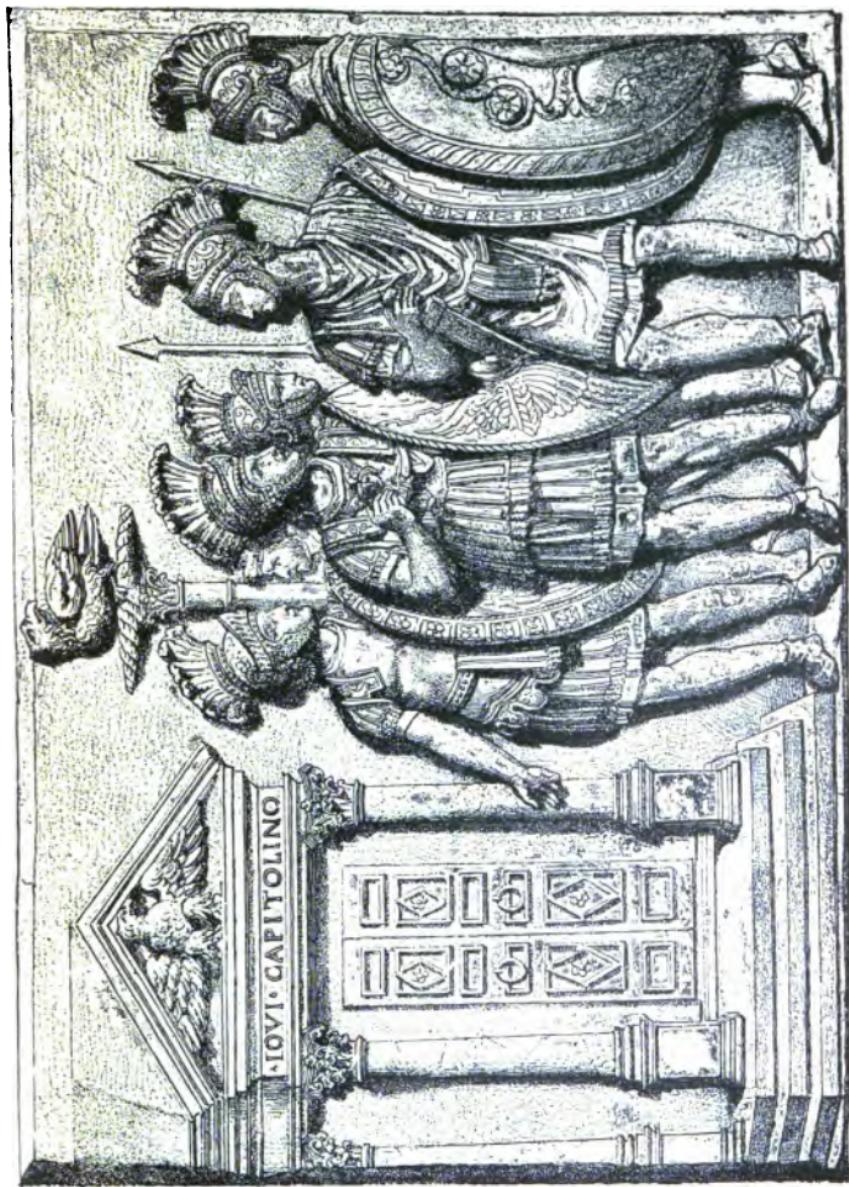
The consuls at first were elected from the patrician families. After a time the people com-



Lictors.

plained that they misused their power, and claimed that the office led to oppression and arrogance. The common people demanded a representation of their own. Hence arose tribunes of the people.

The office of tribune is one of the most noble



PRÆTORIANS.



features of the old Roman government. The tribunes presided at the comitias, or assemblies of the people, and had the privilege of *vetoing* or preventing the execution of unjust laws.

The rulers of the Roman provinces were usually those who had been consuls and were called pro-consuls. In times of war a consul might be made a dictator by the advice of the Senate.

The consul was not allowed to succeed himself. He had to wait a certain number of years before he could be re-elected. A person standing for a high public office dressed in white, and from the Roman *candidus* (white) comes our word "candidate."

The censors numbered the people and regulated the public morals.

The "Fathers of Rome" were for the most part the senators, and men of high rank or especial honor. The senators were for a long time men of noble birth; but as the people gained power, representatives of the lower orders were admitted to the Senate, and as they were written in they were called "Conscript Fathers," from *conscripti*, written.

The Comitia Tributa was the assembly of the Commons (*plebs*, people), and the plebiscita were the resolutions of this assembly.

The history of the Roman Republic is one long struggle of the common people for their rights. The patrician or senatorial families, who had acquired rank and wealth during the period of the



Roman Eagle.

kings, continued to look down upon the working people, who were really of the same blood as themselves; for even the blood of kings is no different from others'. They did all in their power to keep



A Roman in a Toga.

the people under them, and make them their servants, and compel them to pay taxes to them. It was against the law in the early days of the Republic for a patrician to marry a plebeian. The patricians rented their great estates to the people at rates of pay that made them little better than slaves. The people made a long struggle against such oppressions, and their first triumph was the election of tribunes,

unes, who might say *no* or *I veto* to unjust laws of the consuls and Senate.

The way that the people gained their tribunes, who had what was called the *veto* power, is very

interesting, and it reads like a story. You will feel for the Roman people in their attempts to gain their natural rights, or birthrights; and there is no story of liberty that meant more to mankind than this demand of the rent payers and tax payers and workmen for tribunes or consuls of their own. It came about in this way.

If a poor man by any misfortune fell into debt, he might be sent to prison and his family sold. There was a brave soldier who had been thrown into prison for debt and who had been cruelly treated in prison, as most prisoners were. One day when the Forum, as the public place was called, was full of people, he broke out of prison and came to the place of public speaking, and appealed to the people. Livy describes the scene in his best way, and you must have learned by this time to like the old historian's vivid stories. Livy says:—

“A man of reverend years rushed out into the Forum, bearing all the tokens of utter wretchedness. His garments were miserably squalid, his person more miserable still; his countenance was pallid, and he seemed to be wasting away with hunger. But, through all this disfigurement, he was recognized



A Centurion.

as having once held the rank of a centurion ; and the spectators, while they pitied him, recounted other military distinctions which he had won. Baring his breast, he showed scars which bore witness to many a hard-fought field. When he was asked how he came to be in this miserable dress and condition, while a crowd gathered round him and formed, as it were, a regular audience, he said that while serving in the Sabine wars, not only had his fields lost their crops in the raids made by the enemy, but his homestead had been burned, his goods and chattels plundered, and his cattle driven off ; and, the war-tax coming upon him at this unlucky time, he had contracted debts. These had been swelled by exorbitant interest : first he had been stripped of the farm which his father and grandfather had held before him, then of all his other property ; at last, the ruin, like a plague, had reached his person. He had been thrown by his creditor, not into ordinary bondage, but into the hard-labor house and the dungeon. And he showed his back, scored with the marks of recent scourging."

The people had long been discontented and this scene filled them with rage. What could they do ? how could they get justice from their oppressors ?

A tribe called the Volsci, or Volscians, that lived in the south part of the country, had declared war against Rome and were on their march towards the city.

"The Volscians ! the Volscians !" said the people ; "they shall deliver us, and we will appeal to them and make them our friends."

When the patricians saw the stand that the poor people had taken, they were greatly alarmed ;

for with a foe without and a foe within the city they might lose their places altogether, and then their so-called noble blood would be of no more account than others'.

The Senate summoned the people to enlist or to be enrolled for the war against the Volscians.

"No," said they, "the gods are sending the Volscians to deliver us from you. We will not fight them."

The patricians now saw that they had no power except by the consent of the people, and they began to treat with the people to induce them to enlist. A dictator was appointed to persuade the people to obey the laws or else to put the people down. But the discontent went on. The people began to feel their power, and they were resolved to bring the patricians to terms. The workmen assembled without the walls, formed an army, and were prepared to resist the patricians, who now saw that they would be overthrown unless something was done.

There was a very wise old man in Rome, named Menenius Agrippa, who was beloved and respected by all classes of people. He was asked to give his views in public on the crisis, and the Romans were all eager to hear him.

"There was once a time," said he, "when the limbs and choice members of the body,—the head, the heart, the hands, the feet,—all became dissatisfied because they had to associate with the belly; the head had to think how to fill the belly, the hands to work for it, and the feet to carry it about. They resolved that they would do no more for it. They would be rid of their association with it. They would not work for it or feed it. But as soon as they began to slight the homely member they all

grew weak and starved and poor, and saw that the whole body would perish unless they did the belly justice and served it as nature had designed them to do. So," said the wise man, "all ranks and states in the nation depend upon each other, and we must render to all their rights and give them the service and honor that are their due."

The patricians and plebeians saw the force of the fable, and both parties were made willing to adopt measures that would be most useful to each.



A Roman Soldier.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Grand Days of Roman Virtue.

THE plebeians struggled for their rights against the patricians for centuries, but the contests were for the most part peaceful ones, and, as a rule, ended in the triumph of liberty. The Republic engaged in many wars with the neighboring tribes, and one by one these tribes became a part of Rome, and helped form the Latin Empire.

Then Greece made war on Rome, and then Carthage, but both invasions were repelled, and then the Roman legions went forth to conquer Europe. Rome triumphed over the world under Julius Cæsar; but, in the hour of her pride and glory, Cæsar disobeyed the Senate and crossed the Rubicon, and made himself emperor, and the Republic of the consuls and tribunes fell, and imperial Rome arose. The Empire, as the Rome of the emperors was called, was prosperous in its beginning, but became one long scene of tyranny, vice, and blood. Then the barbarian nations swept down upon it and crushed it and made it their spoil. So long as Rome kept her virtue she was strong, and enlarged her liberties. When she lost her virtue she lost also her liberties, and with the loss of her liberties her strength decayed, and she fell an easy prey to her enemies.

It is now the period of Roman virtue, when

Romans were men, and each loyal man might have said,—

“ My life and honor both together run ;
Take honor from me and my life is done.”

The heroes of this age were noble in their integrity or uprightness of character: truth and purity were their glory. It was that “elder day” of which the historic poet wrote, when —

“ To be a Roman was greater than a king.”

In this period a man’s crown was his honor, and glorious days they were.

There was a patrician youth, Caius Marcius by name, who did valiant deeds in a war against the Volscian city of Corioli. When he returned from the contest he was brought before Cominius, the consul, covered with wounds, who set upon his head a crown and named him Coriolanus. The consul then offered him a spoil of slaves. “ I will accept of only one,” said the youth.

He chose his slave, and at once made him free.

But he was a proud man. The Romans elected him consul, but the tribunes of the people forbade him to hold the office. He was so much affronted by the rejection that he took leave of his old mother, his wife, and children, and left Rome and made his home with Tullus, a Volscian chief.

In a war that followed Coriolanus marched against Rome with the Volscians. The Romans were greatly distressed at being called to fight against such an enemy, and took council as to what they should do.

In this council a strange plan was proposed. Coriolanus loved his family and little children, and had a Roman heart. The mothers of Rome

offered to go to his camp with their children in their arms, and to hold the little ones like so many shields before him, and to appeal to his tender feelings. So they passed out of the gates, headed by the mother and wife of Coriolanus, and his own little ones.

As the mothers came to his camp, his wife and his old mother appeared before him, and his mother sorrowfully said:—

“If you are about to destroy Rome, begin with me.”

She threw herself at his feet, and the women and children presented a pitiable scene.

Coriolanus took his mother’s hand and lifted her up.

“Oh, mother,” he said, “what is it you do? You have saved Rome, but you have lost your son.”

His words were true. He was condemned for his act by the Volscians, and put to death.

There was a patrician family in Rome of noble character, the father of whom received the name of Cincinnatus from his curly hair. He was a man of sound mind and far sight, and nearly all of the people believed that he would be governed in all things by his sense of right. He lived on a simple farm of four acres, and people who sought his



A Roman Matron.

wisdom visited him there. Although a patrician, the plebeians respected him because his judgments and opinions were unselfish and just.

In the wars with the neighboring tribes there came a time of great peril, and a council of the people met to consider what it were best to do.

The people deliberated.

They saw their need of great wisdom and prudence, and at last some one made a proposal that was received with general approval.

“Make Cincinnatus dictator.”

They chose messengers to go to see Cincinnatus at his farm by the blue Tiber. They found the wise man ploughing in the field.

And queerly enough, his good wife was helping him plough. This is a very interesting scene in a patrician’s family in the days of old Roman virtue, is it not?

The messengers told him their errand. Cincinnatus turned to his wife and said:—

“Racilia,” (what a pretty name!) “go fetch me my toga.”

Then, we are told, he washed his face, and started in a boat on the Tiber towards Rome.

Cincinnatus took the lead of a volunteer army, routed the enemy, and resigned his dictatorship at the end of sixteen days. He refused to accept any of the spoil, but went back to his farm on the Tiber, and again followed the plough,—a very good example to all future men who might be sought by public office. Cincinnatus was far nobler at the plough than he would have been had he become a selfish, ambitious politician. Little Arthur, never forget Cincinnatus and his return to the plough.

There were some acts that were held to be virtu-

ous in those old days of honor which would be deemed hard now. In the struggles between the consuls and the tribunes of the people it was at one time thought best to make a compromise by having ten annually elected selectmen, or governors, to take charge of the government. These ten men were called the decemvirs. They began to govern well, and made good laws, which were called the Laws of the Ten Tables. But they became proud and fell into dishonor. Their leader, or president, was Appius Claudius, a man who was governed by his strong desires instead of his moral sense. One day, as Appius was passing through the forum, as the public place of Rome was called, and which was the place of schools, he saw there a very beautiful girl, the daughter of a military officer named Virginius. He inquired who she was, and learned that her name was Virginia, and that her father was on duty in the army, and that she was engaged to be married to a man whose name was Icilius. Appius was charmed with the beauty of the girl, and would have been glad to make her his own wife, but he was a patrician, and at this time it was against the law for a patrician to marry a plebeian. He therefore devised a wicked plan to bring the beautiful girl into his household as a slave, and secured a client who should say that the girl was not the true daughter of Virginius, but had been adopted by her family from a slave mother.

The case came to judgment, and Appius sustained the false story of his client, to the shame of the Roman people.

When Virginius returned and learned of this cruel trick and false judgment, he sought Virginia,

and came into the forum leading the beautiful girl by the hand. The father appealed to Appius, but the latter made sentence against him. The rest of the story is very hard and cruel. We will ask Livy to tell it to you, for never a man could picture such scenes like this fine old writer!

“When Appius had thundered forth these words in his overflowing passion, the crowd gave way without resistance, and the maiden stood deserted by all, a helpless prey to injustice. Then Virginius, when he saw no aid was to be looked for, said: ‘I pray thee, Appius, first to make allowance for a father’s feelings, if I have said aught too bitter against thee; then, suffer me to question this nurse, in the maiden’s presence, as to the facts of this matter; so, if I have been wrongly called her father, I can part from her with a lighter heart.’ Leave was given; he led the girl and her nurse aside, near what are now called the New Booths, and there, seizing a knife from a butcher, he cried: ‘Thus, my daughter, in the only way I can, I make thee free!’ Then he stabbed her to the heart, and, lifting his eyes to the tribunal, said: ‘Thee and thy life, Appius, I consecrate to destruction in this blood!’ Roused by the cries which followed on this deed of horror, Appius bade his men seize Virginius. But he cleared a way for himself with the knife as he went; and so, protected also by a body of young men who escorted him, reached the city gate. Then Icilius and Numitorius lifted up the lifeless corpse, and showed it to the people.”

The injustice of Appius and the wrong that he did to Roman liberty caused the decemvirs to be overthrown by the people, and the old government by consuls and tribunes was established again.

We now come to one of the most interesting stories of the palmy days of the Republic. In the war with the Veii, a dictator was appointed by the name of Marcus Furius Camillus. He made Publius Cornelius Scipio his chief officer. Camillus conquered the Veii, and spoiled the city, and was granted a triumph by the Romans.

Falerii, a town allied to the Veii, was soon after conquered by Camillus. Of this war a very curious incident is related. The sons of the chief families of Falerii were in charge of a certain ambitious schoolmaster, who seems to have thought that he could make a name for himself by turning traitor, and becoming a subject of Rome.

So one day the cunning schoolmaster took his boys without the walls of the city, pretending to give them exercise, and led them directly into the camp of Camillus. He told Camillus that the boys were the sons of the ruling families, and that he would only have to hold them prisoners to bring the city to terms. Camillus, to his honor, listened to the proposal with indignation. He had a Roman soul that shrank from such scheme of dishonor.

“No,” he said, “I will not keep the boys. And instead of rewarding you for such a base proposal, I will cause the boys to punish you, as your treachery merits.”

He ordered that rods or whips should be put into the hands of the boys.

“He has been untrue to you,” said the Roman. “Now whip him all the way back to the city.”

The boys whipped the crafty pedagogue back to the gates, and received a lesson in Roman honor which the world will never forget.

Camillus’s triumph was very splendid, and there

were not wanting men who said that it was not becoming a republic.

Camillus's chariot on the grand occasion was drawn by four white horses. His face was painted, and he presented himself to the people in the attitude of a god rather than a soldier. In the division of the spoils he had omitted to make a tenth part an offering to the gods, according to the custom. These things led to some distrust of the character of Camillus.

The people began to whisper that Camillus was ambitious. The slander grew, and he was impeached or *vetoed* by one of the tribunes. He decided to go into voluntary exile, and as he left Rome he declared:—

“I only ask that if I am innocent, and wrong has been done me, my countrymen may be made to feel my loss.”

Five years later a great alarm came to Rome. There was a barbarian nation in the north called the Gauls. They had blue eyes, yellow hair, and strong arms; they went naked to the waist, and their bands or armies were fearful to look upon. They had driven the Etruscans away from the fertile lands of the Po, and had crossed the Apennine mountains, and were facing Rome. It is said that the voice of an oracle or god was heard in the Temple of Vesta one night, saying, “The Gauls are at hand.”

However this may have been, the victorious Gauls were on their way to Rome. They came like a hurricane, and nothing could stand before them. The Roman senators, with true Roman virtue, resolved to die in their seats.

There are few stories in the world more noble

than the way that these senators met the invasion of these giants from the north. They dressed themselves in their robes of state, and sat down like so many statues to meet whatever might await them. You will ask, little Arthur, how Livy told this grand story. We will have his picture; it is simple, but a master-stroke.

“The houses of the lower orders were shut up, but the halls of the chief men stood open; and they hesitated more at entering these than at breaking open such as were closed against them. Thus it was not without a certain awe and reverence that they beheld, sitting in the vestibules of their houses, figures which not only in their costume and decorations, whose magnificence seemed to their eyes more than mortal, but in the majesty of their looks and bearing, were like unto gods. While they stood fixedly regarding them as though they were statues, a Gaul is said to have stroked the beard, worn long as it was in those days, of one of them, Marcus Papirius, who smote him on the head with his ivory staff, and woke his wrath; with that began a general massacre, and the rest were killed where they sat.”

While all was terror among the people of Rome, who should come to the rescue but the banished Camillus. He had raised an army among the men of Arden, to whom he had gone in banishment, heavy at heart at the ingratitude of the world. He had strengthened this little army by Roman fugitives, and his name rallied Rome. He appeared before the walls at a most critical time.

There was a Roman force whom the Gauls were besieging in the Capitol. The Capitol Hill could only be ascended by strategy, but the Gauls found

a way to go up by stealth, and might have succeeded in surprising the fortress, but for cackling of some wakeful geese. A goose keeps her eyes open. And it came to be a proverb that "Rome was saved by the cackling of a goose."

The Gauls left Rome at the coming of Camillus, but they had sacked the city, and took away with them great spoil. The people were so disheartened that they proposed founding a new city at Veii. Camillus loved Rome, and its grand history, which was one of gods and heroes. He addressed the people, and, if he uttered the words as given by Livy, a noble address it was that he made. You will wish to read it, and perhaps to speak it at school. We love to read it over and over again!

"My countrymen, we hold a city founded under auspices and with solemn inauguration; there is no spot within its walls that is not full of a divine presence and hallowed associations. The days on which our great sacrifices recur are not more strictly fixed than the places where they are to be offered. Will you desert all these objects of adoration, public and private, my fellow-citizens?

"Some will say, perhaps, that we can fulfil these sacred duties at Veii, or send our own priests from thence to perform them here. Neither can be done without breaking our religious obligations. What shall I say of the Eternal Fire of Vesta, and of that Image of Pallas, which Æneas brought from Troy, preserved in the guardianship of her temple as the pledge of our empire? What of your sacred shields, O great Mars and Father Quirinus? Is it your will to forsake and leave to desecration all these hallowed symbols, old as the city herself, some even older than her foundation?

“I speak of ceremonies, and of temples — what shall I say of those who guard them? Your Vestals have one only seat, whence nothing but the capture of the city ever yet moved them. The Priest of Jupiter may not lawfully pass a single night outside the city walls. Will you make these ministers of Veii instead of Rome?

“If in this whole city no better or more commodious dwelling could be erected than that hut in which our Founder lived,—were it not better to live in huts like shepherds and peasants, amidst your own shrines and household gods, than go into this national exile? . . . Does our affection or our native place depend on walls and beams? For mine own part, when I was late in exile, I confess that as often as my native city came into my thoughts, there rose before my eyes all this,—these hills, these plains, yon Tiber, and the scene so familiar to my sight, and the bright sky under which I was born and brought up. O Roman countrymen! rather let these things move you now by the love you bear them, to stay where you are, than wring your hearts with regret for them hereafter! Not without cause did gods and men fix on this spot to found a city: health-giving hills, a river nigh at hand, to bring in food from all inland places, to receive supplies by sea; the sea itself handy for commerce, yet not so near as to expose the city to hostile fleets; a spot central to all Italy, adapted beyond all others for the growth of a great state.”



Temple of Jupiter.

The speech of Camillus inspired the Romans with patriotism, and they began to rebuild.

While Rome was rebuilding war came again, and during the struggle there arose a plebeian consulate. Camillus was six times made dictator, and proved himself superior to all of his enemies, and died in honored old age.



Consul between two Laurel Crowned Fasces. Rome was subject to earthquakes, and about this time the earth was shaken, and there opened a great chasm in the Forum. The people thought that the gods were angry, and that they must make offerings to the chasm to appease the gods. The priests told them that they must make the most precious offerings that Rome possessed, when the chasm would close.

They threw in gold and jewels, but the chasm did not close. Then a patrician youth named Marcus Curtius said that the sons of Rome were the most precious offerings, and he dressed himself in festal robes, and leaped into the chasm, which immediately closed. We think that this story is not true. We are almost sorry to disbelieve it, and are glad to hope that the act of the young man was a real one. It well accords with the character of these noble old times. It does one good to read of these days when a man's fortunes and fame was valued by the honor of his soul!

You like to know how Livy told the story of Curtius. With his picture we will close this special illustration of pleasing and ennobling legend and history.

“Then young Marcus Curtius, a gallant soldier,

chid them all for doubting that there could be any better thing in Rome than good weapons and a stout heart. He called for silence; and looking towards the temples of the immortal gods that crowned the Forum, and towards the Capitol, he lifted his hands first to heaven, and then stretching them downwards, where the gulf yawned before him, in supplication to the Powers below, he solemnly devoted himself to death. Mounted on his horse, which he had clothed in the most splendid trappings that could be found, he leapt all armed into the chasm, while crowds of men and women showered in after him precious gifts and fruits."

In the struggles of the people for their rights was born Roman oratory. It was the voice of Liberty. Boys to-day love to speak at school the heroic words that these orators uttered in defence of their rights which all men may claim as the common gifts of God.

We must give you from place to place the noblest thoughts of these orators of Rome. We will begin here, with a speech made by Caius Canuleius, a tribune of the people, who secured the passage of a law allowing patricians to marry plebeians, and so promote the social and civil advancement of all worthy people. He also favored the plan of making all men equally entitled to election to the consulship, according to their fitness, and without regard to the rank of their families. The result was that tribunes were elected with consular power.

You will like the spirit, the independence, and the ringing words of the grand old Roman tribune:—

“This is not the first time, O Romans, that patrician arrogance has denied to us the rights of a common humanity. What do we now demand?

First, the right of intermarriage; and then, that the people may confer honors on whom they please. And why, in the name of Roman manhood, my countrymen, why should these poor boons be refused? Why, for claiming them, was I near being assaulted, just now, in the senate-house? Will the city no longer stand, will the empire be dissolved, because we claim the plebeians shall no longer be excluded from the consulship? Truly these patricians will, by and by, begrudge us a participation in the light of day; they will be indignant that we breathe the same air; that we share with them the faculty of speech; that we wear the form of human beings. But I cry them mercy. They tell us that it is contrary to religion that a plebeian should be made consul! The ancient religion of Rome forbids it! Ah! verily? How will they reconcile this pretence to the facts? Though not admitted to the archives, nor to the commentaries of the pontiffs, there are some notorious facts which, in common with the rest of the world, we well know. We know that there were kings before there were consuls in Rome. We know that consuls possess no prerogative, no dignity, not formerly inherent in kings. We know that Numa Pompilius was made king at Rome, who was not only not a patrician, but not even a citizen; that Lucius Tarquinius, who was not even of Italian extraction, was made king; that Servius Tullius, who was the son of a captive woman, was made king. And shall plebeians, who formerly were not excluded from the throne, now, on the juggling plea of religious objection, be debarred from the consulship?

“But it is not enough that the offices of the state are withheld from us. To keep pure their dainty

blood, these patricians would prevent, by law, all intermarriage of members of their order with plebeians. Could there be a more marked indignity, a more humiliating insult, than this? Why not legislate against our living in the same neighborhood, dwelling under the same skies, walking the same earth? Ignominy not to be endured! Was it for this we expelled the kings? Was it for this that we exchanged one master for many? No. Let the rights we claim be admitted, or let the patricians fight the battles of the state themselves. Let the public offices be open to all; let every invidious law in regard to marriage be abolished; or, by the gods of our fathers let there be no levy of troops to achieve victories in the benefits of which the people shall not most amply and equally partake!"



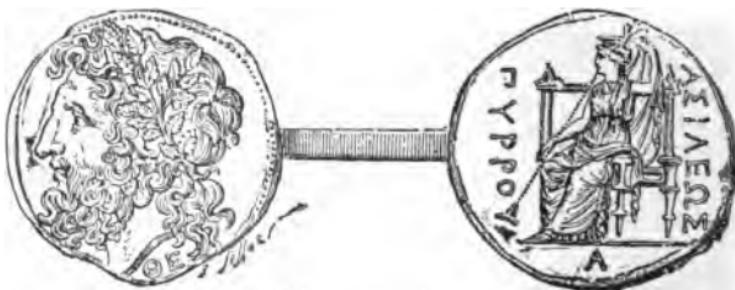
Roman Cavalry.

CHAPTER IX.

The Greek Invasion.—War with Elephants.

WE are still in the age of Roman virtue. Rome had conquered nearly all the tribes of the Italian peninsula, and formed the Latin kingdom whose arts and arms were destined to possess the eastern world.

There was a Greek city named Tarentum, which hoped to escape the fate of the neighboring cities, and prevent a conquest by Rome. So it sought the protection and aid of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, who was one of the most ambitious spirits of the times of old.



Coin of Pyrrhus.

Pyrrhus was born about 318 B.C. He became King of Epeiros, or Epirus, in 295. In 281 he conceived a scheme for the conquest of Rome, and the western world, which looked to him as glorious as the plans of Alexander, who had won the greatest fame as a conqueror.



PYRRHUS.



The Tarentines were a Greek colony in Lower Italy. They sent an embassy, or messenger, to him, in the name of all the Greek colonies in Italy, offering him the command of their armies against the Romans. Pyrrhus was overjoyed at the proposal, and sailed for Tarentum, the Greek capital in Italy, in 280 b.c., with twenty thousand foot soldiers, three thousand horse, two thousand archers, five hundred slingers, and what proved of more importance than any other part of the army, a troop of twenty elephants. The first battle between Pyrrhus and the Romans took place on the fields of the River Siris. The Romans fought desperately, and seemed about to prevail, when Pyrrhus brought forward his troop of elephants to trample down his enemies. The Romans had never seen these gigantic animals, and were seized with great fear, and fled before the onset of such unexpected champions.

Pyrrhus lost so many men in the battle that he is reported to have said: "Another such a victory would compel me to return to Epirus alone."

Many of the Italian tribes who disliked the Romans now joined Pyrrhus, and he took his march towards Rome. Perhaps never had the Roman Republic been threatened by so dangerous a foe, for the Gauls were but a horde of robbers. The Roman senate deliberated sending out an embassy to make terms with the conqueror. But Appius Claudius Cæcus advised the Fathers and the people to be true to their honor. Another battle was fought, and the Romans were again defeated; but the invaders lost so many men that they were unable to follow up their victory, and Pyrrhus for a time turned aside from the Roman war to engage

in war with Carthage. In 274 the war with Rome was renewed, and the Romans under Consul Curius Dentatus defeated Pyrrhus at Beneventum, and he fled to Tarentum, and thence returned to Epirus.

Never did Roman character appear more noble than in the period of the Greek invasion. When Pyrrhus had won his first victory over the Romans, he sent his ambassador, whose name was Cineas, to Rome to arrange terms of peace. The Romans had fought so sternly that the invader did not care to continue the struggle, provided that he could make an advantageous peace.

Pyrrhus sent presents to the Roman senators and their families, after the Greek custom of beginning

negotiations or terms for settling affairs of war. The Roman wives haughtily refused the offer of presents, which they looked upon as bribes. Cineas, on returning, told Pyrrhus that the Roman senators were like an assembly of kings.



Distributing Gifts to the People.

The Romans, however, sent an ambassador named Caius Fabricius Luscinus to Pyrrhus to treat with him in regard to the Roman prisoners that he had taken. Cineas told the king that the ambassador was a poor man.

The king offered Fabricius rich presents, but not one of them would the Roman accept.

The king, seeing his lofty spirit, resolved to break it. He had seen how the troop of elephants had frightened the Romans. So he summoned Fabricius to a conference in the royal tent, which was divided into two parts by a curtain.

As they were conversing, suddenly the curtain dropped, and an enormous elephant that had been hidden behind it raised his trunk over the Roman's head and trumpeted.

But Fabricius was not to be thus frightened. He turned to the king and said: —

“I am not to be bribed by your gold or frightened by your great beast.”

The doctrines of the Greek Epicureans was explained to him. One of their doctrines was that life should be spent in the pursuit of pleasure.

“O Hercules!” exclaimed Fabricius, “may the Greeks hold to this doctrine if we are to fight with them!” Meaning that a love of pleasure made men weak, and easy to be overcome in war.

Pyrrhus consented to release the prisoners, on honorable terms.

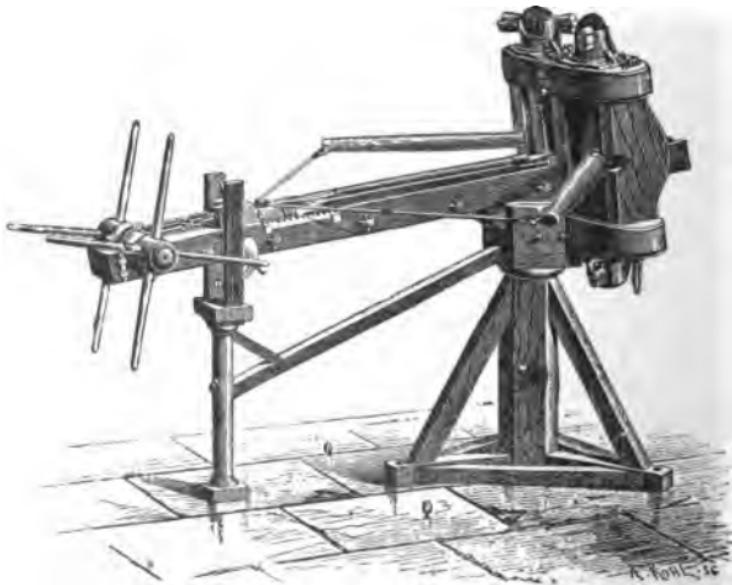
Fabricius was chosen consul the next year. While in the office he received a secret message from a physician of Pyrrhus offering to poison his master, the king. The consul returned the letter to Pyrrhus with the following answer: —

“Caius Fabricius and Quintus Æmilius, consuls, to Pyrrhus, king, greeting. You choose your friends and foes badly. This letter will show that you make war with honest men and trust rogues and knaves. We tell you, not to win your favor, but

lest your ruin might bring on us the reproach of ending the war by treachery instead of force."

The Consul Dentatus who conquered Pyrrhus at Beneventum, and compelled him to fly from the country, received a great triumph. He captured four of the elephants of Pyrrhus, and these great animals led the triumphal procession as it passed through the streets of Rome. The Roman people had never seen elephants before, and the triumph of Dentatus was like a great circus to them, and as strange as would have been the appearance of the wooden horse of Troy.

All Italy now falling to Rome, the Republic began to make great roads, and build grand public edifices. It made the Appian Way from Rome to Capua, the ruins of which may still be seen. Very prosperous times followed the war with Greece.



A Catapult.

CHAPTER X.

Carthage makes War on Rome.

YOU have heard of the Aryan and the Semitic (Shemitic) races. You may not know what these terms mean. As we now are about to give some account of a decisive war between these two races, in which the Aryan race prevailed, we must explain to you these terms as clearly as we are able. The English-speaking people are descendants of the Aryan race, as were the Latin tribes of Italy, the Germans and the Greeks, and all or nearly all of the inhabitants of Europe.

The first seat of the Aryan nations was in Central Asia. From this central kingdom, that is lost to history, the Aryans migrated to the west. The people of the world have been moving westward for an unknown period. The Celts occupied the continent of Europe, and so the Celtic race were the pioneers. The name Arya or Aryan is from a Sanskrit word meaning a ploughman or agriculturist, and is commonly applied to that Sanskrit-speaking people who emigrated from Central Asia to India between 2000 and 1600 B.C. The races whose languages are wholly or partly derived from the Sanskrit are grouped under the name Aryan or Indo-European. After the Celts came Aryan migrations to what is now Italy and Greece. These Aryan immigrants probably found their way into Europe by the Hellespont. The Hindus in Asia

and the Persians belong to the eastern division of the Aryan race. The roots of many words in all the languages spoken by the descendants of the primitive Aryan race are the same.

The Semitic, or Shemitic, race is supposed to have been descended from Shem, the eldest son of Noah. It comprises the Syrians, Hebrews, and Arabs, and the inhabitants of the Punic coasts.

The word "Punic" is from the Latin *Punicus*, meaning Phœnician and applied to the Cathaginians. It came to mean faithless, or treacherous; but this is not the meaning in which we shall use it in the story of the Punic, or Cathaginian, war.

In the Punic war, Rome represented the Aryan race, and Carthage the Semitic race, and the two races contended for the mastery of the world. The Hamitic race were the native Africans.



Carthaginian Coin.

Carthage was the rich port of Africa, founded, according to the poets, by Queen Dido. She made herself mistress of the ocean, and so of maritime kingdoms and nations. She became very proud and splendid, the home of the arts. She also was

a seat of learning, and fostered the spirit of discovery. The blue Mediterranean was her empire.

Rome on the other side of the sea was a growing power. Carthage had navies, Rome had armies. Each began to want more air, more land, more sea — more room. In each was kindled a desire to rule the then known world. The end of the growth and ambition of these two cities, Carthage and Rome, representing the Semitic and the Aryan races, was the Punic wars. And, little Arthur, our own history was largely determined by the great struggle, for all present events are the out-growths of the past. We are the supposed descendants of the Japhetic or Aryan races; the Punic people, of the Semitic race; and the native Africans, of the Hametic race. The Semitic race gave religion to the Aryan race, and the Aryan race, as converts, have come to possess the enlightened world.

Carthage, or New Town (Latin *Carthago*), was situated in what is now Tunis. Whether the tradition of Dido of Tyre be true or not, it was doubtless settled by the Semitic race of Phoenicians. In the day of her wealth, power, and glory Carthage numbered some seven hundred thousand souls. She sent out colonies into the neighboring islands, established her power in Sardinia and in Sicily, and sent her ships beyond the Pillars of Hercules, as Gibraltar was then called.

The defeat of Pyrrhus, and the subjugation of the South of Italy by the Romans, brought the two nations face to face. A glance at the map will show you the situation on sea and land.

There was a horde of pirates called Mamertines who had settled in Messana, Sicily. King Hiero of Syracuse threatened to expel them, and they

appealed for help to Rome. The Romans hesitated, but when they saw that the Carthaginian power in Sicily was a menace to their own coast, they resolved to possess Sicily, as a protection against invasion. They therefore set themselves to build a navy, and soon constructed an hundred or more war galleys. A naval battle was fought in which the Romans were successful; the Romans made themselves the masters of Sicily, and so ended the first Punic war.

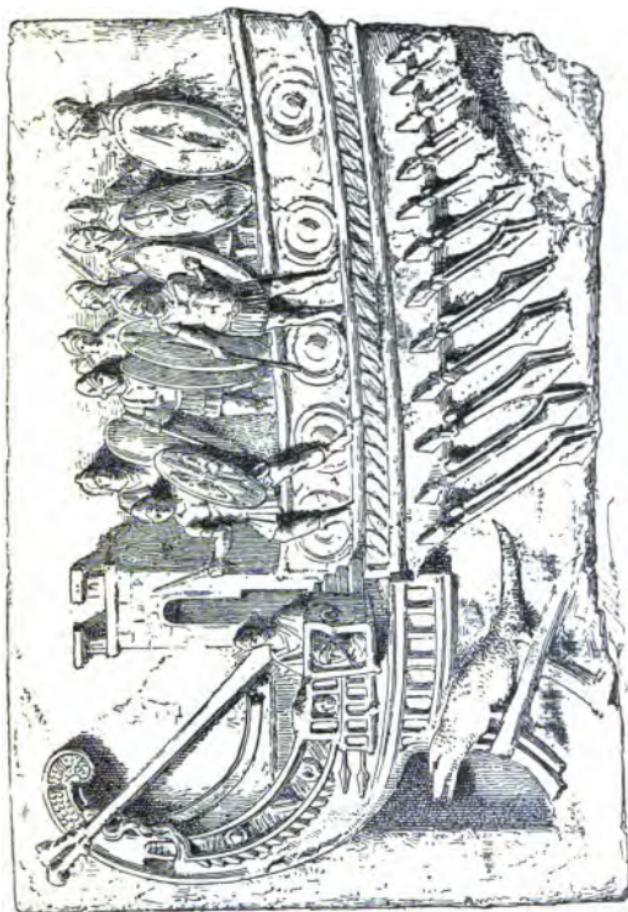
In this war, which in our view was unjust on the part of the Romans, a remarkable example of Roman honor was added to the grand tales of old. There was a plain man named Regulus, of great good sense and strength of character, who, like Cincinnatus, tilled his simple farm, and who was respected by all classes of people. His honor was such that the people wished to have him rewarded with public office, and he was elected consul. The office compelled him to assume command of the army in the Punic War. He enlarged the Roman fleet to more than three hundred war vessels, and put 140,000 men on board of them, defeated the fleet of Carthage, and landed his army on the Carthaginian shore.

The Roman senate ordered Regulus to send back the fleet and a part of the army, and with a part of the army to advance on Carthage.

As he was about to obey the latter command there came to him a messenger, who said:—

“Your family are suffering and need you; your farm has failed, and your wife and children know not what to do.”

Regulus replied by sending a messenger to the Senate, asking to be relieved of his command. The



ROMAN WAR GALLEY FROM A BAS-RELIEF.



Senate ordered him to go on, and promised to care for his family.

Regulus advanced towards Carthage, conquering as he went. But an event occurred like that which had happened before. The Carthaginians were strengthened by the arrival of a large body of Greek soldiers, who brought with them a troop of elephants. The Greek general Zanthippus marshalled his army against the invaders, putting a hundred elephants in the van. These elephants had been taught to rush upon an enemy and trample him under foot. Regulus's army was thrown into a panic and defeated, and he himself was taken prisoner.

He was kept in confinement for a time, and then the Carthaginians selected him as their commissioner to go back to Rome and arrange terms of peace. They asked him:—

“Will you swear that you will return if the Senate refuse to make peace?”

“I will pledge you my honor to return,” said Regulus.

When Regulus reached Rome he refused to enter the gates of the city.

“I am no longer a Roman officer,” he said, “but a prisoner of Carthage. I am an old man, and am not worth exchanging as a prisoner. My honest opinion is that the Romans ought not to make peace with the Carthaginians.”

The Senate resolved to follow his advice.

“But you surely will not return to Carthage,” said certain of his friends.

“I have given my word of honor,” was his reply, “and it cannot be broken.”

He refused to return home to see his family, but,

turning his back on the walls of Rome forever, he passed away from the shadows of the Seven Hills, amid the admiration and tears of those who held honor as more precious than life. He was put to death by torture by the Carthaginians, but he left behind him an immortal name and example, which has ever been one of the noblest tales of Rome.

Rome had made war on Carthage, and after a period the Punic city marched out in her pride to cross the sea and to carry war to the gates of Rome. There were three Punic wars.

In order to make these wars plain, let us give here a short table of events and dates, which will prepare you to see the historic outlines of the long story:—

- 264 B.C. The first Punic war begins in Sicily.
- 249 B.C. Regulus goes to Rome as a prisoner of honor.
- 241 B.C. The first Punic war ends. Peace for twenty-four years.
- 219 B.C. Hannibal besieges and captures Saguntum.
- 218 B.C. (Spring) Roman ambassadors demand satisfaction.
Declaration of second Punic war.
- 218 B.C. Hannibal crosses the Alps.
- 217 B.C. Hannibal makes war against Rome.
- 216 B.C. Battle of Cannæ.
- 205 B.C. Hannibal is defeated by Scipio.
- 200 B.C. Peace concluded and lasts fifty-two years.
- 145 B.C. Carthage destroyed by Rome. Third Punic war.

The Romans now possessed the whole peninsula of Italy as far north as Ariminum. Beyond this lay the country of the Gauls. The tribes of the Gauls who lived on the Italian side of the Alps were called *cisalpine*; and those who lived over the other side of the Alps, *transalpine*.

The cisalpine Gauls were conquered by Marcus Claudius Marcellus.

The Carthaginians established a colony in Spain and called it New Carthage or Carthagena. The Alps and the two Gauls lay between Carthagena and Rome.

The chief of the New Carthage colony was Hamilcar. He had four sons, whom he called lions' whelps; and he brought them up to hate Rome, and to train themselves for war with the Romans. One of these sons was named Hannibal. When this boy was nine years old, his father brought him to an altar of Baal, and made him take an oath to become a foe to Rome, and never to cease to seek the overthrow of the Roman race. Hannibal had a

brother named Hasdrubal. The two brothers seem to have loved each other, and their hearts were wedded in arts and arms. We shall have a dreadful story to tell of the last time that Hannibal saw the face of his brother Hasdrubal.



Hannibal.

Hannibal when yet a young man was placed at the head of the Carthaginian army. He began to wage war with Rome as he had vowed at the altar of Baal at the age of nine. He resolved to lead an army from Spain over the Alps, and to fight Rome beneath the blue skies of Italy. So he left his brother Hasdrubal in Spain with 10,000 men; and with some 102,000 men, Moorish horsemen, and a troop of elephants, he marched up the mountains, and hoped that when he should descend, the cis-alpine Gauls whom the Romans had subdued would welcome him.

How Hannibal brought his elephants from Africa to Spain, we do not know. But he drove them across the Rhone on rafts covered with earth, that drifted away from the shore while the animals yet seemed to be on land.

But if it seem strange that these great animals could have been transported across seas, we can easily see how they could be made bridges in lakes and streams. Standing side by side in such a situation, planks used to be placed on their backs, and heavy burdens of war borne across them. Troops used to fight on such bridges, the elephants trumpeting or spouting water in the air. It is claimed by Pliny and Arrian that the oriental nations once raised armies of elephants numbering 500,000 and even 700,000.

The Roman army at this time was led by Publius Cornelius Scipio, the father of the great Scipio. A battle was fought at Cannæ, only five days' march from Rome, on an open plain where Hannibal could use elephants and his Moorish horse. Hannibal won a complete victory over the Romans, and obtained so much spoil that he sent to Car-

thage a basket containing 10,000 gold rings which had been worn by Roman knights. More than 40,000 Romans were left dead on the field.

After this battle he might have marched directly to Rome, and probably have captured the city. But he neglected to follow up his advantage, and lost his great opportunity. He always looked back to this loss of that decisive hour as the misfortune of his life.

Livy says that when Hannibal set out to march from the Ebro, he saw a vision. The poet-historian thus pictures it:—

“He saw in his sleep a warrior of godlike aspect, who said he had been sent from Jove to be the guide of Hannibal into Italy; only let him follow, and never turn his eyes away from him. At first, he thought, he followed the figure in awe, without glancing round him or behind him; then, wondering in himself, with the curiosity of human nature, what it could be that he was thus forbidden to look back at, he could no longer refrain his eyes; when he saw behind him a serpent of enormous size rolling along and sweeping down trees and underwood, and followed by a storm and the crashing of thunder. Then, when he asked what the monster was or what it portended, he heard a voice say that it was ‘the desolation of Italy — only let him still press forwards, and ask no questions, but suffer the future to remain hidden from his view.’”

Whether this story be fanciful or not, there came to Hannibal a terrible night in the midst of his heroic achievements and great victories.

Hasdrubal had resolved to join his victorious brother in Italy. He led his army over the Alps by nearly the same route that his brother had taken,

and reduced Lombardy. He sent a message to Hannibal that he was on his way to meet him. But this despatch fell into the hands of the Roman consul Claudius Nero, who was encamped at Venusia, watching Hannibal. Nero made a night march against Hasdrubal with 7000 picked men. He surprised him, and defeated and killed him. The death of Hasdrubal is thus pictured by Livy:—

“ He it was who kept his men up, while they fought, by cheering them, and facing every personal danger like themselves; he it was who, when they were tired out, and gave way from very weariness and fatigue, reawoke their spirit now by entreaties and now by reproaches; he rallied them when they fled, and restored the battle at many points where the struggle had ceased. At last, when it was clear that the day was the enemy’s, refusing to survive the fate of the army which had followed him as leader, he spurred his horse right into one of the Roman cohorts. There he fell, fighting to the last, as became a son of Hamilcar and a brother of Hannibal.”

The consul ordered that the head of Hasdrubal should be cut off, and borne to the Roman army, and placed in view of Hannibal.

As Hannibal was waiting for his brother, the victorious Romans returned, bearing aloft Hasdrubal’s head.

Hannibal had not seen his brother for eleven years. When the ghastly head appeared before him, he gazed at it with horror, and is said to have exclaimed:—

“ I see in that dead face the fate of Carthage!”

If he uttered these words, they were prophetic. The Roman Senate under the influence of the

great Roman general, Scipio, was led to see that the best way to draw away Hannibal from the plains of Rome was to threaten Carthage and her colonies. Scipio was sent to Sicily, and the Carthaginian senate recalled Hannibal. With a sad heart he took up his march from Italy, which was once in his power, but which he had lost by the indecision of the hours after Cannæ, when he was flushed with victory.

Scipio conquered the Carthaginian army, and at Zama, in Africa, where 20,000 Carthaginians are said to have perished, the fate of Carthage and of the Semitic race was decided. Carthage was compelled to make peace with Rome, and so ended the second Punic war, in 201.

Scipio returned to Rome in triumph, and received the name of Africanus. He had a brother, Lucius Scipio, who was such a successful soldier in Asia that he received the name of Asiaticus.

Scipio retired to his farm in his last years. He left a daughter, who married Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus and founded the family of the Gracchi. It was his widow Cornelia, who, when asked what were her jewels, replied by pointing out her children and saying, "These are my jewels," and who when spoken of as the daughter of Africanus said that she held it a greater honor to be the mother of the Gracchi.

The third Punic war was short. In the process of time, Rome, having grown very powerful, felt that Carthage ought not to be any longer allowed to exist as her rival. Marcus Porcius Cato, the Roman ambassador, of whom we shall speak in a separate chapter, returned from Africa and brought to the Senate a bunch of figs.

"They are yet fresh," said he. "They came from Carthage. So near to us are our enemies. *Delenda est Carthago!*! The figs are fresh! *Delenda est Carthago!*!" ("Carthage must be destroyed.")

The Roman Senate understood the old man's meaning and sent another army to Africa, and Carthage was destroyed. On the same day that Carthage fell, Corinth was taken by the Romans.

And what became of Hannibal, who might have made himself master of the world?

He became an exile. The Carthaginians themselves turned against him. He wandered from country to country, a beggar for new armies with which to renew war with Rome. He grew old and gray, but the fire of his hatred to the Romans never died in his heart. He fulfilled the vow of his youth.



Scipio Africanus.

would not seem probable. Hannibal, he said to him: —

The first place that he sought for refuge was Syria. Rome sent an embassy to Syria to ask the intention of the Syrian court in regard to the exile. It is said that the great Scipio, the hero of Zama, and the popular idol of Rome, was one of the embassy, although it

When Scipio met Han-

"Whom do you hold to be the greatest hero that ever lived?"

"Alexander," said Hannibal; "with a small army he conquered the world."

"Who next?" asked Scipio.

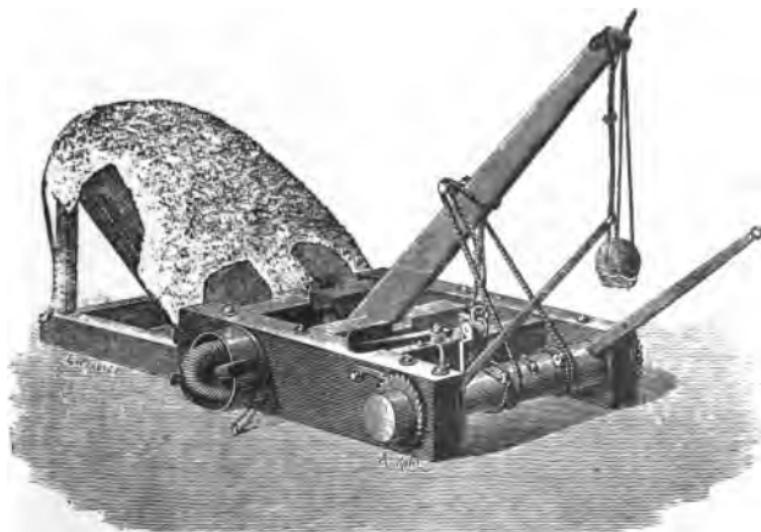
"Pyrrhus; he perfected the art of war."

"And next?"

"Myself; and if I had conquered *you*, I should have been greater than Alexander or Pyrrhus."

The age of seventy found him an exile in Bithynia in Asia Minor. The king of Bithynia made a treaty of peace with the Romans, and in it he agreed to surrender Hannibal.

He tried to escape from the Eastern palace, where he lived, but all the gates were found guarded against him. He swallowed a potion of poison, and went and lay down in his room. They found him dead. Pity him!



Balista (Stone-Thrower).

CHAPTER XI.

The Conquest of the Eastern World.—Cæsar.

FTER the fall of Carthage, the Greek empire went down before the eagles of Rome. Alexander the Great had once conquered the world; and Rome, seeing the nations falling before her, became ambitious to make herself the mistress of the world. She became proud and cruel. Her unjust wars for the sake of glory were the means of her losing her virtue, which had been her strength. The Levant, as the East is called, was hers. She turned her eyes towards the West. Alexander was the hero of the Greeks, Hannibal of Carthage; and Julius Cæsar was destined to be the hero of Rome.

Cæsar was to conquer the West for her, and amid her glory to disobey her, and turn his army against her, and make her his slave. Then were to come the twelve Cæsars of the Empire and the Republic; and the days of Roman virtue were to be a memory, and a nobler republic was at last to rise in a then unknown world.

They were cruel days that led up to the fall of the Republic and the founding of the Empire. Nations, like men, do not lapse from justice and virtue at once.

Rome governed her conquered provinces by ex-consuls, or men who had been consuls. These were called pro-consuls.

Her victorious generals returned to her to be

hailed by festal celebrations and arches of triumph. She came to feel that all this injustice was right because it was successful. In her view triumphal arches expressed the will of the gods.

We are sorry to turn away from the bright Golden Age and the virtuous days of the Republic, and to begin the tale of Rome in her splendor, pride, and decline.

There were two ambitious men who became leaders of the people at this period, whose names stand for feud and hate. They were ambitious, not for the welfare of their fellow-men, and for right, honor, and noble deeds, but for themselves. Their names were Marius and Sulla.

Sulla was a patrician, and Marius was a representative of the plebeians. They hated each other; and in their contests they no longer appealed, like the consuls and tribunes of old, to the consciences of the people, but to the soldier. Each seems to have practised arts to overawe the minds of the people and to compel their victims of tyranny to follow their wills. It is a sad day for any nation when public men appeal to any other power than the consciences of men. Remember this, little Arthur. "A righteous man will appeal only to what is right."

Rome carried war into Asia, against Mithridates. Sulla led her armies. Just before the war, but



Sulla.

while Sulla was absent from the city, Marius induced the Senate to change the command of the army from Sulla to himself. He sent two tribunes to the army to inform Sulla of the change.

“How dare you bring me such a message?” said Sulla. He ordered the two messengers to be killed, and marched to Rome.

When Marius heard of the murder of the messengers, he ordered the execution of some of the leading partisans of Sulla.

The Senate now favored the cause of Sulla, but ordered that he should encamp outside of the walls of Rome.

Sulla pretended to obey the Senate, but at an opportune moment ordered the troops to march into the city. Marius opposed him, but he began to burn the houses of those who impeded his way.

Marius fled and by

Sulla’s orders the Senate declared him to be a public enemy and an outlaw, and offered a reward for his head.

Marius had many adventures and escapes, but he at last crossed the Mediterranean and reached the ruins of Carthage. Here he lived in a hut. He was an old man now, over seventy years of age; and one would have thought that his exile amid the Punic ruins would have softened his heart and led him to long for the virtues that bring peace of soul.



Marius.

He once said to a messenger who came from a Roman officer to order him away, "Go, tell your master that you have seen Caius Marius sitting an exile amid the ruins of Carthage,"—a picture of fallen greatness and changed fortunes which will forever live in the imagination, and which has been and will be often quoted.

But Marius was restless in his hut amid the ruins of the once proud city. Sulla went forth to the Asiatic war against Mithridates and as soon as



Coin of Mithridates.

Marius knew that he was gone, he returned to Italy, gathered an army, and pretended to espouse the cause of the people. He was wrinkled and gray, he wore the costume of a rustic; he was moody and revengeful, burning at what he held to be a sense of his wrongs.

He advanced on Rome with his army of volunteers. The Senate sent messengers to him to forbid him to proceed further, but he gave them no heed. He entered Rome, beheaded one of the consuls and set up the head as an object of terror, and then began the destruction of the city.

He ordered the partisans of Sulla, wherever found,

to be killed without trial. He invented dreadful deaths for his enemies. He wreaked vengeance upon his native city, and had his revenge to the full. He was again master of Rome.

Was he happy? Amid his triumph of blood he fell sick. His pains were terrible. He imagined himself Sulla, and at the head of the army in Asia.

“Mithridates!” he was heard to cry. He shouted orders to the imaginary army of Sulla, and so warning in his dreams he became exhausted by frenzy, and sunk into the sleep of death.

Sulla returned and put to death the leading men who had followed Marius, and thus, between these two selfish and characterless men, the streets of Rome for years ran red with blood. There was no Cincinnatus to return to the plough now, no Regulus; Rome was the prey of the brutal passions of men.

To support these conquests of blood and wicked ambitions, the honest people were mercilessly taxed. The farms had to feed and support the tyranny, and the whole of Italy was filled with terror and woe.

When Sulla had taken possession of the supreme power in Rome, and was looking over the list of public men, in order to arrange a new system of government, his eye met a name which caused him to hesitate.

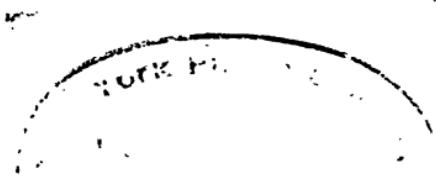
It was Julius Cæsar. He was born July 12th, 100 B.C.

It was a name of destiny. Julius Cæsar was to conquer the world for Rome, and Rome for himself; and well might Sulla pause at that name.

Cæsar was a young man then. He was a patrician by birth, a descendant from a long line of noble families, some of whom had made their deeds his-



JULIUS CÆSAR.



toric. He would seem to belong to the side of Sulla, who was a patrician; but his heart had turned to the popular party of Marius. He had an ardent nature, and he saw right and justice in the cause of the people.

What should Sulla do with young Julius Cæsar?

Sulla was about to put his name on the list of proscribed citizens, but some of his friends persuaded him not to thus take from the young man his citizenship and good name. So Sulla suspended judgment, but ordered Cæsar to give up his wife and friends. The wife, whose name was Cornelia, was the daughter of Cinna, a partisan of Marius, and the friends of young Cæsar were for the most part in sympathy with the popular cause.

Cæsar refused to become false to his wife and friends, and fled from the city. Then Sulla proscribed him, and deprived him of his offices and titles, and treated him as one of the enemies of Rome.

But Cæsar was a young man of high spirits and full of hope. He seemed to be sure of a great future career. Some of the patricians went to Sulla to ask him to revoke his judgment. But the wise man understood character better than they. Cæsar had seemed to be fond of society and pleasure, but Sulla had noticed that he was always studying like one who had some serious purpose in view.

"Young as he is," said Sulla, "there is force in him; Marius was one, but there are many Mariuses in Cæsar!"

Cæsar had studied Greek, and was a master of rhetoric and history. He had interested himself in the art of public speaking. His heart was given to the preparation for a public career.

Cæsar in exile went to Rhodes. Here, on the island in the blue Ægean, he met a former preceptor and continued his studies. He prepared himself to become a master of oratory. Sulla died, and Cæsar cautiously returned to Rome.

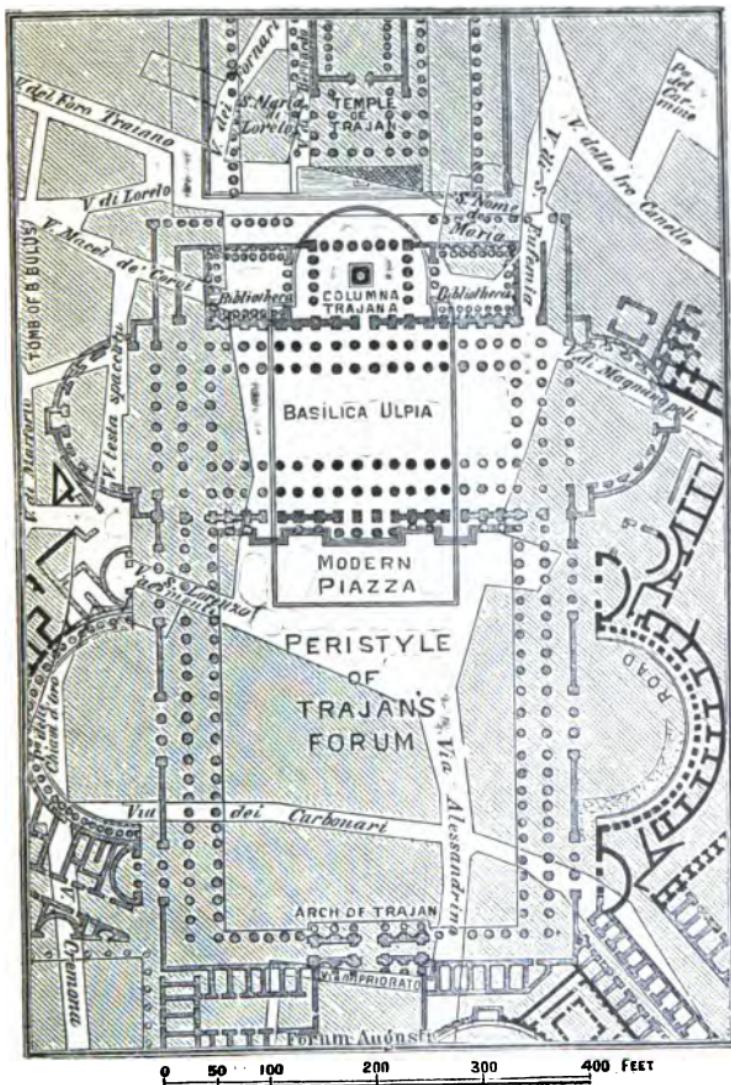
He appeared in the Forum as an orator and a champion of the people. His oratory carried the popular feeling: he soon found himself a hero, and his power grew.

The Roman Forum was the grandest square in the world in Cæsar's time. It was surrounded by lofty edifices, and was full of porticos of art, and of the statues of the great. Monuments, statues, and columns crowded upon each other. The people gathered under the white wings of the porticos to listen to the orators. In the triumphal and festal days the Forum was a glory by day and a splendor by night, if night it knew.

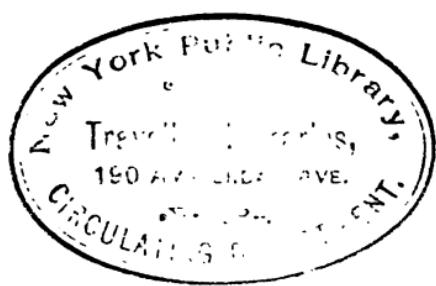
There was a long stone platform in the Forum called the Rostrum. It was adorned with the beaks of ships that had been captured in war. From this platform great orators spoke on public occasions. Here Cæsar delivered two funeral orations, over members of his own family, and in them pleaded the cause of the rights of the people.

He was elected to office, and he rose from one position of influence to another until he was made quæstor, and was finally elected consul.

His rise was not altogether honorable. He spent his wealth in entertainments and public shows to influence the people for political ends. He studied the art of pleasing the people for the sake of his own advancement. But he was a patrician who had espoused the cause of the people, and for this reason he became the idol of Rome. Wherever he



FORUM OF TRAJAN.



went, the streets shouted; wherever he sat down was the head of the festal table. His ambition grew: like Alexander, he must have the earth—nothing less would content him.

But before we go further we must tell you something in regard to his great rival, Pompey. This hero conquered the East, while Cæsar subdued the West. Cæsar afterwards conquered Pompey, and turned his victories to his own account. Caius Pompeius Magnus, or Pompey the Great, was born 106 b.c. He was bred to the life of a soldier. He was a partisan of Sulla. He ended the Marian war and received a triumph; and the Servile war, as an uprising of slaves led by Spartacus was called, and was elected consul, and became a popular hero. He left the aristocratic party, and became a leader and

voice of the people. In 67-66 he drove the pirates from the Mediterranean; in 65-62 he conquered Mithridates, king of Pontus: Tigranes, king of Armenia; and Antiochus, king of Syria. He subdued the Jewish nation, captured Jerusalem, entered the Holy of Holies in the Jewish temple, which he found dark, and made Palestine a province of Rome. He entered Rome in triumph in 61 b.c. He became a friend of Cæsar, and the united heroes joined with them in their political schemes, Crassus, a man of great wealth and influence in Rome. The three were called the First Triumvirate.

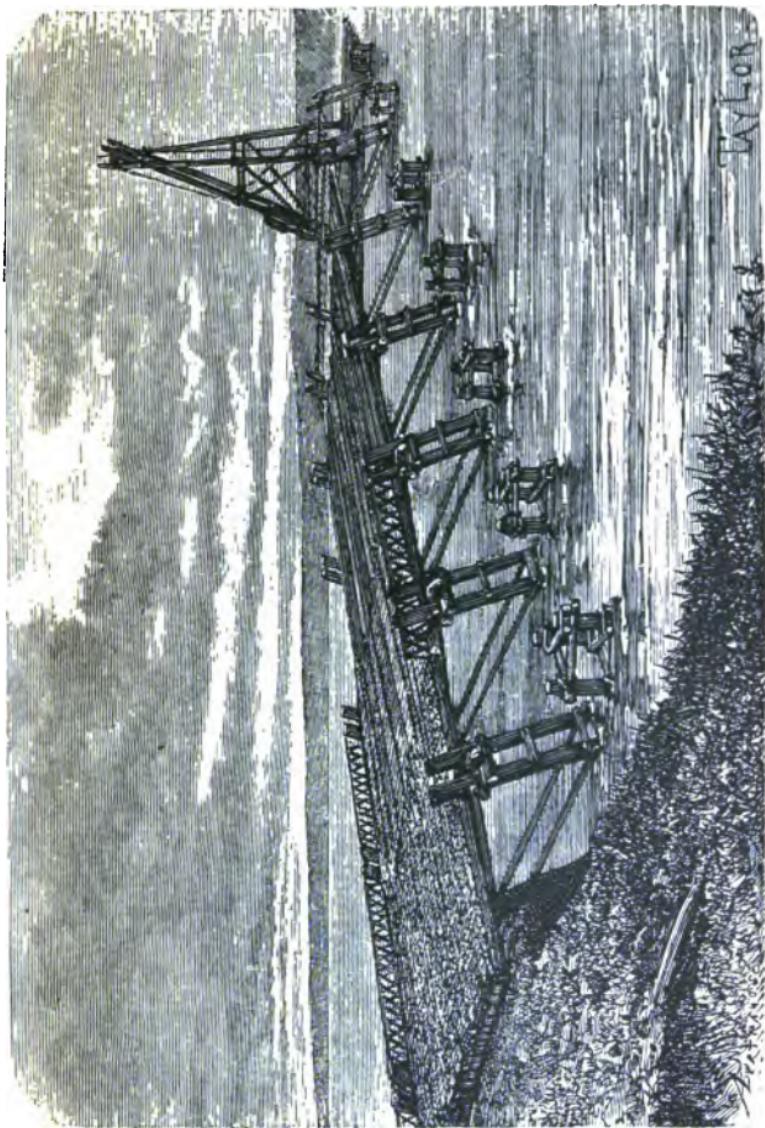


Pompey.

Cæsar was given the command of the provinces of the west; he subdued Gaul, Germany, and entered Britain, and made Rome the mistress of the western world.

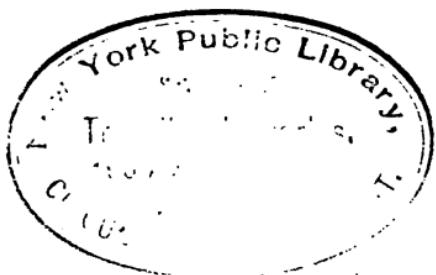
Pompey and Cæsar became jealous of each other. Pompey had married Julia, the daughter of Cæsar, and she had proved an unfaithful wife. Cæsar became more and more the favorite of the people, and Pompey went over to the patrician or the aristocratic party, and endeavored to deprive Cæsar of his offices and honors.

The Senate ordered Cæsar to resign the command of the army and return to Rome. Cæsar returned answer that he would do so if Pompey would do the same. The Senate demanded that he obey the order without conditions, or be regarded as a public enemy. The tribunes objected to this resolution. Should Cæsar obey the decree of the Senate, like a loyal citizen of the Republic, or should he disobey, and make himself a conqueror and king? His legions were loyal to him. Should he be the servant or master of Rome? If he were to disobey the Senate, return to Italy, and seize the city, the Republic of Rome would end. On the one side was right, and honor, and patriotism; on the other his own ambition. Which should he choose?



CÆSAR'S BRIDGE BUILT OVER THE RHINE.

TAYLOR



CHAPTER XII.

Cæsar crosses the Rubicon. — Fall of the Republic of Rome.

“THE die is cast.”

So Cæsar is reported to have said on crossing the Rubicon. The river was in Cisalpine Gaul, on the boundary of the Roman Empire. Cæsar crossed the stream, in disobedience to the Senate, and to the Roman law which forbade a general to approach Rome with his army, after a foreign war, except when invited to a triumph. The Rubicon was a small stream, and the territory around it, of little worth; but when Cæsar crossed the boundary, the Roman Republic fell, after an existence of nearly five hundred years. Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, and before him lay Rome, and towards that city of his great ambition he marched with his victorious legions.

There Pompey the Great waited with a large body of senators the decision of his rival. When the leading patricians heard that Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon, they fled under the lead of Pompey. Cæsar won Italy in sixty days. He was made dictator, and the ambitious dreams of his youth seemed fulfilled.

Pompey with his followers and soldiers gathered at Brundusium, on the Adriatic. Cæsar followed him. He crossed the sea to Greece, and on the shore opposite Italy he gathered a large army with

which to make a last effort to regain the ancient privileges of Rome.

Cæsar with a small army crossed the sea to meet him. His soldiers were so full of faith in the destiny of their leader, and so confident of victory, that no ordinary force could stand before them.

“Friends,” said Cæsar, on the stormy waters, as he went before his little army, one dark windy

night, on a slender ship, — “friends, you have nothing to fear. You are carrying *Cæsar!*”

The two armies entered Thessaly. Here they met on the plain of Pharsalia. Pompey had the larger army, and felt certain of victory. Had he not subdued the East? Cæsar had better trained legions, and was as certain of victory. Had he not gained the empire of the



Julius Cæsar.

West? Both Pompey and Cæsar believed in the star of destiny.

The trumpets sounded in the camp of Cæsar, and with loud shouts the battle began. The disciplined legions of Cæsar were soon masters of the field, and they followed up their vantage by the destruction of the senatorial army. Pompey fled from the

red field to his camp, and sunk down in his tent, a fallen man. His star had set, after thirty years. The soldiers of Cæsar appeared before his tent, and he mounted his horse, and fled again. He sought refuge in Egypt; in the land of the Ptolemies. There he was assassinated by the friends of Cæsar, and his body was burned on a funeral pile.

When Cæsar came to the tent of Pompey, after the battle of Pharsalia, he found it crowned with laurel, and set with banquet tables with flowing wine vessels and cups of silver and gold. The tent had been prepared to welcome the return of Pompey as victor.

Alas for Pompey the Great! As he passed through the beautiful Vale of Tempe in his flight, he thirsted for water. But he had no cup of silver or gold or of any kind out of which to drink. So he kneeled down and drank like an animal from a flowing stream.

Cæsar sailed for Egypt. Pompey's head was brought to him there, for that had not been burned with his body. Cæsar's triumph was now complete. It is said that the beautiful column among the ruins of Alexandria, Egypt, known as Pompey's Pillar, was erected by the order of Cæsar, in memory of his former friend. Whether the tradition be true or not, Cæsar always respected the memory of Pompey the Great.

Cæsar conquered Egypt, returned to Rome in triumph, and was made imperator or emperor. The Sacred College elected him Pontifex Maximus; so in all things, earthly and sacred, he had ascended to the height of the Roman world. The people hailed him as a god. But he fell suddenly like Pompey in the midst of his pride and glory. While govern-

ing the world, he had himself been governed by his lower passions, — lust, appetites, jealousy. There were flaws in his glittering shield; there were foes in his heart, and enemies among his supposed friends. His counsellors knew that he was not a god, but a very weak man, as are all men who are not themselves ruled by their moral sense. They knew that he had gained his power not for the Empire, but for Cæsar, and that he employed it for Cæsar; that ambition was his ruling passion, and that to this end he would doubtless seek to perpetrate his power.

A conspiracy was formed to take his life. Into this conspiracy entered some of his most intimate friends. The name of "king" was still hateful to the Roman people; and although Cæsar had refused that title, the conspirators were sure that kingship was the imperator's secret wish and aim.

We have told you of the Sibyl and her books. Cæsar was preparing a new war in the East, with the Parthians. He ordered that the Sibylline books should be consulted. The priests declared that the prophecies showed that the Parthians could only be conquered by a *king*.

"Make Cæsar king!" ran through Rome. It was believed that a secret plan had been formed to crown Cæsar king on the Ides of March (the 15th).

"Beware of the Ides of March," said a soothsayer to Cæsar. He may have known of the secret plan.

It was ancient Brutus who expelled the kings. The conspiracy to kill Cæsar was led by one of his descendants, himself a friend of Cæsar.

On the Ides of March Cæsar went to the Senate. On his way he met the soothsayer.

"The Ides of March have come," he said.

“Yes; but they have not passed.”

We do not know that the story is true, but it is often repeated. There is a spirit of great events that make sensitive people prophetic, and sense the thought of the times, and to become conscious of the secrets of others. It may have been so here.

The Senate met on the Ides of March, in a new edifice erected by Pompey the Great. It was a pile of art, rich and splendid, and in the great hall stood the statue of Pompey. It is represented in art as holding in its hand the globe. The leading conspirators were members of the Senate. These crowded around Cæsar, in the imperial hall, encompassing him, with concealed weapons. One of them pulled down his robe from his neck to lay it bare.



M. J. Brutus.

Cæsar was startled.

“This is violence,” he said.

One of the senators then struck him with a sword. The swords of the other conspirators flashed out, and gleamed in a circle around him and pierced

him. Cæsar moved back towards Pompey's statue, and gazed upon his murderers. His blood was flowing. He marked the face of his old friend Brutus.

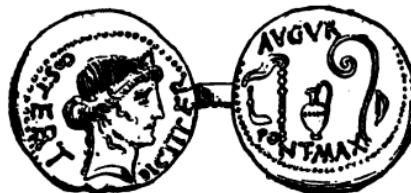
"*Et tu, Brute!*" he is said to have exclaimed. "Thou, too, Brutus!"

He drew his robe over his face, to shut out the scene, and fell dead at the foot of the statue.

A funeral pile was made on the Field of Mars, the Roman parade ground. The body was brought out of Cæsar's house on a gilded bed, under a canopy in the form of a temple, and was covered with a cloth of gold. It was allowed to rest in the Forum, on the intended way to the funeral pile. The golden bed was set on fire in the Forum, and the people piled their offerings upon the tongues of the flames. A great smoke arose and curled over Rome.

Cæsar was no more. But his influence lived. The world has fled from him, as from Pompey. There is but one reliance in this changeful world, and that is a life righteous in the sight of God.

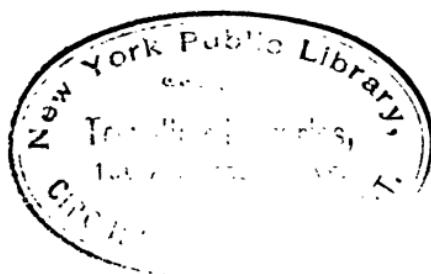
"*Veni, vidi, vici,*" said Cæsar on returning to Rome from his triumphs in the West. "*Veni, Vidi, Vici,*" was inscribed upon his banner in the long period that celebrated his triumphs. But now Death bore the banner and the motto; the glittering triumphs of Cæsar outshone any in the world, but they lacked *continuance*. Cæsar perished March 15, 44 B.C.



Coin of Julius Cæsar.



THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.



PART III.

THE AUGUSTAN AGE AND THE TEN CÆSARS.



CHAPTER XIII.—A DAY IN ROME IN THE TIME OF
CATO.

CHAPTER XIV.—A DAY IN ROME IN THE TIME OF
HORACE.

CHAPTER XV.—IN THE GARDENS OF CICERO.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE AUGUSTAN AGE.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE BIRTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

CHAPTER XVIII.—ROME IN HER GLORY.



CHAPTER XIII.

A Day in Rome in the Time of Cato.

“WITH Cato of Utica ended the Republic,” says a thoughtful writer. The Cato who died by his own hand at Utica was the last of the old Romans who represented the ancient morals and manners: he was a Stoic, and opposed the luxury of Rome, and saw in the wealth which was expended in selfish pleasure the loss of the public character and faith.

You will like to learn much of this grand old Roman family, which represented moral principle, as right and wrong were understood at that time.

Cato the Elder, or the Censor, was born, according to the most probable authority, about 234 B.C., at Tusculum. His father left him a small farm in the Sabine territory. At the age of seventeen, Hannibal having invaded Italy, he became a soldier, and continued to defend the Republic for a number of years. In the campaigns he met the famous general Fabius Maximus, who gave him instruction in military affairs and inspired him with his own strong prejudices and dislikes. While yet a young man, peace being declared, he returned to his Sabine farm.

Near Cato had lived an heroic Roman, Manius Curius Dentatus, whose wisdom and valor had repelled the invasion of Pyrrhus. This hero believed in living a simple life, — in loving nature and study-

ing life and the soul. He came to admire the character of Dentatus, and to wish to live and to be like him.

So he applied himself to husbandry, and denied himself all luxuries, and gave away what he could spare to his poorer neighbors.

He was a lawyer, and a somewhat different one from many of the present day. He used to go on certain mornings to the small towns near his farm to plead the cause of those who needed legal help, which he did for the sake of justice alone. He would then return to work in the fields. He lived and dressed like his own servants and ate with them at the table.

Valerius Flaccus, a noble Roman who lived near the Sabine farm of Cato, persuaded the latter to remove to Rome. Here, by the purity of his character, his restrained life, his knowledge of law, and his eloquence, he rose to distinction. He was made a military tribune, then *quaestor*, *ædile*, *prætor*, and finally *consul*. Simplicity, justice, and integrity characterized all that he did. He afterwards became the censor of the public morals, and severely punished luxurious living.

For the old days of Roman virtue were disappearing, the people lived for pleasure amid retinues of slaves; their lives were impure; wine ran red at the tables; insincerity, intrigue, jealousy, and rivalry were almost everywhere to be found. Many leading Romans died violent deaths, poisoning was common, and the old family relations were but little regarded. Brutal shows and vulgar plays entertained the populace, the result, as Cato thought, of Greek education. To all of this life and its tendencies to decay Cato was opposed, and

he did all in his power to restrain it, although his own life has been criticised. He believed in the old Roman virtue; of living for virtue for the sake of virtue, and in practising self-denial for the good of the public. He died in the eighty-fifth year of his age, as full of honors as of years, and left an honorable family to perpetuate his virtues and good name.

Marcus Cato, the Stoic, surnamed Uticensis from his tragic death at Utica, was a great-grandson of the Censor, and was born 95 B.C. He used to visit Sulla in his youth, and was so shocked at the cruelties of the period, that he asked his teacher for a sword to slay the tyrant. He inherited a fortune, but resolved in youth to live after the simple manner of his great ancestor, and to find his happiness in the spiritual delights of self-denial.



Insignia of the Quæstors.

He met Antipater, the famous Stoic philosopher, and found in him a man whose teachings were after his own heart. He studied the Stoic philosophy, and began to teach and practise it amid the growing luxury and vice of Rome, which Cato the Elder had vainly tried to restrain and correct.

Who were the Stoics, and what did they believe? The Stoics arose in Greece some hundreds of years before the Christian era, and followed the teachings of the Cynics whose founder was a disciple of Socrates. The leading principle of the Stoics was that men should lead lives of virtue for the sake of virtue alone, and not for hope of reward. They

believed that true happiness came from self-denial, and not from indulgence; that he who gave up his desires, had his desires, and to desire nothing that is selfish is to possess everything. The founder of the system was Zeno (340-260 B.C.). Diogenes of Babylon and Antipater of Tarsus were famous teachers of the system, and Seneca and Epictetus were leaders of later schools. Their most renowned disciple was the emperor, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus (120-180 A.D.). We shall speak of his writings in another chapter. Juvenal was the great Stoic poet.

The younger Cato was elected military tribune and sent to Macedonia. On his arrival he learned that his dearly beloved half brother Cæpio was lying dangerously ill in Thrace. His tender feelings rose above his stoical philosophy; he took a boat, and beat over the stormy waters to visit the bedside of Cæpio. He found him dead, and wept like a child, though the Stoics regarded weeping as weak, holding that death is as much a blessing as life, and all things are predestined for the best good of the whole, and that all events are benevolent and blessings.

He was elected quæstor, and sustained his ancestor's name for integrity.

He was a friend of Pompey. After the battle of Pharsalia he led an army into Africa.

Here he came to Utica, and met Scipio, who wished to put the inhabitants of the city to the sword. Cato pleaded for mercy, and was left in command of the city, while Scipio marched to defeat. After the overthrow of Scipio's army by Cæsar, Cato felt that the Republic of Rome was lost. He told his own soldiers to escape by sea. He himself had no wish to survive the Republic.

On the evening of the day that his soldiers fled, he prepared for death by suicide; for such a death was held to be honorable in his times and by his philosophy. He sat down and read Plato's *Phædo*, a treatise on the immortality of the soul.

He opened his veins, and was found by his friends in a dying condition, and insensible. They bound up his wounds, and he revived.

It is a principle of the Stoics to scorn pain. When Cato revived, and understood his condition, his philosophy came back to him. He tore open his wounds, and sunk dead from the torture, at the age of forty-nine.

When Cæsar heard of the event, he exclaimed: "Cato, I grudge thee death, since thou hast grudged me the glory of sparing thy life."

Cato had large views of life. To him the world was all one city; there were no barbarians as other nations were called; his countrymen were all mankind, and the Rome of the Republic as governed by the people was his ideal. The fall of the Republic broke his heart.

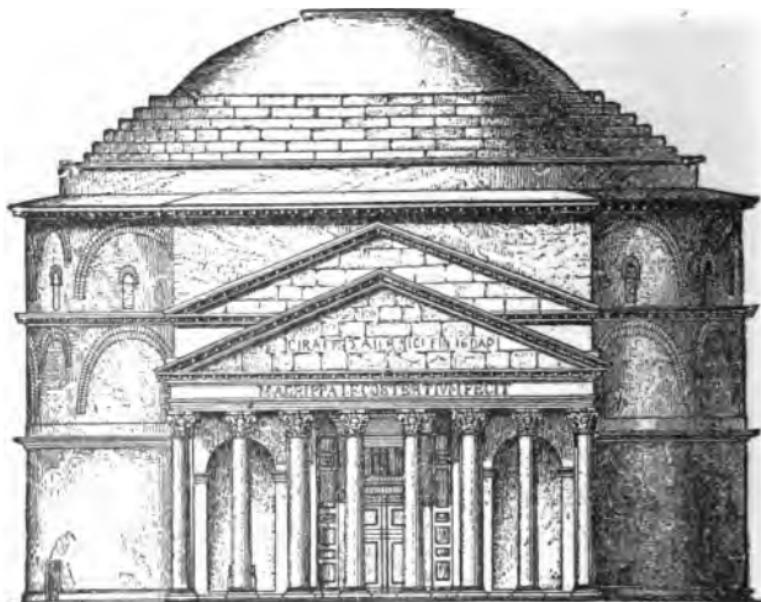
Let us visit Rome in the time of Cato. It is the day of the triumph of Pompey. A trumpet's lordly voice goes ringing through the mellow air. The skies over the Tiber and green hills flash with the advent of the sun. Heralds ride to and fro; the Forum begins to throng, and the streets are beaten by hurrying feet. The balconies of the houses are green with laurels and palms, and seem to bloom with banners. Soldiers in bright armor, and bearing glittering eagles and standards, hurry to and fro.

There is a crash of music. "Io triomphe!" — the great triumphal procession is forming and mov-

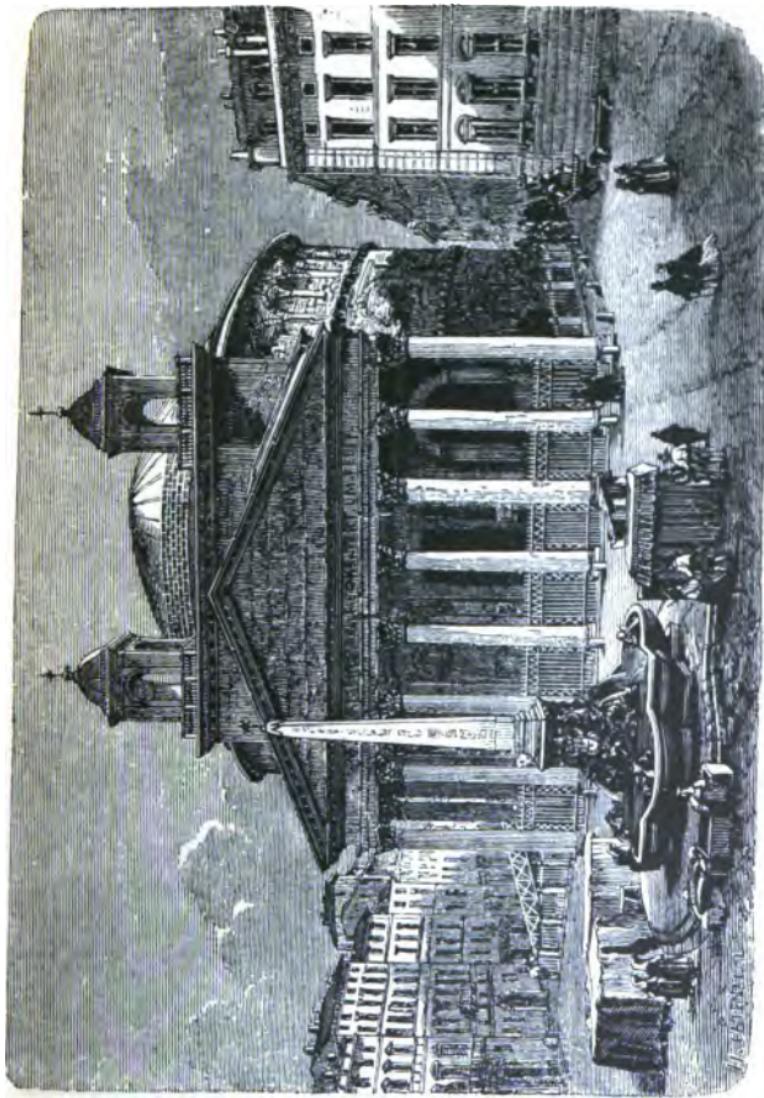
ing. It is to march for two days. Look at the banners! They bear the names of *nine hundred* cities and a thousand fortresses that Pompey has conquered.

Pompey comes, the crowds acclaiming. He wears the laurel of the Senate. Banners wave, trumpets peal, shouts go up that pierce the skies. Beautiful women fill the doors, and dancing-girls strew the streets with flowers. Night comes, and the Seven Hills blaze with festal lights and torches.

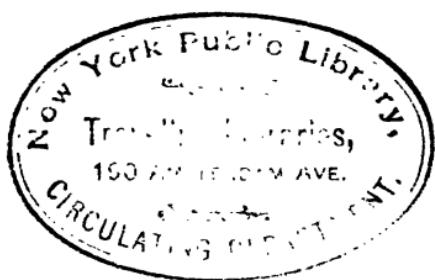
But these triumphs did not make good and noble Roman hearts. A true spirit does not rejoice in the fall of another. Cato sees things as they are. He longs for the old days when the spirit of Servius Tullius was the guide and guardian of the Republic.



The front of the Pantheon.



THE PANTHEON OF AGRIPPA.



CHAPTER XIV.

A Day in Rome with Horace.

THE poet of the Roman people was Horace. His poems are the best pictures that we have of the habits of Rome in the Augustan Age. In them old Rome lives, and for that reason they will ever live.

Horace sprung from the ranks of the people. His father had been a slave. He was never ashamed to have his humble birth known. He made his own name and influence, and was proud that he had earned his own crown.

His father by his own industry had purchased a small farm in Venusia, on the River Aufidus, near the boundaries of Apulia. Here Horace was born, B.C. 65, and in the beautiful region of hill, forest, and river the young poet was schooled by nature to voice the golden age of Roman arts and letters, and to pipe the charms of rural life which he held to be greater than all.

His father took him to Rome to be educated. He was then twelve years of age. Here he learned Greek, and studied the Latin poets, and acquired the usual accomplishments of a Roman gentleman. In a poem addressed to Mæcenas, his patron,



Horace.

written in mature years, he thus nobly pictures his father's influence on his schooldays: —

“ If no man may arraign me of the vice
Of lewdness, meanness, nor of avarice ;
If pure and innocent I live, and dear
To those I love (self-praise is venial here),
All this I owe my father, who, though poor,
Lord of some few lean acres, and no more,
Was loath to send me to the village school,
Whereto the sons of men of mark and rule, —
Centurions, and the like, — were wont to swarm,
With slate and satchel on sinister arm,
And the poor dole of scanty pence to pay
The starveling teacher on the quarter-day ;
But boldly took me, when a boy, to Rome,
There to be taught all arts that grace the home
Of knight and senator. To see my dress,
And slaves attending, you'd have thought, no less
Than patrimonial fortunes old and great
Had furnished forth the charges of my state.
When with my tutors, he would still be by,
Nor ever let me wander from his eye ;
And, in a word, he kept me chaste (and this
Is virtue's crown) from all that was amiss, —
Nor such in act alone, but in repute,
Till even scandal's tattling voice was mute.
No dread had he that men might taunt or jeer,
Should I, some future day, as auctioneer,
Or, like himself, as tax-collector, seek
With petty fees my humble means to eke.
Nor should I then have murmured. Now I know
More earnest thanks and loftier praise I owe.
Reason must fail me, ere I cease to own
With pride, that I have such a father known ;
Nor shall I stoop my birth to vindicate,
By charging, like the herd, the wrong on Fate,
That I was not of noble lineage sprung :
Far other creed inspires my heart and tongue.
For now should Nature bid all living men
Retrace their years, and live them o'er again,

Each culling, as his inclination bent,
 His parents for himself, with mine content,
 I would not choose whom men endow as great
 With the insignia and seats of state ;
 And, though I seemed insane to vulgar eyes,
 Thou wouldest perchance esteem me truly wise,
 In thus refusing to assume the care
 Of irksome state I was unused to bear.”

Horace was sent to Athens to complete his education after the manner of the times. Among his fellow-students was Cicero the orator. He entered the army, was made military tribune by Brutus, and was at the defeat of Brutus at Philippi. He returned to Rome to find his estate confiscated, and while living in the direst poverty made there a literary reputation by writing satires on the times and odes on rural life.

One of the most beautiful satires of Horace is called *Alphius*. It represents an old miser, contrasting with his own life the beauties and pleasures of life amid country scenes and character. Pope, when a boy eleven years of age, freely translated this satire, and his translation has ever been quoted —

“ How blest is he whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 On his own ground.”

Another translation of Horace’s poem begins thus : —

ALPHIUS.

“ Happy the man, in busy schemes unskilled,
 Who, living simply, like our sires of old,
 Tills the few acres which his father tilled,
 Vexed by no thoughts of usury or gold ;

“ The shrilling clarion ne’er his slumber mars,
 Nor quails he at the howl of angry seas ;
 He shuns the forum, with its wordy jars,
 Nor at a great man’s door consents to freeze.

“ The tender vine-shoots, budding into life,
 He with the stately poplar-tree doth wed,
 Lopping the fruitless branches with his knife,
 And grafting shoots of promise in their stead ;

“ Or in some valley, up among the hills,
 Watches his wandering herds of lowing kine,
 Or fragrant jars with liquid honey fills,
 Or shears his silly sheep in sunny shine ;

“ Or when Autumnus o’er the smiling land
 Lifts up his head with rosy apples crowned,
 Joyful he plucks the pears, which erst his hand
 Graffed on the stem they’re weighing to the ground ;

“ Plucks grapes in noble clusters purple-dyed,
 A gift for thee, Priapus, and for thee,
 Father Sylvanus, where thou dost preside,
 Warding his bounds beneath thy sacred tree.

“ Now he may stretch his careless limbs to rest,
 Where some old ilex spreads its sacred roof ;
 Now in the sunshine lie, as likes him best,
 On grassy turf of close elastic woof.”

The talents of Horace introduced him to Mæcenas, the chief counsellor of Augustus, who was a man of high birth, wealth, and culture, and Mæcenas presented him to the emperor and the court. Horace and Mæcenas became warm friends, and the statesman gave the poet a farm some thirty miles from Rome and a few miles from beautiful Tibur, now Tivoli. This estate is known to fame as his Sabine farm. Here Horace lived, wrote, and entertained his friends, and thence visited Rome.



CICERO.



You will have liked Horace from the incidents that we have related. Let us go with him in one of his journeys from the Sabine farm to Rome.

Rome is in her pride now, and her streets are filled with arches of triumph. Her patricians are served with hundreds and even thousands of slaves. Her homes are palaces.

On the Esquiline Hill a white palace seems to touch the sky. It is the house of Mæcenas. It stood where the church of Santa Maria Maggiore now stands. It is surrounded with gardens, fountains, and statues. Here Augustus himself was once carried when sick; and from the belvedere tower Nero is said to have watched the burning of Rome. The white porticos are rich with ornaments, and the rooms shine with ivory and gold. The tables run wine, and wits are invited to enliven every poetic banquet. Such luxury would not befit the old Rome of grand character. Horace, who loved the country and the people, must have shrunk away from many things that he saw.

Let us sit down in the circle of wits amid the blazing halls. Let us suppose that Mæcenas asks Horace the secret of his literary success, and that Horace replies in words which we quote from his works:—

“He who unites what is useful with what is



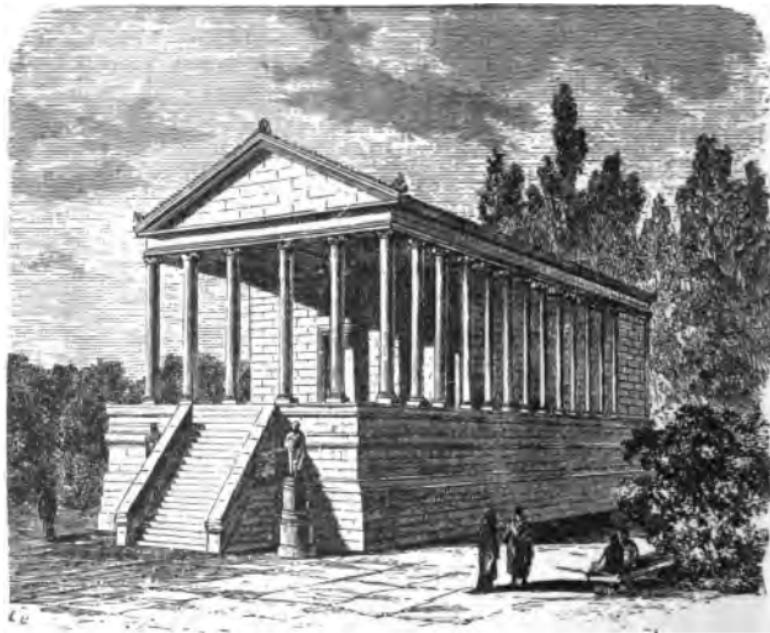
Mæcenas.

agreeable wins every vote. His book crosses the sea: it will enrich the Sosii [Roman booksellers] and win for the writer imperishable fame."

So, according to Horace, it is successful literary art to make that which is useful in life agreeable to the reader. He was right.

Horace died 8 b.c. He was buried on the Esquiline Hill, close to the tomb of Mæcenas. He once said:—

"*Non omnis moriar*" (I shall not all die). With this thought we leave the poet of the fields.



Temple of Saturn.

CHAPTER XV.

In the Gardens of Cicero.

CICERO, if not a Stoic, belonged to that school of thought. The great orator of Rome gave his influence to virtue, honor, and the welfare of men. He was born in an old country house among the Volscian hills, 106 b.c. His family were conservative, as people who favored the old order of things were called. His grandfather opposed the Greek education which had entered Rome. "The more Greek a man knows," said the stern old man, "the greater rascal he becomes." He was a man who gave himself to his studies and his farm.

But Cicero's father, like Horace's, wished his son to have the best education, both Roman and Greek. So he took Cicero to Rome, where he attended Greek lectures, and became a Greek student. He studied for the bar, and learned all the school arts of eloquence. A lawyer in those days had first to be a soldier, and Cicero entered the army under the command of the father of Pompey the Great. He went to Athens to complete his education; to study Greek history, poetry, and philosophy, a course which might have caused his old grandfather's ashes to be restless on the old Volscian farm.

Athens to young Cicero was holy ground.

He travelled over Asia Minor, returned to Rome with every polite accomplishment, married, and chose the restrained and scholarly habits of the

Stoics as his mode of life. His grandfather's blood made him reserved and prudent amid all the flatteries and gayeties of Rome.

He was elected quæstor and prætor, and became a leading senator. He gained the highest fame as

an orator, and was the favorite of the Forum, or the place of public speaking.

There was a young man in Rome of an ancient and proud family, but who had become poor, named Catiline. He became a partisan of Sulla. He had a strong body, a low mind, a bad character, and was restless and ambitious. He was elected prætor, but was refused the con-



Cicero.

sulship, which turned his heart against Rome. He gathered around him a number of idle and dissolute Roman nobles, and planned a conspiracy to arm the slaves and to murder Cicero, and seize the supreme power. Cicero was secretly informed of the conspiracy, and these events led to those

noble orations against Catiline, which you will one day study.

You may like now to see one of Cicero's orations, which were the greatest ever delivered in Rome. There is one against Verres which is a kind of story; it pictures the Roman government in the orator's time. Verres was what is called a state criminal, or one who had misused the power given him by public office. He had been dishonest, unjust, and cruel. A part of the oration against Verres is as follows:—

“Romans: How shall I speak of Publius Gavius, a citizen of Consa? With what powers of voice, with what force of language, with what sufficient indignation of soul, can I tell the tale? Indignation, at least, will not fail me: the more must I strive that in this my pleading the other requisites may be made to meet the gravity of the subject, the intensity of my feeling. For the accusation is such that, when it was first laid before me, I did not think to make use of it; though I knew it to be perfectly true, I did not think it would be credible. — How shall I now proceed? — when I have already been speaking for so many hours on one subject — his atrocious cruelty; when I have exhausted upon other points well-nigh all the powers of language such as alone is suited to that man's crimes; — when I have taken no precaution to secure your attention by any variety in my charges against him, — in what fashion can I now speak on a charge of this importance? I think there is one way — one course, and only one, left for me to take. I will place the facts before you, and they have in themselves such weight that no eloquence — I will not say of mine, for I have none; but of any man's — is needed to excite your feelings.

“This Gavius of Consa, of whom I speak, had been among the crowds of Roman citizens who had been thrown into prison under that man. Somehow he had made his escape out of the Quarries, and had got to Messana; and when he saw Italy and the towers of Rhegium now so close to him, and out of the horror and shadow of death felt himself breathe with a new life as he scented once more the fresh air of liberty and the laws, he began to talk at Messana, and to complain that he, a Roman citizen, had been put in irons—that he was going straight to Rome—that he would be ready there for Verres on his arrival.

“The wretched man little knew that he might as well have talked in this fashion in the governor’s palace before his very face, as at Messana. For, as I told you before, this city he had selected for himself as the accomplice in his crimes, the receiver of his stolen goods, the confidant of all his wickedness. So Gavius is brought at once before the city magistrates; and, as it so chanced, on that very day Verres himself came to Messana. The case is reported to him: that there is a certain Roman citizen who complained of having been put into the Quarries at Syracuse; that as he was just going on board ship, and was uttering threats—really too atrocious—against Verres, they had detained him, and kept him in custody, that the governor himself might decide about him as should seem to him good. Verres thanks the gentlemen, and extols their good-will and zeal for his interests. He himself, burning with rage and malice, comes down to the court. His eyes flashed fire; cruelty was written on every line of his face. All present watched anxiously to see to what lengths he meant to go, or what steps

he would take; when suddenly he ordered the prisoner to be dragged forth, and to be stripped and bound in the open Forum, and the rods to be got ready at once. The unhappy man cried out that he was a Roman citizen; that he had the municipal franchise of Consa; that he had served in a campaign with Lucius Pretius, a distinguished Roman knight, now engaged in business at Panormus, from whom Verres might ascertain the truth of his statement. Then that man replies that he has discovered that he, Gavius, has been sent into Sicily as a spy by the ringleaders of the runaway slaves; of which charge there was neither witness nor trace of any kind, or even suspicion in any man's mind. Then he ordered the man to be scourged severely all over his body. Yes—a Roman citizen was cut to pieces with rods in the open Forum at Messana, gentlemen; and as the punishment went on, no word, no groan, of the wretched man, in all his anguish, was heard amid the sound of the lashes, but this cry, —‘I am a Roman citizen!’ By such protest of citizenship he thought he could at least save himself from anything like blows—could escape the indignity of personal torture. But not only did he fail in thus deprecating the insult of the lash, but when he redoubled his entreaties and his appeal to the name of Rome, a cross—yes, I say, a cross—was ordered for that most unfortunate and ill-fated man, who had never yet beheld such an abuse of a governor's power.

“O name of liberty, sweet to our ears! O rights of citizenship, in which we glory! O laws of Porcius and Sempronius! O privilege of the tribune, long and sorely regretted, and at last restored to the

people of Rome! Has it all come to this, that a Roman citizen in a province of the Roman people — in a federal town is to be bound and beaten with rods in the Forum by a man who only holds those rods and axes — those awful emblems — by grace of that same people of Rome? What shall I say of the fact that fire, and red-hot plates, and other tortures were applied? Even if his agonized entreaties and pitiable cries did not check you, were you not moved by the tears and groans which burst from the Roman citizens who were present at the scene? Did you dare to drag to the cross any man who claimed to be a citizen of Rome? — I did not intend, gentlemen, in my former pleading, to press this case so strongly — I did not indeed; for you saw yourselves how the public feeling was already embittered against the defendant by indignation, and hate, and dread of a common peril.

“ You did not know who the man was; you suspect him of being a spy. I do not ask the grounds of your suspicion. I impeach you on your own evidence. He said he was a Roman citizen. Had you yourself, Verres, been seized and led out to execution, in Persia, say, or in the farthest Indies, what other cry or protest could you raise but that you were a Roman citizen? And if you, a stranger there among strangers, in the hands of barbarians, amongst men who dwell in the farthest and remotest regions of the earth, would have found protection in the name of your city, known and renowned in every nation under heaven, could the victim whom you were dragging to the cross, be he who he might, — and you did not know who he was, — when he declared he was a citizen of Rome, could he obtain from you, a Roman magistrate,

by the mere mention and claim of citizenship, not only no reprieve, but not even a brief respite from death?

“Men of neither rank nor wealth, of humble birth and station, sail the seas; they touch at some spot they never saw before, where they are neither personally known to those whom they visit, nor can always find any to vouch for their nationality. But in this single fact of their citizenship they feel they shall be safe, not only with our own governors, who are held in check by the terror of the laws and of public opinion — not only among those who share that citizenship of Rome, and who are united with them by community of language, of laws, and of many things besides — but go where they may, this, they think, will be their safeguard. Take away this confidence, destroy this safeguard for our Roman citizens, — once establish the principle that there is no protection in the words, ‘I am a citizen of Rome,’ — that prætor or other magistrate may with impunity sentence to what punishment he will a man who says he is a Roman citizen, merely because somebody does not know it for a fact; and at once, by admitting such a defence, you are shutting up against our Roman citizens all our provinces, all foreign states, despotic or independent — all the whole world, in short, which has ever lain open to our national enterprise beyond all.

“But why talk of Gavius? as though it were Gavius on whom you were wreaking a private vengeance, instead of rather waging war against the very name and rights of Roman citizenship. You showed yourself an enemy, I say, not to the individual man, but to the common cause of liberty. For what meant it that, when the authorities of

Messana, according to their usual custom, would have erected the cross behind their city on the Pompeian road, you ordered it to be set up on the side that looked toward the Strait? Nay, and added this—which you cannot deny, which you said openly in the hearing of all—that you chose that spot for this reason, that as he had called himself a Roman citizen, he might be able, from his cross of punishment, to see in the distance his country and his home! And so, gentlemen, that cross was the only one, since Messana was a city, that was ever erected on that spot. A point which commanded a view of Italy was chosen by the defendant for the express reason that the dying sufferer, in his last agony and torment, might see how the rights of the slave and the freeman were separated by that narrow streak of sea; that Italy might look upon a son of hers suffering the capital penalty reserved for slaves alone.

“It is a crime to put a citizen of Rome in bonds; it is an atrocity to scourge him; to put him to death is well-nigh parricide; what shall I say it is to crucify him?—Language has no word by which I may designate such an enormity. Yet with all this yon man was not content. ‘Let him look,’ said he, ‘towards his country; let him die in full sight of freedom and the laws.’ It was not Gavius; it was not a single victim, unknown to fame, a mere individual Roman citizen; it was the common cause of liberty, the common rights of citizenship, which you there outraged and put to a shameful death.”

This grand oration, more than any other, pictures the patriotic character of Cicero, and the glory and sacredness of the Roman name. It is held to be a

model of oratory for all time. It gives us a view of that "elder day," when —

"To be a Roman was greater than a king."

Only the opening of the oration was really delivered, as Verres fled from Rome at the opening of the case.

Let us go with Cicero from crowded Rome, a city that now encompasses sixteen miles to his country villa, where he studied and wrote and taught. It is twelve miles from Rome, on the Alban hills, near Tusculum. Here was the home of the Catos; here Mæcenas had a villa; here the best men of Rome often retired.

It is summer. The gardens are bursting into bloom; the walls are vined; the color of wine is in the roses, and laurels wreath the white porticos. The sun is going down in the clear sky, and the heavens above are changing to crimson and gold.

In the cool gardens are seats, and here Cicero talks with his friends. You must some day read his essay on *Friendship*, for no one ever wrote so well on the delights of friendly discourse.

The garden of Cicero is the scene of his famous discourses on the soul, called *Tusculan Disputations*. Here he defended the teachings of the Stoics against the philosophy of the Epicureans, a sect who claimed that the purpose of life was pleasure, as the end of nature was beauty.

Let us listen to Cicero to-night, as he talks to his friends in the sundown, amid the cool breezes and the long shadows of the trees.

The subject is the Immortal Life of the Soul. Cicero believed that "our souls have sight of that

immortal sea which brought us hither," that great deeds are the noblest expressions of the soul, and live forever.

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
And to the epicure proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

Hear him: "One single day well spent were better to be chosen than an immortality of sin.

"Follow after justice and duty: such a life is the path to heaven, and into yonder high assembly of immortal souls who once dwelt on earth."

An Epicurean speaks of the contests among the gladiators, as the prize-fighters were called in the arena of Rome.

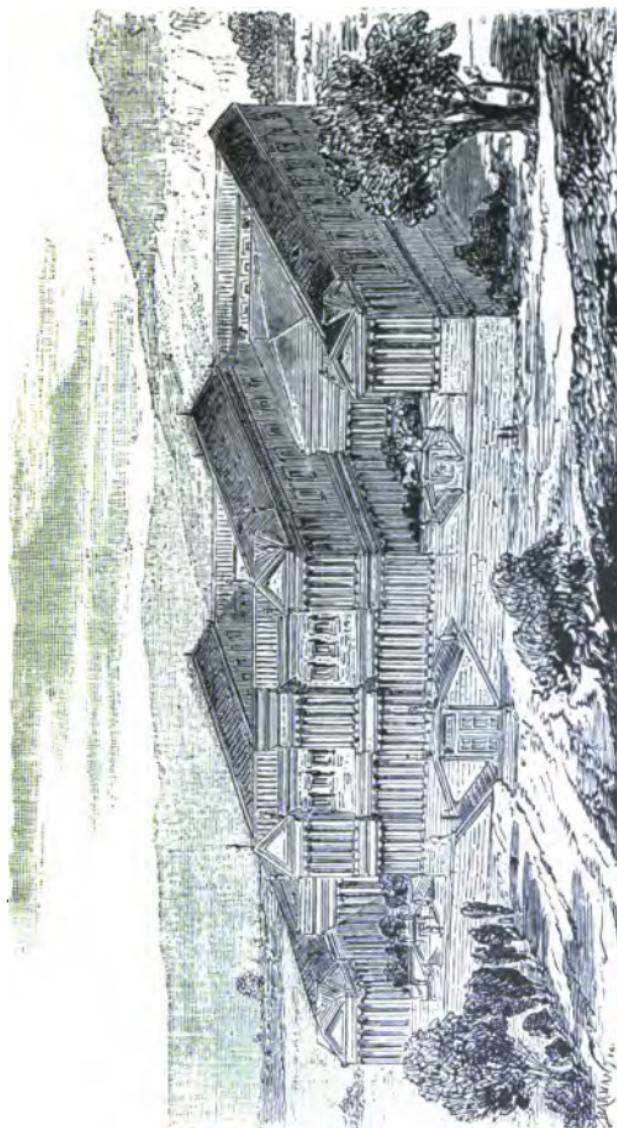
Cicero answers:—

"To ransom captives and to help the poor is nobler than to provide gladiators to amuse the mob."

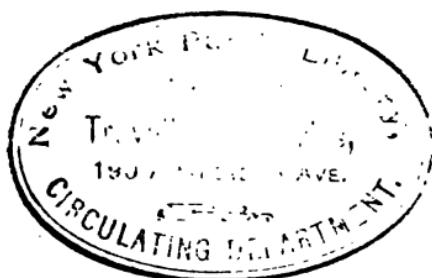
Another asks for a proof that the soul lives after death. Cicero answers:—

"Men may say that they cannot see what the soul can be, distinct from the body. But they can no more comprehend what it is in the body. To me, when I consider the nature of the soul, I have more difficulty of conceiving what it is now than what it may be in the atmosphere of heaven, its natural abode."

He now delivers a discourse on Zeno, the Greek Stoic, and his views of life, and the purpose and destiny of the soul. The stars come out, the lights twinkle in the marble villas on the hills, and late in the cool of the night Cicero and his friends go to their chambers to rest.



HOUSE OF CICERO AT TUSCULUM.



CHAPTER XVI.

Cæsar Augustus.—The Augustan Age of the Poets.—A School in the Augustan Age.

THE reign of Julius Cæsar was followed by a second triumvirate, or the consulate of Antonius, Lepidus, and Octavius. The army and people punished the conspirators against Cæsar, nearly all of whom met a violent death. Brutus fell at the battle of Philippi by his own hand. Marc Antony (Antonius), after espousing the cause of the dead Cæsar, was lured to his ruin by Cleopatra, the beautiful queen of Egypt; and the supreme power at last fell to Cæsar Octavius, who became prince of the Senate, prætor, tribune, and imperator, and Pontifex Maximus. He took the name of Augustus, and is known in history as the first emperor; and his reign is called the Augustan age.

The period of Augustus, from B.C. 33 to A.D. 14, was famous for literature and art, and was favored by men of genius beyond any era of the Roman world. It was the golden age of the poets. We have already told you of Virgil and Horace, who, after Ennius, were among the masters of poetic art. These were followed by Juvenal and Lucan, and these, after centuries of literary inactivity, were followed by the great Italian poets, Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso.

Julius Cæsar had been an historian. Augustus was a literary man, and his principal adviser,

Mæcenas, was a lover of poetry and art. It was the ambition of the Emperor Augustus, as we have told you, to glorify Rome in history, poetry, and art; and he admitted to his friendship men of genius and literary tastes, however humble may have been their birth. Some of these writers pictured Roman history after their own imagination rather than from facts, and enlarged and colored the old traditions and legends that offered glory to the Roman race. The historians were almost as picturesque and fanciful as the poets. They

wrote vividly, and their pages live and glow; and the critic sees how they were written for Augustus rather than for historic truth. But time tells the truth about all things, and even at this late day discoveries of the monuments of old Rome have been found to correct the pictured pages of the literary favorites of the Augustan court.

The historian Livy, whose pages are such delightful reading, mingles the fancied acts of gods with the deeds of men. Sallust put grand speeches into the mouths of heroes, such as those heroes never could have uttered; and yet these writings, if not true to the facts, were true to the spirit of the times, and the world will always accept them as pictures, and correct them by the judgments of clear-sighted and conscientious men.

Augustus himself wrote poetry, and began a tragedy on the subject of Ajax, which he did not



Augustus.



CÆSAR AUGUSTUS.



complete. He interested himself in the views of Stoics, and wrote an Exhortation to Philosophy. Livy, the greatest and most picturesque of the historians of the world, composed a history of Rome, which originally consisted of one hundred and forty books. Livy saw what was good in men, as the historian Suetonius afterward saw what was bad. Cornelius Nepos and Sallust received their inspiration from the Augustan court of letters and art.

Suetonius followed these historians of a later date and wrote the History of the Twelve Cæsars, and of the Rhetoricians and Poets.

The poets and historians of the Augustan age neglected no opportunity to praise Augustus. They had good reason to respect and admire their patron, but they sometimes descended to flattery. Even the genius of Virgil was not free from the flatterer's art.

An editor of Suetonius relates the following anecdote, which gives a view of those dazzling days, when the poets hailed the emperor as a god.

“The poet Virgil, having written a distich, in which he compared Augustus to Jupiter, placed it in the night-time over the gate of the emperor's palace. It was in these words:—

“ ‘Nocte pluit totâ, redeunt spectacula mane :
Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.’

“ All night it rained, with morn the sports appear,
Cæsar and Jove between them rule the year.

“ By order of Augustus, an inquiry was made after the author; and, Virgil not declaring himself, the verses were claimed by Bathyllus, a contemptible poet, but who was liberally rewarded on the occa-

sion. Virgil, provoked at the falsehood of the impostor, again wrote the verses on some conspicuous part of the palace, and under them the following line:—

“ ‘Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores ;’

“ I wrote the verse, another filched the praise ;

with the beginning of another line in these words:

“ ‘ Sic vos, non vobis,’

“ Not for yourselves, you —

repeated four times. Augustus expressing a desire that the lines should be finished, and Bathyllus proving unequal to the task, Virgil at last filled up the blanks in this manner:—

“ ‘ Sic vos, non vobis, nidificatis, aves ;

 Sic vos, non vobis, vellera fertis, oves ;

 Sic vos, non vobis, mellificatis, apes ;

 Sic vos, non vobis, fertis aratra, boves.’

“ Not for yourselves, ye birds, your nests ye build ;

 Not for yourselves, ye sheep, your fleece ye yield ;

 Not for yourselves, ye bees, your cells ye fill ;

 Not for yourselves, ye beeves, ye plough and till.

The expedient immediately evinced him to be the author of the distich, and Bathyllus became the theme of public ridicule.

“ When at any time Virgil came to Rome, if the people, as was commonly the case, crowded to gaze upon him, or pointed at him with the finger in admiration, he blushed, and stole away from them; frequently taking refuge in some shop. When he went to the theatre, the audience universally rose

up at his entrance, as they did to Augustus, and received him with the loudest plaudits; a compliment which, however highly honorable, he would gladly have declined. When such was the just respect which they paid to the author of the *Bucolics* and *Georgics*, how would they have expressed their esteem, had they beheld him in the effulgence of epic renown! In the beautiful episode of the Elysian fields, in the *Aeneid*, where he dexterously introduced a glorious display of their country, he had touched the most elastic springs of Roman enthusiasm. The passion would have rebounded upon himself, and they would, in the heat of admiration, have idolized him."

What were the schools of Rome in the time of Augustus and Mæcenas?

Let us go to the home of a well-born Roman matron in the early hour of the day. The house is marble, and entered by a portico. In front is a cool fountain, and at one end a terraced garden. In the family department is a room whose cool doors open into the garden, and here we shall find the Roman lady surrounded by her children.

Her husband is at the Senate, or, it may be, abroad with the army. Her older sons are at Athens or in Rome, studying rhetoric, art, or science.

The lady, while engaged in instructing her family, has an air of elegance and dignity. She wears a dress whose beauty lies in the graceful folds. The sleeves do not reach to the elbow, but the robe covers her feet. Her hair is gathered into artistic rolls, which are held by a gold band. She has no other ornaments than gold pins and rings.

The color of her dress or robe is white, with a

border of purple. Her children wear tunics of white woollen. The little school is in all respects like a picture.

Let us enter silently, and not break in rudely upon the scene. A virtuous home is a sacred place. At the feet of the lady, a boy of some six years is seemingly playing with some blocks, and his mother is watching him. Now he takes up one block, and now another. These blocks contain the letters of the alphabet. He is learning to read and to spell.

An older boy is engaged with a frame of beads strung on wires. He is learning to count. An older boy sits by the door with a manuscript before him. He is reading a Roman poet; it may be Ennius.

The daughters are also engaged in the study of history.

The sun rises high. The tops of the trees in the cool garden glow. A heavy step is heard on the portico, and there enters a man with a high forehead, a grave look, and a flowing beard. The lady rises and greets him, and leaves her family in his care. He is the Greek teacher, a Stoic perhaps from Athens.

He questions the older boy on geography, and bids him to ask questions. The boy has a willing spirit, and turns to the grave pedagogue, and says:—

“What lies under the earth?”

The pedagogue may answer:—

“The under-world.”

“But what is there under that?”

The old geographers had a hard time in those days, as you may see. But as Rome grows towards the west, her sails will venture out on the sea, and Genoese Columbus will one day answer the question so often asked by Roman lads.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Birth of Christianity. — The Year of Our Lord.

THE world is silent now — the nations are at peace. The Temple of Janus that was opened in war and closed in peace stands with folded doors.

“No war nor battle sound
Was heard the world around.”

Rome rules the European world, and Augustus has but to speak, and the nations will hear and obey, from the Mediterranean to the Baltic.

In this period of concord an event happened which transcends the glory of Rome, the thoughts of the philosophers, or the music of the poets. There was born One who was to preach the brotherhood of all men, the rebirth of the soul, the consciousness of God, and immortal life, and who was to establish an invisible kingdom in the spirits of men that should rule all nations and forever endure.

The record of this event as recorded by St. Luke is one of the most beautiful and transcendent pages of all history. You have read it often, or heard it read, but we know you will like to read it again as a part of Roman history.

Augustus wished to make a census or to enroll (“tax”) all the people of the Roman Empire, that he might better divide the vast domain into provinces. He had but to speak and it was done. The Gospel of St. Luke thus records the event of events

which followed the decree of Augustus, and the enrolment in Galilee and Judea: —

“1 And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed (*enrolled*).

2 (*And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.*)

3 And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

4 And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judæa, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David;)

5 To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

6 And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

7 And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

8 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

10 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

12 And this *shall be* a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

14 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”

The Emperor Augustus, it is said, found “Rome brick and left it marble.” He found it almost without a literature, and left it heroic with poetry,

eloquence, and song; but it is probable that he never so much as heard of this event in the far Syrian province, for he died A.D. 14. Yet this Birth in the Manger was to topple over all the temples of Rome; and the events of Rome in the future were to be dated from it. Well might prophetic Mary sing:—

“ He hath put down the mighty from their seats,
And exalted them of low degree.”

The spirit of the teachings of the Gospel has entered into the hearts of the meek and lowly, but in Rome the birth of Christ is celebrated in the churches where stood the old temples with splendid rituals, and in no church in the world with greater magnificence than that which stands on the Capitoline Hill, where the august emperor once stood, seeking to know the wisdom that is divine.

Let us turn away from these far events of the past. The glory of Augustus is faded and gone, and the birth of the Christ Child gives them the past date of 1892 years.

It is Christmas morning in modern Rome. We will go to the Church of the Ara Cœli (pronounced *Cheli*). We will go early, for the crowds will be great. What poetic legends, beyond the grand fact of the nativity of the great Teacher of righteousness, draw the feet of multitudes to this place?

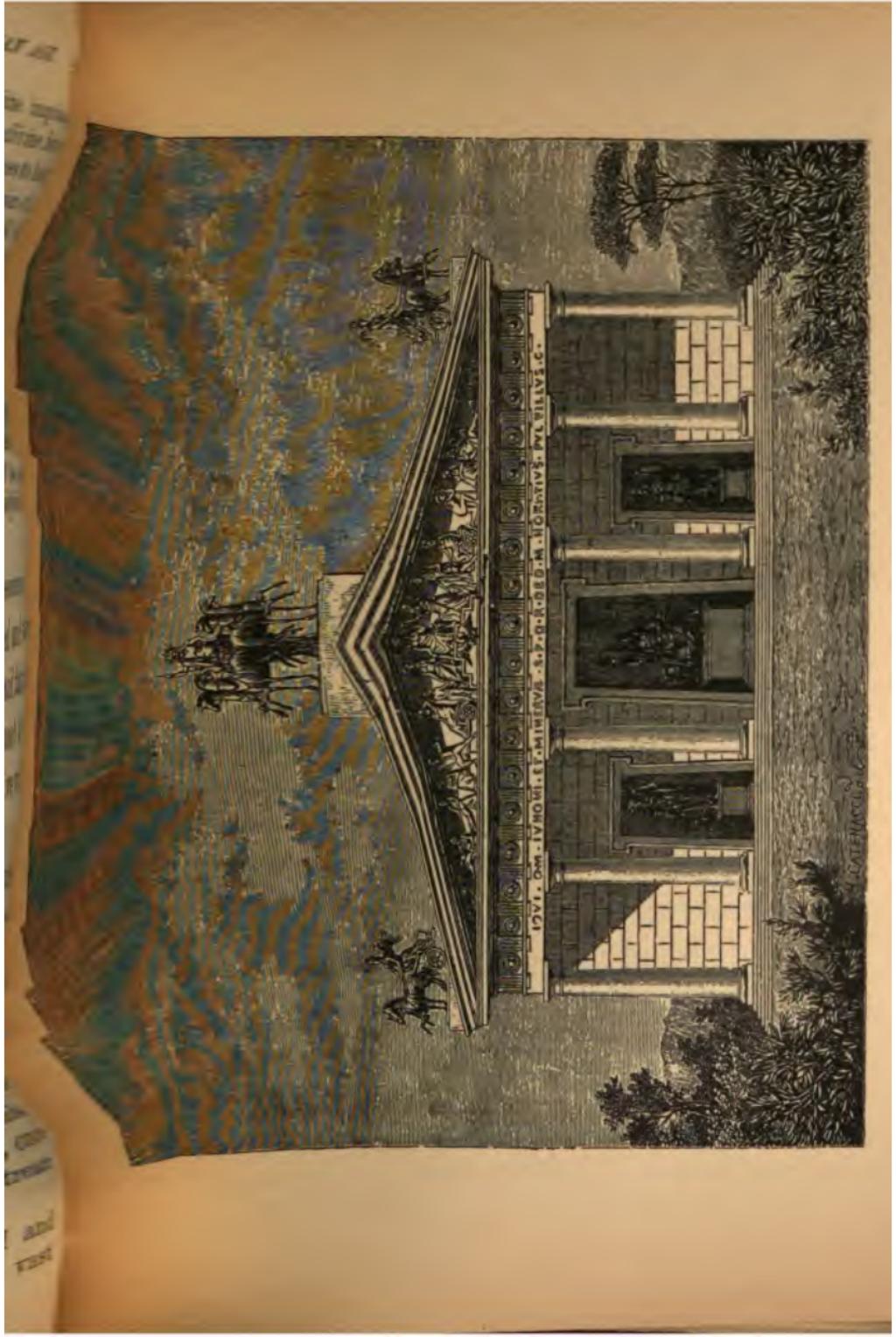
The Ara Cœli means the Altar of Heaven. It is said that the Emperor Augustus caused an altar to be erected here in honor of the prophecy of the Cumean Sibyl that a child should be born who should lead the world to brotherhood and to the truth. This legend may be true. There is another

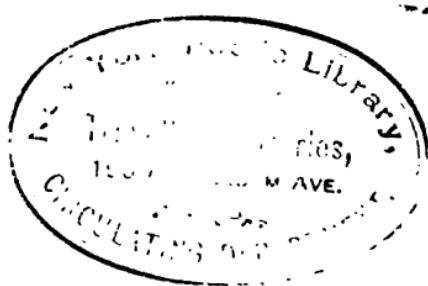
legend, more poetic, but quite improbable, that when the Senate would confer divine honors upon Augustus, he was led by a prophetess to look upward from this hill, and that he saw a vision of a virgin with a child in her arms, and was told that the world would render divine honors to the infant of the vision. In this church is kept a figure of the infant Christ, called the Bambino, made of olive wood and covered with jewels, which is believed to have miraculous power. The legendary history of this figure is well known among the people of Rome. Whatever may be said of these legends, the display of the Bambino to-day will be a great event in Rome, and will recall to the public mind the memorable event of Bethlehem.

The church seems to stand in the heavens. We approach it by a flight of one hundred and twenty-four steps of Grecian marble. It is said that these beautiful steps once formed the approach to the Temple of Venus. It is very early, and we will go up alone.

Above the steps rises the front of the church, like a mountain of marble. But where are we? On the Capitoline Hill. Before us is the Palatine, where Romulus is said to have stood. Beneath are the ruins of Cyclopean walls, the place of the Forum, and the streets over which triumphal processions marched, and the very arches under which conquerors and captives passed. Beyond is the Campagna, or Fields, a place of ruins, tombs, graves, and deadly airs. The Tiber is yonder, once the glory of the city, but now a sluggish stream with hardly a sail or an oar.

The Campagna! What millions of proud and gay generations slumber unknown under the vast





moorland of moss and grass. The dove-colored oxen roam free over the sunken villas of heroes and knights, and the mould of Etruscan towns. The alabaster domes and flowery terraces are gone—the

“. . . serene pavilions bright
In avenues disposed.”

Here stood the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, which once grandly uplifted its quivering gold to the sun, as the Church of the Altar of Heaven lifts its white front now. Here Titus brought the spoils of Jerusalem.

The hundred and twenty-four steps of the white church begin to throng. The space below is filled with people. In front of the church appears an august assembly of priests and church officials in glittering vestments. Near them are monks in sombre robes. Gigantic torches smoke and blaze, and the celebrant approaches bearing the figure of the Holy Child. The whole company is now enveloped in a cloud of incense. The military music thunders, and the priest uplifts the image. The people fall upon their knees, and all is devotion and murmur of prayers, from the streets of the Forum to the sunbright arch of the purple sky.

The procession of priests, monks, and officials enters the church. There is a great outburst of music inside, and clouds of incense, and people



Temple of Capitoline Jupiter.

wrapped in devotion everywhere — the Capitoline Hill is chanting and praying, and Rome is bowed at the vision of the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem.

One could wish that the poetic legends of the vision of the Emperor Augustus were true in fact; for the allegory pictures the events of the centuries. Augustus is dust, but the spirit of the teachings of the Christ of Galilee rules the thrones, the senates, and the hearts of the enlightened world!

Not in many places, indeed, is Christmas celebrated by scenes like those in the Church of Ara Cœli, nor could Christian people wish it to be; but everywhere in all enlightened lands, Catholic and Protestant, bells are ringing, and choirs are singing, the poor are made happy with gifts, and all the children are glad.

But we are not visiting Rome in the year of Augustus, or any of the Cæsars, but in the year of our Lord, 1892.

We still have the Julian Year, or the Julian Calendar. The Romans, originally, had a year of ten months off, but in the far days of their kings they adopted a lunar year of twelve months of three hundred and fifty-five days. To adjust the remaining days and hours they had an extra month, called an intercalary month, which fell every three years. In the year 46 b.c. Julius Cæsar issued a calendar in which the year ordinarily has three hundred and sixty-five days, but every fourth year three hundred and sixty-six days. Cæsar gave the months the number of days which they still retain.

The Romans were the first nation to adopt the first day of January as the first day of the year. So we have the Roman New Year as in the days of

Augustus. The fraction of a day at last led to a discrepancy of ten days, and in 1582, Pope Gregory XIII. corrected the Roman calendar, and declared the 5th of October to be the 15th. This change of date was called New Style, and was adopted by Catholic countries at once, and by English countries about a century and a half ago, or in 1752. In Russia and Greece the Old Style is yet followed, and the 31st of December at Moscow would be the 12th of January at London.

For centuries it was more common to date by the reign of the king, than from the Year of Our Lord. This custom prevailed in England during the Feudal times. But as Christianity grew in power, and made the progressive nations familiar, the Year of the World (*Anno Mundi*) and the Year of Our Lord (*Anno Domini*) became the dates from which the leading nations reckon the historical events of time.



Rome Mistress of the World.

CHAPTER XVIII.

(THE POST-AUGUSTAN AGE.)

Rome in her Glory.

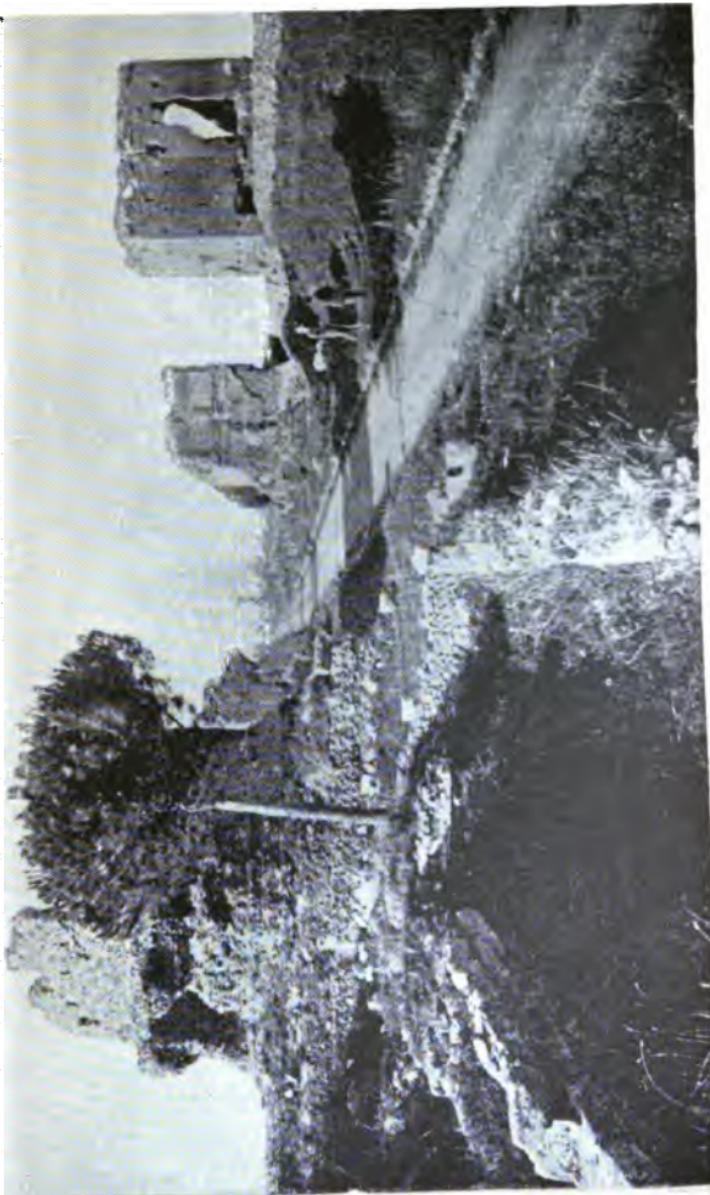
HEATHEN Rome is in her glory now. The period of her worldly splendor and inward shame has begun. "What is to become of Rome," asked the thoughtful Cato, "when she shall no longer have any state to fear?"

She has no state to fear. The world is hers. She lives in palaces of marble, and banquets from plates of silver and cups of gold.

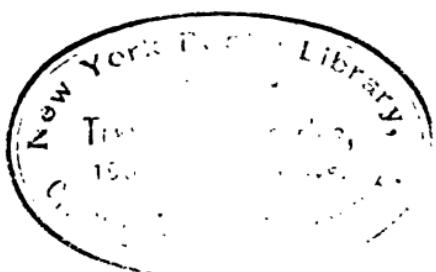
But to a people who have not a moral purpose, and who are not governed by their moral sense, prosperity is ruin. Bad men die by the passions that inspire them, for evil and selfish desires are consuming fires. In the midst of all her glory the winds of desolation are beginning to sweep over the Campagna, but amid the revels of the emperors she hears them not.

" Fear ye the festal hour,
Aye, tremble when the cup of joy o'erflows."

We have given you specimens of the "painted pages" of Livy, the most illustrious of the Roman historians, who had a poetic heart and a kindly eye, and whom the world will ever love for his power to call up again the scenes of the past, and for his bright hopes and amiable charity. He was



THE APPIAN WAY.



followed by another historian of wonderful genius and art. You may study his works when you are older. His name is Tacitus. We will follow his narrative for the present, and afterwards a pen which we are sorry to say is not so noble, Suetonius, who wrote the lives of the Twelve Cæsars, from Julius Cæsar to Domitian.

But before we follow the vivid narrative of Tacitus, there is more about Rome and the manners and customs of the Roman people that you should know.

Let us again visit the city which Augustus is said to have "found brick, and left marble." The old poets are gone. Christianity, which is to possess the world, is born in Judea, and Augustus has left to his family the richest empire on which the sun ever shone.

We will approach the city by the Appian Way, as did the Apostle Paul, when the Christians came out to meet him at Appii Forum. Around us stretches a vast plain, the Campagna, lined on the public ways with tombs, and in full view of gardens where houses are shaded by bowers of green.

The road is one of the most wonderful in the world. A history of the old Roman roads, like the history of bridges, would be the life of the Empire. We must speak of these roads, of which the Appian Way is one of the most famous of all.

All of the cities of the Roman Empire were connected by great roads, and by posts. The posts of these roads are interesting. "Houses were everywhere erected at a distance of only five or six miles; each of them was constantly provided with forty horses, and by the help of these relays

it was easy to travel a hundred miles a day along the Roman roads" (GIBBON).

One of these Roman roads was four thousand miles long. They were in many places paved with large stones or gravel, were bridged with solid structures, and terraced in low lands. They were so solidly constructed as to last nearly two thousand years.

Everywhere one meets with slaves. There are Patrician families who are served by thousands of slaves. There was one illustrious family who is reputed to own ten thousand slaves, and there arose a family who in the days of the conquests controlled twenty thousand slaves.

What, you may ask, was the difference between the clients and slaves? We will tell you.

In early times the families of free and noble order were Patricians, and to them alone belonged the government of the state. The rest of the people were subject to the Patricians, under the king, and "each man with his household was attached under the appellation of Client, to the head of some Patrician family, whom he was bound to serve, and to whom he looked for protection and help" (ANTHON). After the Sabine war the people were divided into Curiæ, or tribal communities, and an assembly of the representatives of the Curiæ was called the Comitia Curiata. The Roman Senate was a select council, and at first consisted of one hundred men of the Patrician order. So originally the population of Rome consisted of the Patricians and their Clients.

The Plebs, or Plebeians, were people for the most part of a different origin and growth from the Clients. They began in a new citizenship. "The

Plebeians as a separate body grew up by the side of the original Patrician citizens, and were never incorporated in their peculiar divisions" (ANTHON). They were largely people who came to Rome as immigrants or as the captives of war or followers of conquests. They were allowed to have their own officers.

Rome was full of slaves. Even the humbler Roman families usually had a number of slaves.

Many of the slaves were captives in war originally, whose families came to form a distinct class of the people. The Roman population in the Empire consisted of the Patricians, the Plebeians, the Clients, and the slaves.

How did these numerous slaves serve a noble Roman family? There were those who were door-keepers, roomkeepers, valets, and maids. There were those who had charge of the family stores, and went to the market, and those who cared for the children.

There were armies of slaves who engaged in the great public works.

The slaves were allowed great privileges. The higher order of slaves were educated. The physicians were educated slaves, and so were the early instructors of the children. Some of the slaves studied Greek.

The master had full power over the slave whom he regarded as his property. He could punish him at will, and could take his life.

There were revolts of the slaves. One of the most notable of these took place under Spartacus, 71 B.C. This man was a Thracian captive who had been trained as a gladiator. He made the crater of the volcano of Vesuvius his place of resort. He

gathered an army of sixty thousand men, and was the terror of Rome. You may have seen in reading books an imaginary, but very powerful speech called *Spartacus to the Gladiators*.

The slaves of the Empire at one time numbered some sixty or seventy millions, in a total population of about one hundred and fifty millions. Rome was served by the captives of the world.

The slaves might be made free. The freed slaves of Rome as a rule followed the vices of

their masters under whom they had served, and did not become a desirable part of the population. Slavery was one of the many causes of the decline of Rome. Wrong in any form is decay.



Beating a Slave.

The thronging road indicates the near approach to the city. Look up to the clear sky. What white pal-

aces are those gleaming in the sun? What temples with gilded roofs and domes, as dazzling as a vision? It is the Capitoline Hill.

The noise of the wheels increases. Along the way not only the grand mansions of the living grow more imposing, but the palaces of the dead. Everywhere are tombs. The Rome of nearly a thousand years sleeps under the Campagna, and

there the ashes of the heroes of a thousand years will soon be strewn.

“Behold Rome!” says a picturesque peasant, as he turns and looks back on his way from the walls and the gates to his simple home.

The city now begins, though we are yet far from the walls and gates. Rome has outgrown her bounds, and lives in the suburbs. Nobles roll by in their chariots on their way to their shaded villas. Soldiers flash past on glittering steeds; prisoners, oxen, sheep, and goats. Beggars line the ruins now—were they there then? We think that they were, for there were few if any great hospitals then—and in the Rome of the purple misfortune begged.

We are now amid the roar of the city; the stone streets thunder; all is life. The hills gleam with temples and palaces, and over all hangs the sky, blue and serene, through which flow the living tides of the sun.

On our way we may perhaps stop and drink from the fountain of Numa, for at this time the people believe the fable of the nymph Egeria, of which we told you, and here is a sacred spot.

The streets are spanned with arches of triumph. They shine in the sun and are covered with trophies of victory, heroic inscriptions and statues of marble.

We have come to the Forum now, and from it rises the Capitoline Hill, crowned with the Temple of Jupiter, and the halls of state.

We stand amid the hurrying crowds and gaze upward to the glittering domes of Capitoline Jove. The sun is going down; people crowd and rush along. The temples gleam in the air, and then the cool wing of night sweeps over all. The streets grow still. The moon rises over the Tiber, and

Rome sleeps, amid the thousands of dumb statues of gods and men.

It is morning. Let us go to the Palatine. The living sunlight is pouring like a flood through the cool sky.

The Palatine was the primitive site of Rome. The Seven Hills rise around it, once green with fields, now white with palaces. It was here that, according to the old fable or tradition, Romulus and Remus were nursed by the she-wolf, and fed by the woodpecker. It was here that Romulus ploughed with a heifer and a bull, and raised his wall on the furrow that his ploughshare had traced. The fabled city of Romulus is known as the *Roma Quadrata*.

It has been the custom of critics for a century past to deny or doubt all, or nearly all, the old traditions of Rome, but recent excavations have brought to light, at the very points described by Tacitus, the ancient wall of the *Roma Quadrata*, of unknown date and origin, but which the legend of Romulus was supposed to follow.

The shepherd hut of Faustulus was here, and here were the grandeur of the Rome of the Kings and the Consuls. But its highest glory came with Empire, when palaces seemed to climb into the air, and the streets resounded with festivals and triumphs.

We enter the street of senatorial and consular palaces. Here is the house of *Æmilius Scaurus*, for which Clodius paid fourteen millions of sesterces, or according to Middleton 15,000,000 = \$750,000. With the estate is usually associated an enormous theatre, with tiers of seats supported on columns, containing seats for eighty thousand spectators.

It was divided into three stories, and had three hundred and sixty marble columns, those of the lower order being thirty-eight feet high. The lower story was lined with marble; the second story was lined with glass mosaics; the third or upper story was of gilded wood. Three thousand bronze statues silently inhabit the edifice. In the gardens where the purple violets lift their perfumes under the shadows of the rose trees, fountains murmur, and art mingles with nature every delight that can charm the eye.

Let us stop and rest on two stone seats before the palace of Octavius. A noble palm rises over us, and young Augustus made it his favorite tree, and tended it that he might enjoy the shadow. The Seven Hills are gleaming in the sun through the trees. The street throngs with people, gates open and close on the cool gardens, and far and near in the clear air of the hills, and on the tree-shaded streets are the glimmering columns, statues, and domes of palaces. All around us are houses and palaces, enriched with the spoils of the world.

And grand as the buildings on the Palatine are now, Tiberius is to surpass them in the near future. There never was a city like the Rome of the Cæsars.

The reigns of the Twelve Cæsars lasted for one hundred and forty-two years. The names of the first Twelve Cæsars, or Emperors, as given by Suetonius, are as follows:—

THE TWELVE CÆSARS.

1. JULIUS CÆSAR	46 B.C.—44 B.C.
2. AUGUSTUS	29 B.C.—14 A.D.
3. TIBERIUS	A.D. 14—37.

4. CALIGULA	A.D. 37-41.
5. CLAUDIUS	A.D. 41-54.
6. NERO	A.D. 54-68.
7. GALBA	.	.	.	A.D. 68 (June)-69 (January).		
8. OTHO	.	.	A.D. 69 (January)-69 (April).			
9. VITELLIUS	.	A.D. 69 (January)-69 (December 18).				
10. VESPASIAN	A.D. 70-79.
11. TITUS	A.D. 79-81.
12. DOMITIAN	A.D. 81-96.

In order that you may have a clear view of the dates and great events of the Roman government, we will give you the table of Tacitus as arranged in the introduction to his *Annals*. According to this writer:—

I. The government of the Kings lasted a little more than one hundred and fifty years, ending with the banishment of the Tarquins.

II. The Republic was established by Brutus, the first Consul, 245 A.U.C. (*Anno urbis conditæ*, from the year of the founding of the city, *i.e.* Rome), or 509 before the Christian Era.

III. The office of Dictator, to meet pressing exigencies, was instituted A.U.C. 253, or 501 B.C.

IV. The Decemvirs, appointed in 451 B.C. to frame a body of laws and to take upon them the whole government of the state, did their work in one year. Their magistracy ended 305 A.U.C., or 449 B.C.

V. The Military Tribunes with the authority of Consuls, A.U.C. 310, or 444 B.C. After them the Consular Government was restored.

VI. The rule of Sulla began in 672 A.U.C., or 82 B.C., under the title of Dictator. This ended in 675 A.U.C., or 79 B.C.

VII. The Triumvirate of Pompey, Crassus, and Julius Cæsar, A.U.C. 699, or 55 B.C.

VIII. Cæsar became Perpetual Dictator, Imperator, or Emperor, as the office is now termed, A.U.C. 704, or 46 B.C.

IX. The Triumvirate of Antony, Lepidus, and Augustus, A.U.C. 711, or 43 B.C., lasted till 36 B.C.

X. The supreme power was vested in Augustus, A.U.C. 724, or 30 B.C., and from this time the Cæsars or Emperors governed Rome to the year 96 of the Christian Era.

The reign of Augustus was for the most part peaceful and splendid. His Army of the Rhine, under Publius Quintilius Varus, met with a great reverse near the river Ems, and this destruction of his legions preyed upon his mind in his old age, amid the general prosperity and splendor. It is said that he would sometimes beat his head against the wall and cry, "Varus, Varus, give me back my legions!"

He met death serenely.

"Will there be a tumult made on my departure?" he asked.

"None," was the cheerful answer.

"Bring me a mirror."

He looked at his gray hair and beard. He saw that the winter of age was in them, and he knew that all the treasures and palaces of Rome could not return him his lost youth again.

"Have I played my part well?" he asked.

"Then give me your applause," he replied, in the lines of Greek verse.

The death and last rites of Augustus were pictured by Suetonius in a very poetic way. We give a page from this writer, which distinctly pictures the scenes:—

"Upon the day of his death, he now and then

inquired if there was any disturbance in the town on his account; and calling for a mirror, he ordered his hair to be combed, and his shrunk cheeks to be adjusted. Then asking his friends who were admitted into the room, 'Do ye think that I have acted my part on the stage of life well?' he immediately subjoined,

“‘ If all be right, with joy your voices raise,
In loud applauses to the actor’s praise.’

After which, having dismissed them all, whilst he was inquiring of some persons who were just arrived from Rome concerning Drusus’s daughter, who was in a bad state of health, he expired suddenly, amidst the kisses of Livia, and with these words, ‘Livia! live mindful of our union; and now farewell!’ dying a very easy death, and such as he himself had always wished for. For as often as he heard that any person had died quickly and without pain, he wished for himself and his friends the like easy death. He betrayed but one symptom, before he breathed his last, of being delirious, which was this: he was all of a sudden much frightened, and complained that he was carried away by forty men. But this was rather a presage than any delirium; for precisely that number of soldiers, belonging to the prætorian cohort, carried out his corpse.

“He expired in the same room in which his father, Octavius, had died, when the two Sextuses, Pompey and Apuleius, were consuls, upon the fourteenth of the calends of September [the 19th August], at the ninth hour of the day, being seventy-six years of age, wanting only thirty-five days. His remains were carried by the magistrates of the municipal

towns and colonies, from Nola, where he died, to Bovillæ, and in the night-time, because of the season of the year. During the intervals, the body lay in some basilica, or great temple, of each town. At Bovillæ it was met by the Equestrian Order, who carried it to the city, and deposited it in the vestibule of his own house. The Senate proceeded with so much zeal in the arrangement of his funeral, and paying honor to his memory, that, amongst several other proposals, some were for having the funeral procession made through the triumphal gate, preceded by the image of Victory, which is in the senate-house, and the children of highest rank and of both sexes singing the funeral dirge."

The funeral was finally simple. The senators bore his body on their shoulders to the Campus Martius, where it was burned. A seer claimed to have seen his spirit ascend to heaven from the funeral pile. The vision was in harmony with the times and the event, for the Senate accorded to Augustus divine honors, and art put his memory into her masterpieces.

Augustus was born A.U.C. 691, or 63 B.C., and died A.U.C. 766, or 14 A.D. His reign is, perhaps, the most notable of any emperor who ever lived, for apart from art, literature, and glory, the event in Judea began an invisible kingdom in the world, whose influence was to exceed empires, senates, and states, and outlast them all.

We now come to the time of the Ten Cæsars, whose reigns cover a long epoch of splendor, vice, tragedy, and decay, and embrace some of the darkest pages of human history.

For all the splendors and treasures and armies of Rome could not prevent one of these wicked

emperors from receiving the exact punishment of his sins, as though he were any common man, as you shall be told and shown. Character is everything, and wealth and power cannot arrest the fulfilment of a single law of God.

(1) Tiberius was the first of the Ten Cæsars, who followed the Augustan Age, and whose period ended with Domitian.

He was the stepson and adopted heir of Augustus. He had a reserved and morose disposition, and no one could tell what his character really was until he came to the imperial power. He led a double life while Augustus lived, and became almost wholly bad as soon as he was relieved of restraint.

He was suspected of having poisoned his nephew Germanicus, of whose influ-



ence he was jealous, at the beginning of his reign. He for a time entrusted the affairs of state to Sejanus, but he became jealous of him, and caused him to be put to death. His vices grew, and with his slavery to his evil passions he came to be sus-

picious of every one, and to be a friend of Tiberius was to be marked for death.

He at last began to be in terror for his own life, and left Rome and hid himself on the island of Capri. Here his crimes haunted him. He once attempted to return to Rome. As he landed near the city, there came out a crowd of people to salute him. Knowing his unworthiness, he was so terrified by the shouts that he ordered his oarsmen to take him back to his island, which he never left again. His death was miserable and tragic, as his life had been.

We have told you of Tacitus, the Roman historian who followed Livy, and who wrote with great beauty and power. We have given you some pages from Livy. Let us give you the page of Tacitus that pictures the death of Tiberius. After reading Livy you will wish to read Tacitus, who was a father of Roman history, and whose art is only surpassed by Livy himself:—

“ As for Tiberius, his body was now wasted and his strength exhausted, but his dissimulation failed him not. He exhibited the same inflexibility of mind, the same energy in his looks and discourse; and even sometimes by affected vivacity tried to hide his decaying strength, though too manifest to be concealed. And after much shifting of places, he settled at length at the promontory of Misenum, in a villa of which Lucullus was once lord.¹ There it was discovered that his end was approaching in the following manner: In his train was a physician,

¹ We are told by Plutarch that this villa, formerly the property of Caius Marius, was purchased by Lucullus at an immense price. (Plutarch, *Life of Marius.*) Brotiers says the ruins are still to be seen, near the promontory of Misenum.

named Charicles, noted in his profession, not indeed to prescribe for the prince in cases of indisposition, but that he might have some one to consult if he thought proper. Charicles, as if he were departing to attend his own affairs, and taking hold of his hand under pretence of taking leave, felt his pulse. But he did not escape detection, for he instantly ordered the entertainment to be renewed; whether incensed, and thence the more concealing his displeasure, is uncertain; but at table he continued beyond his wont, as if to do honor to his friend on his departure. Charicles, however, assured Macro 'that life was ebbing fast, and could not outlast two days.' Hence the whole court was in a bustle with consultations, and expresses were despatched to the generals and armies.

"On the seventeenth before the calends of April, he was believed to have finished his mortal career, having ceased to breathe; and Caligula, in the midst of a great throng of persons, paying their congratulations, was already going forth to make a solemn entrance on the sovereignty, when suddenly a notice came, 'that Tiberius had recovered his sight and voice, and had called for some persons to give him food to restore him.' The consternation was universal; the concourse about Caligula dispersed in all directions, every man affecting sorrow, or feigning ignorance; he himself stood fixed in silence,—fallen from the highest hopes, he now expected the worst. Macro, undismayed, ordered the old man to be smothered with a quantity of clothes, and the door-way to be cleared. Thus expired Tiberius, in the seventy-eighth year of his age."

It was in the reign of this unhappy emperor that

our Lord was crucified in the Roman province of Judea, and that Christianity was organized by St. Peter, which at a later date was propagated by the missionary journeys of St. Paul. It seems remarkable that the pure teachings of a new life and the visible work and power of the Holy Spirit should have begun under the shadow of the reign of Tiberius.

(2) Tiberius died A.D. 37, and was succeeded by his nephew Caligula, or Little Shoe, as he had been called when a boy in the army. He began to reign well at the age of twenty-five, but his character changed with the temptations of power. He, too, became cruel and distrustful, and put to death all whom he disliked, or who offended him. He was a second Tiberius, and came, like his uncle, to hate everybody.

“I would that the Roman people had but one neck,” he once said, “then would I behead them all at once.”

He not only hated the living, but the heroic and virtuous dead. He caused the works of the great poets of the Augustan age to be burned, and defaced the statues that most honored Rome. He tore the curls from the statue of Cincinnatus, and broke off the collar of the statue of Torquatus. He made his horse a consul.

His rule at last could be endured no longer, and he was assassinated as a common enemy of the Roman people. Think of an empire numbering from one hundred and twenty million to one hundred and fifty million people being ruled by the will of such a man, and be thankful that we live under the government of the people, and that justice is the aim of all.

(3) Caligula was followed by Claudius. He was a dull man, and when the people came to make him king he thought that they had come to murder him. He had been educated with great severity by a pedagogue who had been a mule-driver. His own family had despised him for his dulness, and when his mother wished to reproach any one for a lack of wit, she used to say heartlessly, " You are a bigger fool than Claudius."

He had a good heart, and promised to reign well, but he fell under the influence of the artful, designing, wicked spirits of the time. He ruled the provinces in a fatherly spirit. He gave the Jews a king of their own race, Herod Agrippa.



Claudius.

His last wife, Agrippina, was one of the worst women in history. She was his niece, and the mother of Nero, who became one of the most dreadful of characters, and whose vices are an eternal proverb. Claudius had a son of his own, Britannicus, but he adopted his step-son, Nero, and the wicked Agrippina did all in her power to set aside the rightful claims of Britannicus, and to prepare her son Nero for the throne.

Claudius is supposed to have been poisoned by Agrippina. He died in the sixty-fourth year of his life, and the fourteenth of his reign, and was not succeeded by his own son whom he loved, but by his step-son Nero, who was at first ruled by the

influence of Agrippina. One of the masterpieces of history is the account which Tacitus gives of the early days of Nero.

(4) Nero had been brought up under the influence of a very noble schoolmaster, Seneca the Stoic. It is remarkable that two of the worst men of history, Nero and Louis XV. of France, should have had the best of teachers. Seneca, the teacher of Nero, and Fénelon, the teacher of Louis XV., will be forever famous for their learning and virtues and worthy influence on mankind. But to change the blood of bad ancestors which their pupils had inherited was beyond their power. It would seem that only the new spiritual life in the soul, as taught by the Teacher of Judea, can alter bad heredity, and become the graft that will make a bad tree bear good fruit. Education alone is not always adequate. The soul itself must be changed, to change the character.

We must speak of Seneca here, for he was one of the great and noble figures in the corrupt age of the Cæsars. He was born about the date of the Christian Era. He was brought to Rome in his boyhood to study eloquence, but his mind turned



Agrippa.

to philosophy, and he chose for his teacher a Stoic named Attalus. After filling certain offices in Rome, he undertook the education of Nero, whom he sought to lead to a life of honor, virtue, and sympathy with the people. He utterly failed, and Nero at last ordered him to commit suicide.

Tacitus gives us some vivid pages in relation to the association of Seneca and Nero. One of these

relates to an attempt of the old pedagogue to break away from the influence of his pupil after the latter had come to the throne and was filling Rome with crimes. Seneca had been accused of using his influence with Nero to accumulate wealth,



Seneca.

and Tacitus, with dramatic art, puts the following speech into the mouth of Seneca, addressed to Nero. If the speech was really never delivered in this noble way, it yet presents a most interesting view of the life of the philosopher, and of the times in which he lived:—

“Seneca,” says Tacitus, “was not unapprised of the efforts of his calumniators, as they were disclosed to him by such as retained some concern for

the interests of virtue; and as the emperor manifested daily more shyness toward him, he besought an opportunity of speaking to him, and having obtained it, thus began: 'This is the fourteenth year, Cæsar, since I was summoned to train you for your high destiny; and the eighth since your advancement to the Empire. During the intervening period, you have showered such honors and riches upon me, that nothing is wanting to complete my felicity but the capacity to use them with moderation. I shall quote great examples, such as are adapted, not to my station and fortune, but to yours. Augustus, from whom you are the fourth in descent, granted to Marcus Agrippa leave to retreat to Mitylene, and to Caius Mæcenas he allowed, even in Rome itself, a retirement as complete as in any foreign country: the former his companion in the wars; the other long harassed at Rome with manifold occupations and public cares: both received rewards ample indeed, but proportioned to their services. For myself, what other claims upon your munificence have I been able to advance, except my literary attainments, nursed, so to speak, in the shades of retirement, and which have been rendered famous, because I am believed to have assisted your early years in the acquisition of learning; a glorious reward for such a service! But you encompassed me with boundless favors, unnumbered riches; so that when I ruminate upon my situation, as I often do, I say to myself, Can it be that I, the son of a knight, the native of a province, am ranked among the chief men of Rome? Has my upstart name acquired splendor among the nobles of the land, and men who glory in a long line of honored ancestors? Where then is that philosophic spirit

which professed to be satisfied with scanty supplies ? is it employed in adorning such gardens as these ? in pacing majestically through these suburban retreats ? does it abound in estates so extensive as these, and in such immense sums put out at interest ? One plea only occurs to my thoughts ; that it becomes not me to oppose your bounties.

“ But both of us have now filled up our measure : you, of all that the bounty of a prince could confer upon his friend ; I, of all that a friend could accept from the bounty of his prince. Every addition can only furnish fresh materials for envy ; which, indeed, like all other earthly things, lies prostrate beneath your towering greatness ; but weighs heavily on me : I require assistance. Thus, in the same manner as, were I weary and faint with the toils of warfare or a journey, I should implore indulgence, so in this journey of life, old as I am, and unequal even to the lightest cares, since I am unable longer to sustain the weight of my own riches, I seek protection. Order your own stewards to undertake the direction of my fortune, and to annex it to your own ; nor shall I by this plunge myself into poverty ; but having surrendered those things by whose splendor I am exposed to the assaults of envy, all the time which is set apart for the care of gardens and villas I shall apply once more to the cultivation of my mind.”

Nero refused to become the guardian of Seneca’s wealth. He replied nobly at this time, although he afterwards ordered his pedagogue to put himself to death. According to picturesque Tacitus, he said : —

“ You nursed my childhood and directed my youth by your moral lessons, and as for the favors you have received from me, I see occasion to blush that

a man who holds the highest place in my esteem does not yet transcend all others in the gifts of fortune."

Alas for human friendships when the heart is untrue! Nero at the time may have meant what he said, but the heart that is unfaithful to one will be in time untrue to another. Seneca died like a Stoic. He said, in parting with his friends, "I bequeath to you the example of my life."

The first of the tragedies of Nero's reign was the destruction of Britannicus, the son of Claudius. Nero was jealous of him for many reasons, one of which was his beautiful voice. Nero aspired to be an actor and a public singer. Suetonius gives a very interesting account of this ambition. He says:—

"Nor did he omit any of those expedients which artists in music adopt for the preservation and improvement of their voices. He would lie upon his back with a sheet of lead upon his breast, clear his stomach and bowels by vomits and clysters, and forbear the eating of fruits or food prejudicial to the voice. Encouraged by his proficiency, though his voice was naturally neither loud nor clear, he was desirous of appearing upon the stage, frequently repeating amongst his friends a Greek proverb to this effect: 'that no one had any regard for music which they never heard.' Accordingly, he made his first public appearance at Naples; and although the theatre quivered with the sudden shock of an earthquake, he did not desist until he had finished the piece of music he had begun. He played and sung in the same place several times, and for several days together, taking only now and then a little respite to refresh his voice. Impatient of retire-

ment, it was his custom to go from the bath to the theatre ; and after dining in the orchestra, amidst a crowded assembly of the people, he promised them in Greek, ‘that after he had drank a little he would give them a tune which would make their ears tingle.’ Being highly pleased with the songs that were sung in his praise by some Alexandrians belonging to the fleet just arrived at Naples, he sent for more of the like singers from Alexandria. At the same time he chose young men of the equestrian order, and above five thousand robust young fellows from the common people on purpose to learn various kinds of applause, called *bombi*, *imbrices*, and *testæ*, which they were to practise in his favor whenever he performed.”

There are few stories in history that are more touching than that of the manner in which the unfortunate Britannicus died. Tacitus thus describes the scene : —

“ During the festival of the Saturnalia, among other sports practised by those of the same age with him, they drew lots who should be king of the play, when the lot fell upon Nero : he therefore gave to all the rest distinct commands, yet such as exposed them to no ridicule : and when he ordered Britannicus to rise, and advancing to the centre to begin some song, he expected that the boy would become an object of derision, unhabituated as he was to sober society, and much more so to drunken revels ; but with perfect self-possession he pronounced some verses, which imported how ‘ he was thrown out of his father’s throne and imperial power.’ Hence he drew compassion from those who heard him, the more unequivocal as the midnight hour and extravagant mirth had banished dissimulation. Nero,

struck with the invidious application, conceived a still stronger aversion to him; and, urged to despatch by the menaces of Agrippina, as he had no crime to allege against his brother, and dared not command his execution openly, he set about a secret machination; he ordered poison to be prepared, and as his instrument employed Julius Pollio, tribune of a prætorian cohort, in whose custody was kept the woman named Locusta, who was under sentence for poisoning, and was notorious for her many iniquities. For care had been long since taken that those who were about the person of Britannicus should be such as had no sense of virtue or honor. The first poison he took was even administered by the hands of his tutors, but he avoided it; whether it wanted energy, or had been qualified so as not to act with sudden violence. Nero, who was impatient at the tardy execution of the guilty deed, began to threaten the tribune and doom the sorceress to execution, 'for that while they were looking to public opinion, and meditating the means of clearing themselves, they impeded his security.' They then undertook to despatch him as instantaneously as if he were run through with a sword; and in a chamber next to the emperor's the deadly potion was seethed, compounded of poisons whose rapid action had been proved.

"It was a custom for the children of princes, with other young nobles, to eat their meals in a sitting posture, in the sight of their friends, at a table of their own and less costly. Britannicus thus taking his food,—for as much as whatever he ate or drank was first tasted by a special officer, that neither this usage might be omitted, nor by the death of both the iniquity be detected,—the fol-

lowing artifice was concerted. A cup of drink, as yet harmless, and tried by the taster, but scalding hot, was handed to Britannicus; and when he refused it on account of its being too hot, cold water was poured into it, containing a poison which so completely entered his whole system that he was at once bereft of speech and breath. Fear and trembling seized his companions; such as comprehended not the mystery made off instantly, but those of deeper discernment remained, with their eyes fixed steadfastly upon Nero; who, as he lay in a reclining posture, declared with an air of unconsciousness, 'that he was used to be so affected by reason of the falling sickness, with which Britannicus from his early childhood had been afflicted; and that by degrees his sight and senses would return.' But in Agrippina such tokens of alarm and consternation discovered themselves, though by her looks she labored to suppress them, that it was manifest she was as much a stranger to the affair as his own sister Octavia; and well they might, for she was sensible that her last refuge was torn from her, and that here was a precedent for parricide. Octavia too, though in the artlessness of youth, had learned to hide her grief, her tenderness, and every other affection. Accordingly, after a short silence, the delights of the banquet were resumed.

"One night coupled the murder of Britannicus and his funeral pile; for the appointments of his burial, which were on a moderate scale, had been prepared beforehand. He was, however, buried in the Campus Martius, during such tempestuous rains that the populace believed them to be denunciations of the wrath of the gods against the deed."

Nero at last sought the murder of his own

mother, whose wicked arts had brought him to the throne. He had contrived a cunning plan by which she should be drowned on a galley which should suddenly go to pieces, but she escaped the wreck, and assassins were despatched to do his will. Her death is too dreadful to be described.

Nero gave himself wholly up to his vices. There fell a great fire upon Rome, and he is said to have revelled while Rome was burning. He caused Christians to be wrapped up in tar, and to be burned as torches in his gardens. He died a cowardly and miserable death by suicide; having not the courage to drive the dagger or sword into his breast, he compelled a slave to do it. He was but thirty years of age when he thus perished as the result of the passions that had ruled his life, A.D. 68.

We have given you a glance at the splendid houses on the Palatine. To these Nero added the Golden House. The splendor of this house was almost beyond belief. A few sentences from Suetonius in regard to it will fill your mind with wonder. He says:—

“In nothing was he more prodigal than in his buildings. He completed his palace by continuing it from the Palatine to the Esquiline Hill, calling the building at first only ‘The Passage,’ but after it was burnt down and rebuilt, ‘The Golden House.’ Of its dimensions and furniture it may be sufficient to say this much: the porch was so high that there



Arch of Nero.

stood in it a colossal statue of himself a hundred and twenty feet in height; and the space included in it was so ample that it had triple porticos a mile in length, and a lake like a sea, surrounded with buildings which had the appearance of a city. Within its area were corn fields, vineyards, pastures, and woods, containing a vast number of animals of various kinds, both wild and tame. In other parts it was entirely overlaid with gold, and adorned with jewels and mother of pearl. The supper rooms were vaulted, and compartments of the ceilings, inlaid with ivory, were made to revolve, and scatter flowers, while they contained pipes which shed unguents upon the guests. The chief banqueting room was circular, and revolved perpetually, night and day, in imitation of the motion of the celestial bodies. The baths were supplied with water from the sea and the Albula. Upon the dedication of this magnificent house after it was finished, all he said in approval of it was, 'that he had now a dwelling fit for a man.'

Better would it have been for 'Nero had he followed the counsels of Seneca, and builded out of a noble character a Golden House of Virtue to have shone forever like a star amid the benefactors of the world.

The race of the Cæsars becoming extinct in Nero, the armies began to create emperors, and there was a rivalry in these elections between the armies of the East and of the West.

(5) Galba was first chosen emperor, but was soon overthrown. He was followed by (6) Otho, who shared a similar fate, and by (7) Vitellius, who went down like the others. The armies of Rome now quickly began to make and unmake

the imperial power. Next came Vespasian in the uncertain successions, after the army became the governing power. (8) Vespasian was sent by Nero to wage war against the Jews. He reduced Judea, and he left the siege of Jerusalem to his son Titus, and repaired to Rome at a time of national disorder. He pacified the city, and was made military emperor, and followed Nero in the real tenure, or supreme power. He died 79 A.D. after a reign of ten years. Vespasian left two sons, Titus and Domitian, the first of whom was called the Delight of Mankind. It was this Titus who destroyed Jerusalem, as recorded by Josephus.

(9) Titus succeeded Vespasian. He had been hailed as the future emperor after the conquest of Judea. He was a most accomplished and amiable man, a lover of poetry and the arts, and as "companion of his father in the government for many years, he had well learned the duties of state. He was very popular from his many noble deeds. In his reign an eruption of Vesuvius overturned Herculaneum and Pompeii, a thrilling account of which has been left by Pliny the Younger.

He reigned only two years, two months, and twenty days. He loved his farms, and while going to one of them for rest he fell sick of a fever by



Vespasian.

the way. He was carried on by a litter, and finding death approaching, he said:—

“I have done but one act in life that I have occasion to repent.”

Tacitus, who wrote the *Annals*, from which we have liberally drawn, was a son-in-law of Titus.

(10) Domitian followed him in the purple, a man whose life was full of contradictions of good and evil, and who did unaccountable things. There seems to have existed in him two Domitians, one good, great, and noble, and another cunning, cruel, and depraved. Suetonius in a masterly way pictures these contradictions of good and evil.

But his evil spirit prevailed at last, and the good angel vanished and left him a terror to himself. When he was about to destroy a man he would pretend to be his best friend, and he would toy with a human victim to his cunning and cruelty as a cat with a mouse. His court became filled with terror, and a plot was formed to destroy him, as cunning as any he ever formed to take the life of another.

He had walks of luminous stones made so that when he went into his porticos he could look behind him, and see that no assassin approached him. When he held an audience with a messenger, he held the messenger by a chain. He had tasters and guards, and took every means to prevent his secret enemies from killing him.

But one day a steward came to him with a wounded arm, or one that had the appearance of being wounded. The arm was bandaged and wrapped in wool. In the wool was a dagger. That dagger ended his life A.D. 96.

With Domitian ended the great epoch of the

Cæsars, although the emperors after Domitian were called Cæsars.

After the Golden age of Literature in the time of Augustus, came the Silver age. Among the poets of this age were Lucanus (Lucan), a friend of Nero, and who perished by that emperor's order, and Juvenal, a second Horace. We shall speak of Juvenal again.

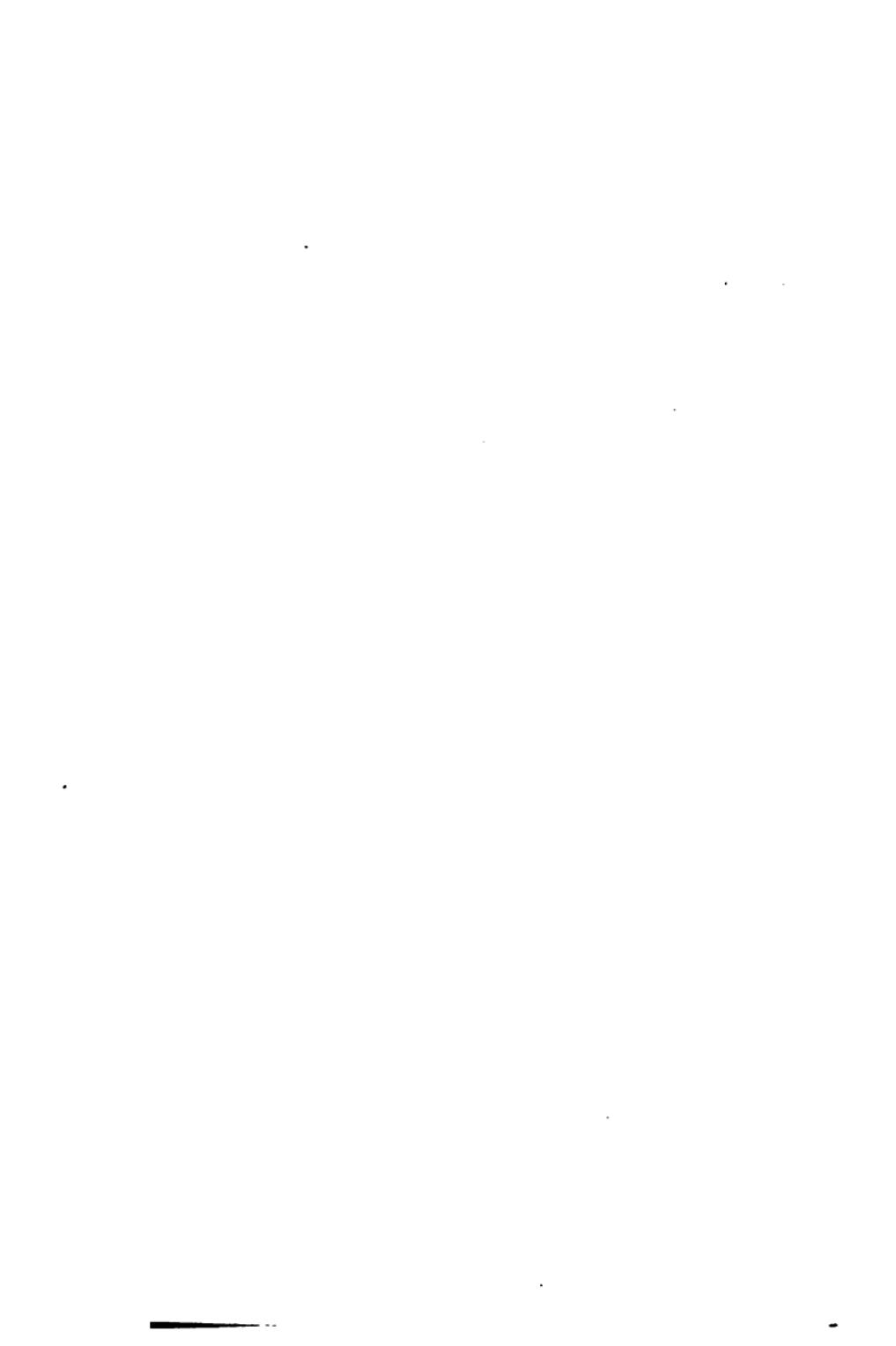
“I would like most to have seen three things in the world,” says an historic student: “Christ in the flesh, Paul on Mars’ Hill, and Rome in her glory.” These events belong to the period of the Cæsars.

Along the Appian Way to Rome came Paul on his missionary journey, in the days of Nero. The Rome of that day has vanished, but the influence of that missionary journey remains in the world, and leads the thoughts and souls of mankind.

At the same period Peter preached at Rome the doctrines on which he had founded the Church at Jerusalem. His soul, too, fills the world. Yet both St. Paul and St. Peter were probably martyrs in the days of Nero, and among the most obscure and despised of the martyrs of those dark days.



Judea Captive.



PART IV.

THE LAST DAYS OF ROME.

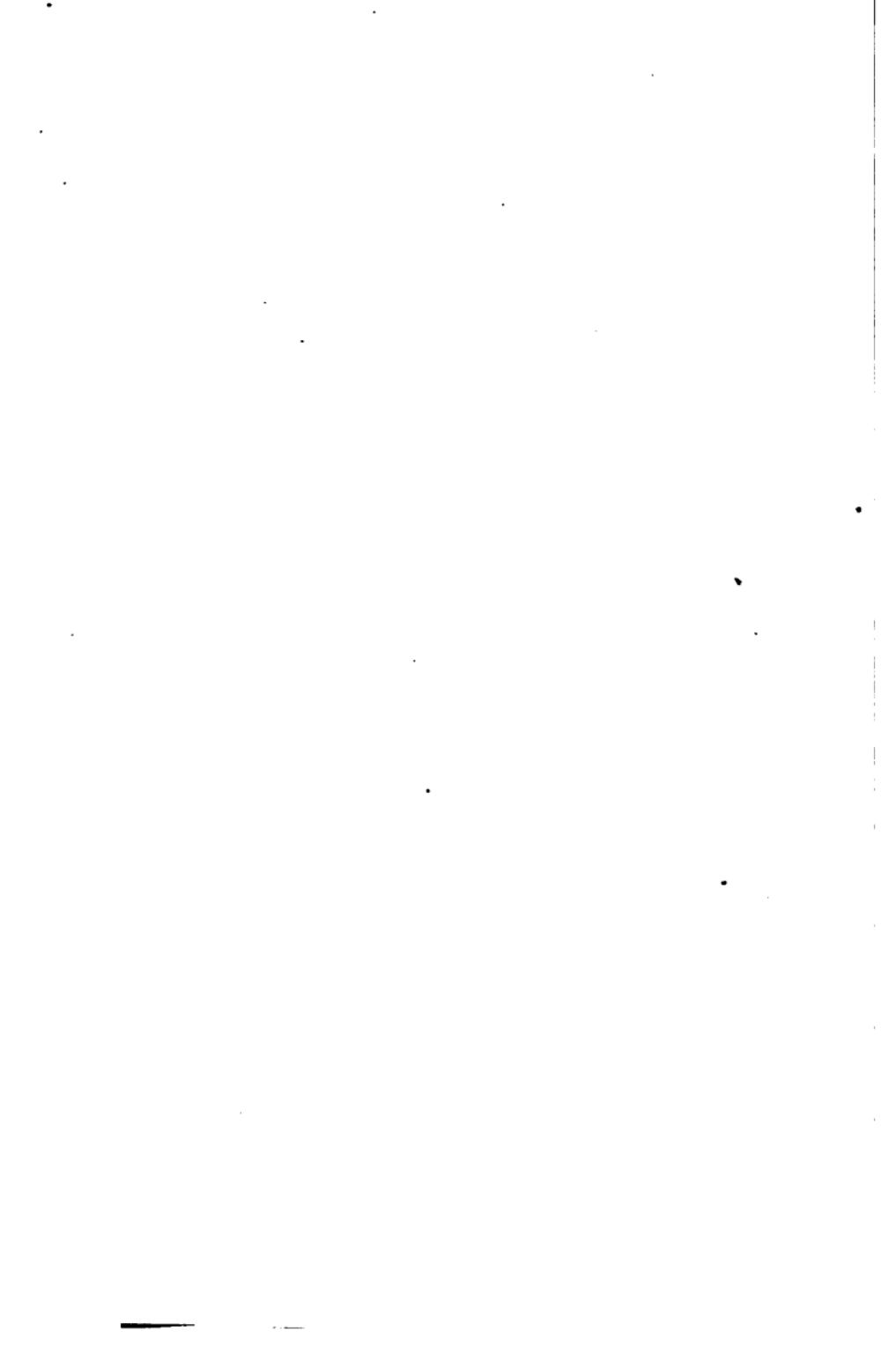
**CHAPTER XIX.—THE ANTONINES.—MARCUS AURELIUS,
PLINY, JUVENAL.**

**CHAPTER XX.—THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS AND
THE FLAVIAN AMPHITHEATRE.**

**CHAPTER XXI.—ROME CELEBRATES HER 1000TH BIRTH-
DAY.—THE SECULAR GAMES.—THE SATURNALIA.**

**CHAPTER XXII.—TALES OF ANCIENT ROME, BY THE
DRAMATIC POETS.**

**CHAPTER XXIII.—THE TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY BY
THE FALL OF HEATHEN ROME.**



CHAPTER XIX.

The Antonines. — Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.

IN the days of Claudius there appeared in the streets of Rome a man of gigantic stature, followed by his wife. The dress of the two was barbaric, and indicated a rude and primitive people.

They were captives from Britain, and were led by a Roman general. As they passed by the palaces of the Palatine, and in view of the temples and houses of the Sacred Way — *Via Sacra* — the spectacle filled them with wonder.

The tall Britain at last said to an attendant: —

“How can men who possess such palaces make such efforts to conquer our poor hovels?”

This was Caractacus, who had bravely defended Britain against an overwhelming Roman invasion, but had been overcome and brought to Rome to add to the long triumphs of the emperors.

The captive Britons were summoned before the throne of Claudius and the Empress Agrippina. When the wife of Caractacus saw the empress, she threw herself at her feet and implored her pity. The British chief and his wife were made free, and became one of the eminent Roman families.

Little would any Roman have thought that the island from which came that poor captive woman, who fell down before Claudius and Agrippina, would become the mistress of the world, and that its chief

city, London, would succeed Rome in the course of time as the metropolis of the world. Yet these events were to come! Julius Cæsar had invaded Britain about the year 55 B.C., and again in 54 B.C. Rome was a Republic then. Ninety-six years passed, and the Republic had become an Empire. The armies of Claudius followed the footsteps of Cæsar, and completed the subjugation of the island that was to become the mistress of the seas.

Trajan, whose column of victories may still be seen in Rome, and whom Nerva had adopted as his successor, followed in the imperial line, in 98. He was so good a ruler as to have won the title of *Optimus*, or the Best. He was succeeded by Hadrian, who built the Roman wall in Britain, from sea to sea. He erected for himself a tomb that was known as the Mole or Mausoleum of Hadrian. It became a fortress. It was renowned in the Middle Ages, and was used as a papal palace. As Pope Gregory,



Hadrian.

about the year 590, was leading a procession, walking with bare feet, he had a vision of the Archangel St. Michael, who appeared in the sky over the Mole or Mausoleum of Hadrian. It was at the time of

the Plague, and he hailed the vision as prophetic, and the Mole became known as the Castle of Sant' Angelo, or the Castle of the Holy Angel. This monument of Hadrian is still the most conspicuous of the buildings of Rome, and the first that is likely to impress a stranger. Its situation and form, as well as its long history, made it the object from which all things seem to radiate in modern Rome.

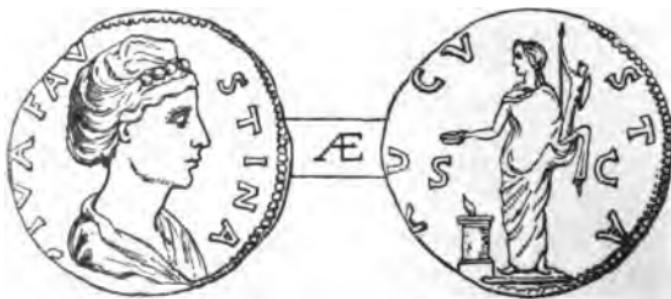
The former emperors had persecuted the Christian faith. Hadrian was the first to listen kindly to its teachings. He was succeeded by Titus Aurelius Antoninus, an upright man, and a Stoic in his views, a builder, and a man of peace. He so earnestly sought the good of his people that he was called the *Pius*. He added ramparts in Britain to the defensive works of Hadrian. He adopted his son-in-law Marcus Aurelius as his successor. The Empire reached the height of its power in the days of Trajan, but it attained the height of character in the person of Marcus Aurelius. He was the noblest of all the characters of later Roman history, and as it is a good thing to read of good men, we must give you an extended account of him here.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Augustus was born in Rome, A.D. 121. When a mere child he preferred study to the splendors of the court, nature to art, and the soul to material concerns. At the age of



Antoninus.

twelve he took the philosophic mantle, as an indication of his chosen pursuits. He accepted the principles of the Stoics, adopted their habits, and found his delight in denying himself for the sake of the good of his soul. Though heir to the grandest throne in the world, he overcame pride, and maintained simple habits, and in an age of fiery passions he acquired the serene disposition of his father-in-law, and became an example of beauty as well as simplicity of character. His judgment under such self-restraints



Coin struck by Antoninus Pius in Memory of Faustina the elder.

became so clear that Antoninus Pius, his father-in-law, associated him in the government many years before he died.

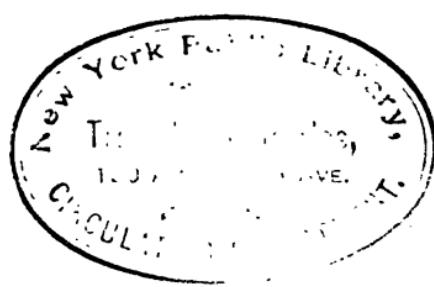
One of his first acts on coming to the throne was to give Lucius Aurelius Verus an honored place in the government, thus making him his friend.

He was a man of peace, but he was obliged to carry on defensive wars, and led his army in person, enduring the lot of the common soldier.

He was so much a Stoic as to be blind to Christianity and opposed to it, although he has surpassed most Christian kings in living the principles of the Christian faith. He seems to have thought Chris-



TEMPLE OF ANTONINUS AND FAUSTINA.



tianity to be an immoral superstition, as it was then called, and if it had good, that his philosophy yet transcended it. In one of his campaigns against the German tribes on the Danube, he was shut up in a place where there was no water, and his army seemed about to perish with thirst, when a Christian legion in his army knelt down and prayed. A cloud arose, followed by deluge of rain. The Christians attributed the rain to their faith, but Aurelius to Jupiter. The scene is represented in art in a very dramatic way, the soldiers catching the water as it fell on their shields. The Christian soldiers who thus called on God became known as the Thundering Legion.

The reign of Aurelius was troubled by plague, earthquake, and famine, but amid it all, like a Roman Job, he held that all things that happened were for the good of all, and that the Divine wisdom was to be praised in the darkest events of life.

He not only made a friend of his rival by doing him justice, but forgave his wife, who was untrue to him. His strength of character grew with years, and he sacrificed self for the good of others, until Rome looked upon him as a divinity. Righteousness was the law of his life and his delight. His constant teaching was that we possess everything by giving up our desires. He thought that most men waste life by struggling to fulfil their desires for things that are neither good for them or for others, as for wealth, the gratification of self-will, and passion. He used to say: "Thou hast given up thy complaint when thou givest up thy desire or opinion." He died in the prime of life, of malarial fever, in 180, in the 59th year of his age, and the 20th of his reign,

The Empire went into sincere mourning ; the Senate voted him a god ; Rome set up his images for veneration, and the world has never ceased to hold his character in high esteem.

But it is by his published works, written in Greek, that he now lives in influence. Except in the teachings of the Gospel, perhaps no man ever saw truth in a clearer light, or wrote more sublime precepts for the guidance of mankind.

We must give you some extracts from the *Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius*, and hope that you will secure the book and read the whole. A young person should read the best books first, and among the best reading of any age is the noble emperor's meditations.

I. The whole world is one commonwealth.

II. That which is not for the interest of the whole, is not for the interest of one. (That which is not for the interest of the whole swarm, is not for the interest of the single bee.)

III. Cease your complaint, and you are not injured.

IV. The best revenge is not to imitate an injury.

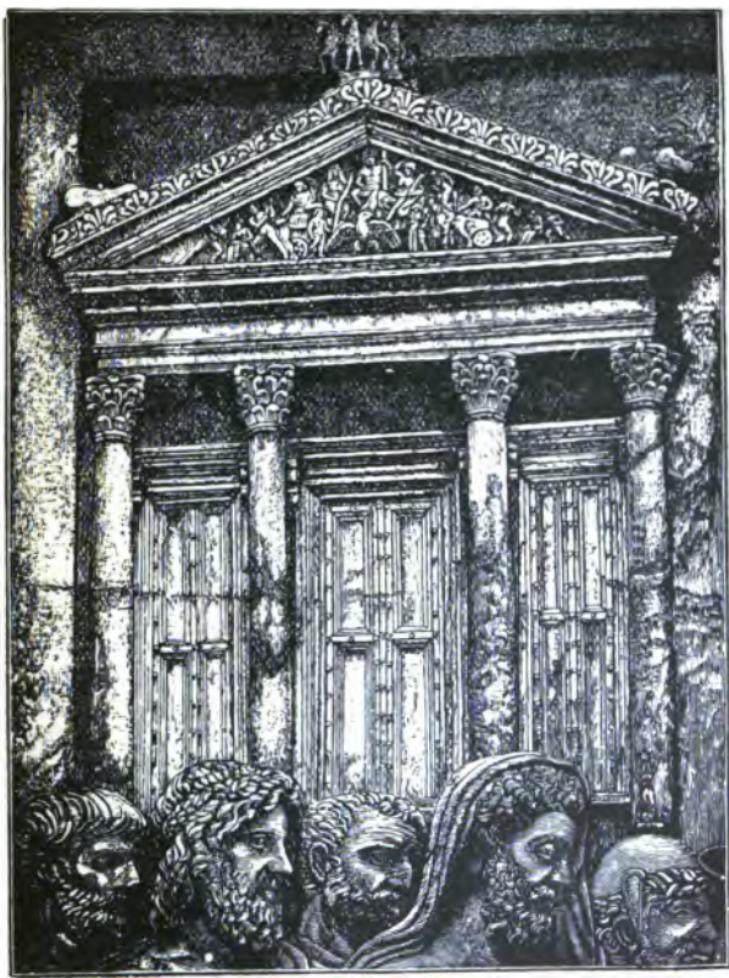
V. A man prays to be free from trouble; let him rather pray that he may never have such a desire.

VI. Thou hast given up thy complaint when thou givest up thy opinion.

VII. No man can injure thee unless he makes thy character worse.

VIII. No man can do me a real injury, because no man can force me to misbehave myself.

IX. Let a man serve the divinity within himself; keep himself pure from passion and evil affections, from temper and pride, and all manner of discontent.



BAS-RELIEF FROM THE ARCH OF MARCUS AURELIUS.



XII. A thing is neither better nor worse for being praised. No virtues stand in need of any good word, or are worse for a bad one. An emerald will shine, though the world be silent.

XIII. He that is selfish cuts off his own soul from the universal soul, and is an outlaw.

XIV. What does fame everlasting mean ? Vanity. What is then worth our concern ? Nothing but this : To have an honest soul, to live for the good of others, and to welcome everything that happens as good.

XV. Bearing misfortunes well turns them to advantages to the soul.

XVI. Be sound in word and deed, and you need not quarrel with any one.

XVII. How can anything be a misfortune to a man which does not alter his soul ?

XVIII. Be always doing something serviceable to mankind.

We have given you some specimens of the vivid historical works of Livy and Tacitus, and of the poems of Virgil and Horace. It is a pleasure now to commend to you another writer who lived at this period and who wrote in the times of Trajan. He was a lover of nature, and delighted in rural scenes, and every one has a brotherly feeling for such inspirations.

Pliny was born near Lake Como, 61 A.D. He was a nephew of the Pliny, called the Elder, who was also a lover of nature, and wrote a book on natural history (*Historia Naturalis*). Pliny, the naturalist, also lived on the borders of a lovely Italian lake, and on the death of the father of Pliny the Younger he adopted the son, and trained him not only in literature and art, but in a study of the

Italian lakes, fields, and mountains. Pliny wrote a Greek tragedy at the age of thirteen, and began to speak from the Roman Forum at nineteen. He became one of the most accomplished men of Rome. He was consul in the year 100, and he pronounced the grand eulogy of Trajan.

His letters are among the most renowned in ancient literature. Like the pages of Livy they glow with life. They are also full of the love of nature, of the sky, the sea, the mountains, and the groves.

Pliny had many country seats, and his soul delighted to seek beauty in rural scenes. His favorite villa was at Lake Como.

Let us give you a part of one of his letters to a friend at Lake Como, which shows his heart, and illustrates his charming style: —

“ How is our dear, darling Como looking ? Tell me about that lovely villa, about the colonnade where it is always spring, about the shady plane-tree walk, about the green and flowery banks of that little stream, and of the charming lake below, which serves at once the purpose of use and beauty. What have you to tell me about the carriage-drive, as firm as it is soft, and the sunny bath-room, and your dining-rooms, both for a large and a select circle of friends, and your various chambers of rest and repose by day or night ? Do these delightful attractions share you by turns, or are you, as usual, called away from them by the pressure of important business engagements connected with your property ? If all these delights have you to themselves, you are indeed most fortunate ; if not, you are like most other people. Why not leave (for it is high time) these wretched degrading cares to



TRIUMPH OF MARCUS AURELIUS.

[FROM A BAS-RELIEF.]



others, and give yourself up in the deep repose of such a snug retreat to reading and study? Make these your business and your recreation, your labor and your rest, the subjects of your waking and even of your sleeping thoughts. Work at something and produce something which will be yours forever. All your other possessions will pass from one master to another; this alone when once yours, will be yours forever. I know the temper and the genius which I am seeking to stimulate. Only strive to think yourself what the world will think you if you do justice. Farewell."

How pleasant it is to hear of that "colonnade where it is always spring," and out of such remembered experiences, such a voice as this: "*Work at something and produce something which shall be yours forever.*"

The elder Pliny perished in the eruption of Vesuvius, which overthrew Pompeii in A.D. 79. The younger Pliny wrote an account of this calamity. We will give you the most thrilling part of it here:—

"When my uncle had started, I spent such time as was left on my studies—it was on their account, indeed, that I had stopped behind. Then followed the bath, dinner, and sleep,—this last disturbed and brief. There had been noticed for many days before a trembling of the earth, which had caused, however, but little fear, because it is not unusual in Campania. But that night it was so violent, that one thought that everything was being not merely moved but absolutely overturned. My mother rushed into my chamber; I was in the act of rising, with the same intention of awakening her should she have been asleep. We sat down in the

open court of the house, which occupied a small space between the buildings and the sea.

“And now—I do not know whether to call it courage or folly, for I was but in my eighteenth year—I called for a volume of *Livy*, read it as if I were perfectly at leisure, and even continued to make some extracts which I had begun.

“Just then arrived a friend of my uncle, who had lately come to him from Spain; when he saw that we were sitting down—that I was even reading—he rebuked my mother for her patience, and me for my blindness to the danger. Still I bent myself as industriously as ever over my book.

“It was now seven o’clock in the morning, but the daylight was still faint and doubtful. The surrounding buildings were now so shattered that in the place where we were, which, though open, was small, the danger that they might fall on us was imminent and unmistakable.

“So we at last determined to quit the town. A panic-stricken crowd followed us. They preferred the ideas of others to their own,—in a moment of terror this has a certain look of prudence,—and they pressed on us and drove us on, as we departed, by their dense array.

“When we had got away from the building, we stopped. There we had to endure the sight of many marvellous, many dreadful things. The carriages which we had directed to be brought out moved about in opposite directions, though the ground was perfectly level; even when scotched with stones they did not remain steady in the same place. Besides this, we saw the sea retire into itself, seeming, as it were, to be driven back by the trembling movement of the earth. The shore had

distinctly advanced, and many marine animals were left high and dry upon the sands.

“Behind us was a dark and dreadful cloud, which, as it was broken with rapid zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously-shaped masses of flame: these last were like sheet-lightning, though on a larger scale. Then our friend from Spain addressed us more energetically and urgently than ever.

“‘If your brother,’ he said, ‘if your uncle is alive, he wishes you to be saved; if he has perished, he certainly wished you to survive him. If so, why do you hesitate to escape?’

“We answered that we could not bear to think about our own safety while we were doubtful of his. He lingered no longer, but rushed off, making his way out of the danger at the top of his speed.

“It was not long before the cloud that we saw began to descend upon the earth and cover the sea. It had already surrounded and concealed the island of Capreæ, and had made invisible the promontory of Misenum. My mother besought, urged, even commanded me to fly as best I could.

“‘I might do so,’ she said, ‘for I was young; she, from age and corpulence, could move but slowly, but would be content to die, if she did not bring death upon me.’

“I replied that I would not seek safety except in her company; I clasped her hand, and compelled her to go with me. She reluctantly obeyed, but continually reproached herself for delaying me. Ashes now began to fall — still, however, in small quantities. I looked behind me; a dense dark mist seemed to be following us, spreading itself over the country like a cloud.

“‘Let us turn out of the way,’ I said, ‘whilst we

can still see, for fear that should we fall in the road we should be trodden under foot in the darkness by the throngs that accompany us.'

"We had scarcely sat down when night was upon us,—not such as we have when there is no moon, or when the sky is cloudy, but such as there is in some closed room when the lights are extinguished. You might hear the shrieks of women, the monotonous wailing of children, the shouts of men. Many were raising their voices, and seeking to recognize by the voices that replied, parents, children, husbands, or wives. Some were loudly lamenting their own fate, others the fate of those dear to them. Some even prayed for death, in their fear of what they prayed for. Many lifted their hands in prayer to the gods; more were convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night of which we have heard had come upon the world.

"There were not wanting persons who exaggerated our real perils with terrors imaginary or wilfully invented. I remember some who declared that one part of the promontory Misenum had fallen, that another was on fire; it was false, but they found people to believe them.

"It now grew somewhat light again; we felt sure that this was not the light of day, but a proof that fire was approaching us. Fire there was, but it stopped at a considerable distance from us; then came darkness again, and a thick, heavy fall of ashes. Again and again we stood up and shook them off; otherwise we should have been covered by them, and even crushed by the weight.

"I might boast that not a sigh, not a word wanting in courage, escaped me, even in the midst of peril

so great, had I not been convinced that I was perishing in company with the universe, and the universe with me—a miserable and yet a mighty solace in death. At last the black mist I had spoken of seemed to shade off into smoke or cloud, and to roll away. Then came genuine daylight, and the sun shone out with a lurid light, such as it is wont to have in an eclipse. Our eyes which had not yet recovered from the effects of fear, saw everything changed, everything covered deep with ashes as if with snow.

“ We returned to Misenum, and, after refreshing ourselves as best we could, spent a night of anxiety in mingled hope and fear. Fear, however, was still the stronger feeling ; for the trembling of the earth continued, while many frenzied persons, with their terrific predictions, gave an exaggeration that was even ludicrous to the calamities of themselves and of their friends. Even then, in spite of all the perils which we had experienced and which we still expected, we had not a thought of going away till we could hear news of my uncle.”

We are sure that you will like to read all the letters of Pliny.

Behind the oak hills of Latium was the country home of Juvenal, the Satirist, in this Silver age of the poets. From the roar of the city, out of the Capene Gate, and past the fountain of Numa, with its airy legend,—

“ Here Numa once his nightly visits paid,
And held high converse with the Egerian maid,”

the poet used to pass down the Appian Way, which towered silent with the shadows of the tombs of Rome. The monuments at last grew dim behind

him, and vanished away. He at length came to his farm, amid breezy hills. His rural life is graphically described in his poems. Like Virgil and Horace, he loved to sing the praises of the woods and fields.

Juvenal began his poetic life by writing satires, but he became philosophical in mature years. His philosophical work was largely that of the analysis of causes and consequences : —

“ The mills of the gods grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small.”

Juvenal must be placed among the poets who clearly saw the truth that the only thing worth living for in this world is righteousness. He fled from Rome to his farm, and here he studied life and ridiculed and lamented the vices of the age. He died at the age of eighty, under the reign of Hadrian. His best work was done after he was fifty years of age, and some of his most effective poems were written after the age of seventy. Horace laughed at the follies and vices of his time, but Juvenal scores them with indignation. The Christian world has honored Juvenal, and, when you have read Pliny’s Letters, you may like to read a translation of such of the poems of Juvenal as remain. These poems were matured by the labors of years, and the soul of honor is in them. We must introduce to you one of them.

The poem which we will give in part contrasts a humble country repast to which Juvenal invites a brother poet from the city with the feasts of Rome.

The Roman feasts at this period were among the most luxurious ever known. One of these feasts

given by a Roman emperor cost a sum equal to three hundred thousand dollars. Such feasts were given in lofty halls, and were enlivened by musicians, actors, dancers, and jesters. The guests reclined on couches while eating and listening to the entertainment.

Snails, many kinds of fish, and all kinds of game were served; peacocks in their feathers; animals roasted whole. Wine flowed from cups of gold, and luscious fruit loaded the tables.

The Roman feasts among people of rank became so expensive and enervating that a law was passed, limiting the amount that such an entertainment should cost. Juvenal, with the old Roman spirit, looked down upon such wasteful gratification of the body at the expense of the soul. He believed in simple living as a principle, and in feeding the mind with noble thought rather than fattening the body to become a prey to vices. His feasts were simple as to food but rich in intellectual inspirations. He was rich in having but few wants. All nature was his possession; the whole realm of thought his empire. Like the bird he sang best amid the groves and fields.

“Enough: to-day my Persicus shall see
Whether my precepts with my life agree;
Whether, with feigned austerity, I prize
The spare repast, a glutton in disguise,
Bawl for coarse pottage, that my friends may hear,
But whisper ‘sweetmeats!’ in my servant’s ear.
For since, by promise, you are now my guest,
Know, I invite you to no sumptuous feast,
But to such simple fare, as long, long since,
The good Evander bade the Trojan prince.
Come then, my friend, you will not, sure, despise
The food that pleased the offspring of the skies;

Come, and while fancy brings past times to view,
I'll think myself the king, the hero you.

“Take now your bill of fare ; my simple board
Is with no dainties from the market stored,
But dishes all my own. From Tibur's stock
A kid shall come, the fattest of the flock,
The tenderest too, and yet too young to browse
The thistle's shoots, the willow's watery boughs,
With more of milk than blood ; and pullets drest
With new-laid eggs, yet tepid from the nest,
And 'sparage wild, which, from the mountain's side,
My housemaid left her spindle to provide ;
And grapes long kept, yet pulpy still, and fair,
And the rich Signian and the Syrian pear ;
And apples, that in flavour and in smell
The boasted Picene equal, or excel : —
Nor need you fear, my friend, their liberal use,
For age has mellowed and improved their juice.

“How homely this ! and yet this homely fare
A senator would, once, have counted rare ;
When the good Curius thought it no disgrace
O'er a few sticks a little pot to place,
With herbs by his small garden-plot supplied —
Food, which the squalid wretch would now deride,
Who digs in fetters, and, with fond regret,
The tavern's savory dish remembers yet !

“Time was when on the rack a man would lay
The seasoned flitch against a solemn day ;
• And think the friends who met with decent mirth
To celebrate the hour which gave him birth,
On this, and what of fresh the altars spared
(For altars then were honored), nobly fared.
Some kinsman, who had camps and senates swayed,
Had thrice been consul, once dictator made,
From public cares retired, would gaily haste,
Before the wonted hour, to such repast,
Shouldering the spade, that, with no common toil,
Had tamed the *genius* of the mountain soil. —

Yes, when the world was filled with Rome's just fame,
 And Romans trembled at the Fabian name,
 The Scauran, and Fabrician ; when they saw
 A censor's rigor e'en a censor awe,
 No son of Troy e'er thought it his concern,
 Or worth a moment's serious care to learn,
 What land, what sea, the fairest tortoise bred,
 Whose clouded shell might best adorn his bed. —
 His bed was small, and did no signs impart
 Or of the painter's or the sculptor's art,
 Save where the front, cheaply inlaid with brass,
 Showed the rude features of a vine-crowned ass ;¹
 An uncouth brute, round which his children played,
 And laughed and jested at the face it made !
 Briefly, his house, his furniture, his food,
 Were uniformly plain, and simply good.

“ Then the rough soldier, yet untaught by Greece
 To hang, enraptured, o'er a finished piece,
 If haply, 'mid the congregated spoils
 (Proofs of his power, and guerdon of his toils),
 Some antique vase of master-hands were found,
 Would dash the glittering bauble on the ground ;
 That in new forms the molten fragments drest
 Might blaze illustrious round his courser's chest,
 Or, flashing from his burnished helmet, show
 (A dreadful omen to the trembling foe)
 The mighty sire, with glittering shield and spear,
 Hovering, enamoured, o'er the sleeping fair,
 The wolf, by Rome's high destinies made mild,
 And, playful at her side, each wondrous child.

“ Thus, all the wealth those simple times could boast,
 Small wealth ! their horses and their arms engrossed ;
 The rest was homely, and their frugal fare,
 Cooked without art, was served in earthenware :
 Yet worthy all our envy, were the breast
 But with one spark of noble spleen possest : .

¹ The head was crowned with vine-leaves, the ass being sacred to Bacchus.

THEN shone the fanes with majesty divine,
 A present god was felt at every shrine !
 And solemn sounds, heard from the sacred walls,
 At midnight's solemn hour, announced the Gauls,
 Now rushing from the main ; while, prompt to save,
 Stood Jove, the prophet of the signs he gave !
 Yet, when he thus revealed the will of fate,
 And watched attentive o'er the Latian state,
 His shrine, his statue, rose of humble mould,
 Of artless form, and unprofaned with gold.

“ Those good old times no foreign tables sought ;
 From their own woods the walnut-tree was brought,
 When withering limbs declared its pith unsound,
 Or winds uptore and stretched it on the ground.
 But now, such strange caprice has seized the great,
 They find no pleasure in the costliest treat,
 Suspect the flowers a sickly scent exhale,
 And think the ven'son rank, the turbot stale.
 Unless wide-yawning panthers, towering high —
 Enormous pedestals of ivory,
 Formed of the teeth which Elephantis sends,
 Which the dark Moor, or darker Indian, vends,
 Or those which, now, too heavy for the head,
 The beasts in Nabathea's forest shed —
 The spacious ORBS support : then they can feed,
 And every dish is delicate indeed !
 For silver feet are viewed with equal scorn,
 As iron rings upon the finger worn.

“ To me, forever be the guest unknown,
 Who, measuring my expenses by his own,
 Remarks the difference with a scornful leer,
 And slights my humble house and homely cheer.
 Look not to me for ivory ; I have none :
 My chess-board and my men are all of bone ;
 Nay, my knife-handles ; yet, my friend, for this,
 My pullets neither cut nor taste amiss.

“ My feast, to-day, shall other joys afford :
 Hushed as we sit around the frugal board,

Great Homer shall his deep-toned thunder roll,
And mighty Maro elevate the soul ;
Maro, who, warmed with all the poet's fire,
Disputes the palm of victory with his sire :
Nor fear my rustic clerks ; read as they will,
The bard, the bard, shall rise superior still ! ”



Corn-mill worked by a blind-folded horse driven by a slave,
who holds a measure of flour.

CHAPTER XX.

The Church of the Catacombs and the Flavian Amphitheatre.

OLD Rome is declining amid her splendor. “The last shall be first.” A new Rome which shall possess the future, is beginning to congregate and grow in the great caves that underlie the city. It is being founded by the Christians who have fled from persecution, and who are making their secret place of worship there.

The growth of the city in the latter days of the Republic and early days of the Empire led to the formation of immense quarries under the streets, suburbs, and immediate neighborhood. The stone taken from these quarries was used for building purposes, and the caverns grew with the demand for the material. These caverns or subterranean rooms and galleries were called catacombs. The material excavated was called tufa. It was a volcanic, sandy rock.

These catacombs became the hiding-place of persecuted people, outlaws, and criminals.

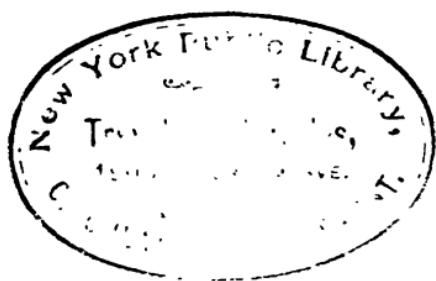
“Hide yourself in the catacombs,” said one to Nero after the sentence of the Senate against him.

“I will not go under ground while I am living,” was his reported answer.

The catacombs became places for the burial of the dead. It was the custom in Rome to burn the bodies of respected citizens, but many people were buried, and these as a rule found a resting-



INTERIOR OF A CATACOMB.



place in the catacombs. Cast out bodies of slaves were buried there ; the very poor classes and criminals. The Esquiline Hill at one time became so full of bodies as to pollute the air.

The chambers were called crypts. Such places became the dwelling-places as well as the resorts for worship of the Christians, as one persecution was followed by another. Here the Christians were brought into intimate association with the underground workers, and these received the Gospel gladly, and so the new faith spread.

The ignorant converts developed the highest characters. They crowned themselves with power and purity, shared their bread and wages with each other, and lived unselfish lives. Their whole purpose was to do what they believed to be the will of God. They loved sacrifice, since it enriched the soul ; despised pain, which was a test of faith, and held death to be a coronation day. The more they suffered in body the happier they seemed to be in their souls.

Character made the community or these communities strong. In their persecutions and poverty they were gathering strength to cope with the luxurious world above them. They believed that Christ was either about to appear in the clouds, and reign in the earth, or that his spiritual kingdom was about to triumph over the earth, and that the Christians would possess it. With these views they waited, confident that victory over the kingdoms of this world would one day be the end of their faith.

The early Christians were hunted by their persecutors even in these cavernous dwellings. Stephen, one of the bishops of Rome, was beheaded in an

underground chapel, while seated in his Episcopal chair.

The members of these hidden communities became missionaries, when peaceful times allowed them to appear in light of the day in Rome.

The Christian martyrs in the times of the Cæsars numbered millions, and yet the faith grew, and the old idols were toppling to their fall. The galleries of the catacombs became streets, the great caverns towns, and the walls at night echoed with confident prayers and triumphal songs.

The shadowy catacombs, to which the scanty rays of light came like a bow of promise or a celestial messenger, yet abounded with springs and wells of pure water. These were held to be an emblem of the faith.

The Christians buried their dead there, and in the inscriptions on these tombs is written their history.

Let us examine one of these inscriptions and try to interpret what it says to us:—



In Christ.

Alexander is not dead, he lives above the stars and his body rests in this tomb. He ended his life under the Emperor Antoninus who foreseeing that great benefit would result from his services, returned evil for good. For while on his knees and about to sacrifice to the true God, he was led away to execution. O unhappy times, in which among sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns we are not safe! What can be more wretched than such a life? and what than such a death? When they cannot be buried by their friends and relatives; but they shine in heaven.

Strange as it may seem the caverns and galleries of the catacombs often run under each other. The great city under ground thus had its upper and lower abodes, into some of which rays of light penetrated and through others of which torches only swept. In the dark rooms alone was security.

From the first century to about the year 400, nearly the whole Christian population of Rome was buried in the catacombs.

Some of the early inscriptions on the tombs are startling, in their suggestions of the greatness of the “noble army of martyrs.” Here is one:—

Marcella and five hundred and fifty martyrs of Christ.

The triumphs of the martyrs of the catacombs over pain and death is one of the most sublime chapters of human history. A Latin poet thus gives the thoughts of Maxarchus, one of the martyrs:—

“Tear as you will this mangled frame,
Home to mortality ;
But think not, man of blood, to tame
Or take revenge on ME.

“You overlook in thus supposing
The noble self that dwells within ;
Throughout these cruel scenes reposing
Where nought that injures enters in.”

The emblems of faith employed in the catacombs were the beginnings of Christian art. In the dark rooms torches, lamps, and candles were employed, and these are said to have been continued as emblems in the altar lights of the churches after the triumph of Christianity.

The monogram  was placed over many tombs, and has never ceased to be used in church decorations. The sign represents the first two letters of the Greek word for Christ, *Xp̄iōt̄s*. It resembles our use of Xmas for Christmas.

The Good Shepherd, the Dove, the Olive Branch, the Palm, are found among the tombs of the catacombs. The Pipes of Pan, in reality the first organ, appears among the rock pictures. The cross containing the monogram was a noble and beautiful symbol.

In the church of the catacombs was developed the new kingdom of Christ, now known as the

Christian world. In those days that kingdom lay hidden under the feet of lustful and cruel emperors; to-day it governs the kings of the earth, and is making kingdoms free, and all mankind brothers, and righteousness the supreme law of the world. As the Great Teacher said, "The last shall be first and the first last!"



From a Bas-Relief in the Vatican.

While the church was thus growing in power in the dark caverns under Rome, the luxurious city was amusing herself with sports and games. Vespasian, to provide amusement for the people of Rome, began an immense amphitheatre, which became historic as the Colosseum, or Coliseum. Twelve thousand Jews, most of them captives, were em-

ployed some five years upon it. It covered nearly six acres, and cost \$12,000,000. It would accommodate eighty-seven thousand spectators, and hold one hundred thousand people. Its ruins may still be seen in Rome, and have been made the subject of several grand poems, among them noble pictures by Byron and Shelley.

The sports and games in the Colosseum were brutal, and such as tended to harden the heart, and strengthen the passions. So while character was developing and becoming heroic in the chapels under ground, it was being weakened in the world's great play-house, known as the Colosseum.

The persecuted Christians were often taken to the Colosseum to suffer death and to offer a spectacle for the amusement of the Roman people.

Let us go to the Flavian amphitheatre (as the Colosseum was first called) in these days of wealth, luxury, and persecution. The people are hurrying there; the rich in their chariots, the clients, the freedmen, and even the slaves. The immense structure is open to the sun. The privileged classes occupy the lower of the many tiers of seats, the clients sit above them, and the very poor people sit and stand in the highest gallery. A great curtain is so arranged that it may be drawn to hide the sun.

Let us take seats in the second tier, and look



The Colosseum.

around. What a scene! It is a day of martyrdoms, and a hundred thousand people are gathered around us. A vast arena stretches before us. It can be seen by all of the people in the great circles.

Around the arena are cages of hungry animals. Over one of the galleries hang draperies of purple and gold that indicate the seats of the imperial family and their attendants.

The sun pours down on the sands of the open arena. There is a murmur of voices everywhere like a sea. At times the hoarse, impatient growl of a lion is heard as he struggles with the bars of his cage.

The gateway opens, and a lion is let into the arena. Another gateway opens, and a man, naked except about the loins, rushes into the arena bearing a short sword. He is a gladiator, and is to contend with the lion.

The beast watches his approach. He crouches, and springs. The gladiator darts aside, and gives the beast a deadly stroke. The lion rolls over, and dies, and his body is drawn away by horses.

Gladiators rush into the arena. They look up to the emperor, exclaiming, "We, who are about to die, salute you!" As they enter upon the contests, one hundred thousand faces flash and become rigid, and as many hearts rapidly beat.

When a gladiator falls, his victorious antagonist looks upward to the emperor, who makes a signal to spare him or slay him.

There is a deep silence now. A Christian family from the catacombs are being led into the arena. They have pale faces, but are serene. They meet their fate, and their bones are left by wild beasts on the sands; people shout! The scenes of the

show are ended, and the gay nobles ride away to their palaces, and men crowd the *Via Sacra* and the Forum, and talk idly of the events of the day. But it is not in vain that the martyrs have met their fate. A better day is at hand.



A Gladiator.

CHAPTER XXI.

Rome celebrates her one-thousandth birthday.—The secular games.—The Saturnalia.

THERE now appears in Rome a new Form of government, the election of emperors by the Prætorian Guard, or by the home army. The people lost their power with the loss of the Republic. It is a rule of armies and emperors now; the army is the governing power, and the emperor is its servant, and the people are the slaves of the emperor. The Senate is but an influence, and the consulship but a name.

Let us review the dates of the changes in government in Rome, for the city is soon to celebrate her one-thousandth birthday. (248 A.D.)

Rome founded 753 B.C.

The kings, to the expulsion of the Tarquins, 753–509 B.C.

—The Republic, 509–44 B.C.

CHANGES UNDER THE REPUBLIC.

The Decemvirs, 451 B.C.

The Plebeian Consulship 366 B.C.

The First Triumvirate, 60–53 B.C.

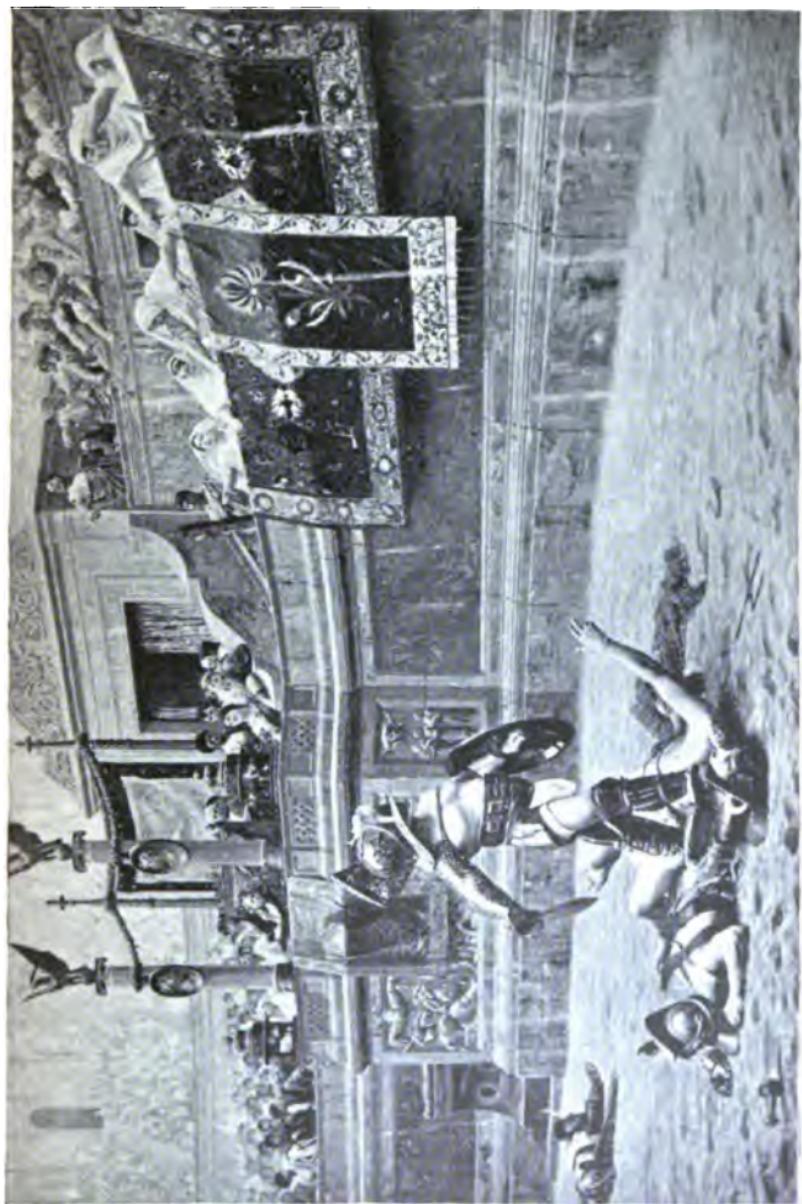
The Second Triumvirate, 43–33, B.C.

THE EMPIRE, 27 B.C.

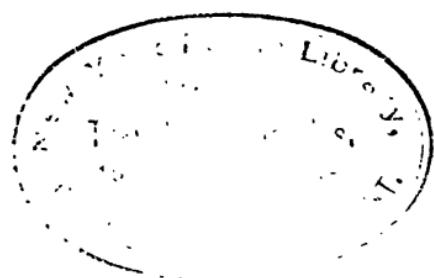
Cæsar Augustus, and the reign of the Cæsars to Domitian, 33 B.C. to 96 A.D.

The Antonines, 96–194 A.D.

The Prætorian Influence and Emperors of the Army, 197–284 A.D.



“POLICE VERSO” (“THUMBS DOWN,” *i. e.*, “SLAY HIM”).



Aurelius was succeeded by Commodus, his son, a weak and foolish man. He was murdered after a reign of sixteen years. Pertinax, a more worthy ruler, followed him. He was killed by the Prætorian Guard, who made Didius Julianus emperor, who, it is claimed, bought the office for twenty-five thousand sesterces a head. But the two divisions of the army became jealous of the Prætorian Guard, as the home army was called, and elected generals, whom each would make emperor, and marched to Rome. The army of the Danube elected Septimius Severus as general, and hoped to bestow upon him the imperial power. This army reached Rome first, and Severus became emperor, and ruled the Empire with an iron hand. He had no fixed throne. His throne was his saddle. He travelled over the Empire, causing great roads to be built, and public improvements everywhere to be made. He died in York, England, 211 A.D. His last command was — “Labor !”

His two sons Caracalla and Geta succeeded him, and divided his Empire between them. They were both murdered in a few years, Geta being killed by his own brother, and the Prætorian Guard chose Elagabalus, a lad of nineteen, emperor. He did the most absurd things, and angered the Prætorians, who put him to death in 222 A.D. The Guard made his cousin Alexander Severus emperor, or allowed him to succeed the fantastic Elagabalus. He was a good man and respected Christianity. He was killed by Prætorians in 235 A.D.

The Guard made and unmade emperors, except when the army overawed them, by naming a favorite general. Rome was unsettled by this capricious rule for a century.

One of these inferior emperors was Philip the Arabian. His reign is associated with one of the most brilliant events in history — the celebration of the thousandth birthday of Rome.

It seems unworthy history that so splendid an event should have been celebrated by such an emperor. Philip was not only an Arab by birth, but in the early part of his life was a robber by profession. He was a bold soldier, and his success in the army led him to aspire to the imperial power, and he knew that he had weak and wicked men against whom to contend. He took advantage of a scarcity of food in the camp to intrigue against Gordian, the then military emperor. By intrigue after intrigue he created sedition in the army; Gordian was killed, and the soldiers made him emperor, and the Roman Senate had to accept the will of the army.

Says a writer, reviewing this period of military power: "What in that age was called the Roman Empire was only an irregular republic, where the militia, possessed of sovereignty, created and deposed a magistrate. Perhaps it may be laid down as a general rule, that a military government is in some respects more republican than monarchical." Will there ever come a time when our own country will become a military republic? It is well for my young readers to think of the events that led to the decline of Rome, — the increase of wealth in the hands of the few; the loss of private honor on the part of the consuls and Senate, and the consequent lowering of the tone of public honor; pleasure-seeking, the love of brutal sports, and the gratification of the senses at the expense of the moral powers. To all of the degeneracy, selfish-



"WE, WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE, SALUTE THEE."



ness and pride led the way, and vices completed the ruin. Ruin? Yes; even amid the splendid festival that we are to describe the Empire is crumbling to her fall. Her judgment has not come, but it has been pronounced, as judgment is always pronounced when men or nations violate the eternal laws of honor and right.

When Philip returned from his campaign in the East, where he had been made emperor, he wished to turn the minds of the people from his crimes, and to dazzle Rome by generous fêtes and pompous festivals. He had an oriental and a poetic mind, and Rome had now arrived at her one-thousandth year. The time of the secular games, too, was at hand. Philip thought to unite the secular games with the celebration of the one-thousandth year in a manner of surpassing pomp and magnificence.

You will ask me here, what were the secular games? The answer we hope will give you an inside view of a most picturesque part of Roman history in the days of the Empire.

The secular games — *seculum* meaning an epoch of one hundred years — were an ancient institution. None who witnessed them once ever witnessed them again. They were the holidays of the centuries. They were celebrated once in one hundred years or one hundred and ten years. Later in the Empire they did not follow exact dates, but were produced once in a generation.

They were retrieved by the Emperor Augustus from ancient usage after they had been neglected in the unsettled period that had led to the loss of the Republic and the establishment of the Empire. Augustus had a love of what was poetic in Roman history, and with this passion he not only inspired

Virgil and Livy, but the whole people through the *seculum*, or secular games.

The secular games follow the direction of the Sibyl's Prophecies. The Sibylline Books, as we have told you, were the sacred books of Rome. Among the directions given in these books for the festival of the centuries or generations, was that one hymn should be sung to the praise of Apollo and Diana.

Augustus, on reviving the secular games in 738 A.U.C. or 17 B.C., asked the poet Horace to compose this hymn. The poet accordingly produced the *Carmen Sœculare*, or Secular Hymn—

“ Phœbe, silvarumque potens Diana,
Lucidum cœli decus, O colendi
Semper et culti, date, quæ precamus
Tempore sacro.

“ Quo Sibyllini minuere versus,
Virgines lectas puerosque castos,
Dis, quibus septem placuere colles
Dicere carmen.”

The hymn consists of only nineteen stanzas, with an introduction. It is regarded as the model festival song of the Roman poets, and you will wish to study it some day when you come to understand Latin.

The song was to be given on the banks of the Tiber and in the Temple of Apollo by soloists and choruses of youths and maidens. We must give you a view of the musical as well as the literary part of this remarkable composition.

THE POET TO THE PEOPLE.

Introduction.

Stand off, ye vulgar, nor profane
With bold, unhallowed sounds the festal scene ;
In hymns inspired by truth divine,
I, priest of the melodious Nine,
To youths and virgins sing in mystic strain.

Sings to the Chorus.

Now is the solemn hour preferred
When by the Sibyl's dread command
Of spotless maids a chosen train,
Of spotless youths a chosen band,
To all our guardian gods uplift the hallowed strain.

Last Chorus.

Lo, we the chosen, youthful choir,
Taught with harmonious voice to raise
Apollo's and Diana's praise,
In full and certain hope retire
That the assembled gods, the sovereign Jove,
The pious vows, these choral hymns, approve.

During the time of the Republic these century games, which were of Etruscan origin, were called *Ludi Terentini*, from Terentum a volcanic cleft in the Campus Martius, where certain dark rites were performed, but during the Empire they were called *Ludi Saeculares*.

The celebration of the games by Augustus took place in summer, and we can imagine nothing more picturesque than the festival on the banks of the Tiber. The next celebration occurred under the reign of Claudius, A.D. 47; the next under Domitian, A.D. 87, and the last under Philippus, or

Philip the Arabian, A.D. 247, as was believed just one thousand years from the founding of the city. The Empire was about to be divided, and the festival under an alien emperor may be held to be the expiring flame of ancient Roman glory. They were afterwards revived in the Middle Ages as Jubilees of the Popes, instituted by Boniface VIII. in 1300.

Let us, in fancy, go to the Tiber in the morning of the first day of the festival under Philip. The sky is a flood of light ; the old Tiber is rolling in beauty from the city to the sea. The scene of the games is to be near the Terentum on the Campus Martius.

In the streets of Rome all is life. The ancient gates are open, and out of them come the heralds.

“Come and celebrate a festival that no man ever before saw, and that no man will ever see again !”

“Io ! Triumphe !” respond the people. The word “Io !” rings on the air.

Rome is moving to the Tiber, and her millions are darkening the hills overlooking the scene of the sacred rites and the games. On one hand gleam the mountains, and afar shines the sea-flowing stream.

Everywhere go the heralds, proclaiming the sublime ends of sadness and joy — “the festival that no man ever saw nor ever will see again.”

The priests and citizens have purified themselves for the festival. For days purifying torches have been burning on the Capitol Hill and in the Palatine. The air has smoked with bitumen. The temple of Diana on the Aventine has been giving festival wheat, barley, and beans to the people.

It is summer. The great procession is laden with wheat and flowers, and led by the standards of Rome. The games are to be enacted in the Field of Mars, that recall the days of *Æneas* and the Roman kings. The Campus is to reproduce the Rome of old.

The Campus Martius is a plain without the walls of the city. Here Roman youths were accustomed to perform their gymnastic exercises. Public assemblies and grand state or imperial receptions used to be held here, and here were the funeral pyres. The land is said to have belonged to Tarquin and was dedicated to Mars.

After the games of the day, Roman youths bathed in the Tiber before returning to the city. The Campus Martius, once the meadows of the Tiber, became a populous part of Rome.

The games of the first day are mingled with sacrifices to Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, Minerva, Venus, Apollo, Mercury, Ceres, Vulcan, Mars, Diana, Vesta, Hercules, Latona, the Parcae (the Fates), and to Dis and Proserpina. They were begun on the second hour of the night, the Terentum being a splendor of torches and fires. The emperor himself had sacrificed three rams on three altars at the Terentum near the Tiber.

On the second day the noble matrons of Rome assembled at the capitol and sung hymns to the gods.

The third day crowned the festival. The grand hymn to the gods was sung by youths and maidens of great beauty, whose parents were yet living. It was this day that gave voice to Horace's immortal ode, which was sung by three times nine young voices in the temple of Apollo.

The oratorio in the temple began with an introductory address to the people. The chorus answered —

“ Phœbus and Diana hear our prayers.”

It then rehearsed the commands of the Sibyl, and grandly addressed the Sun : —

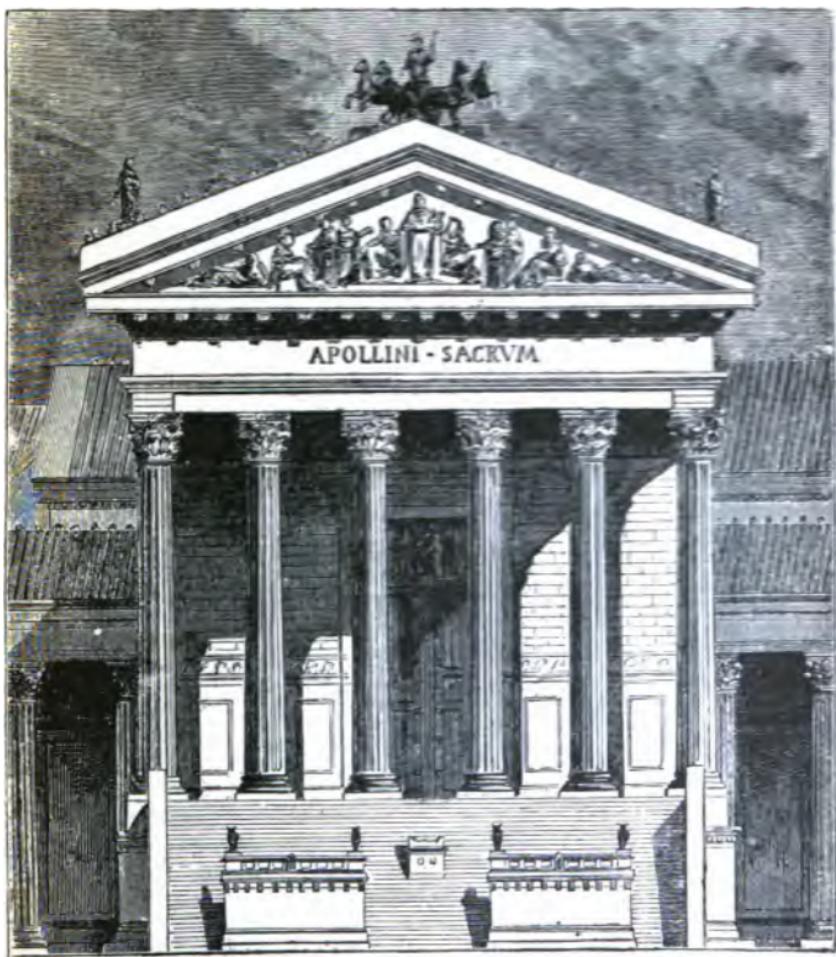
“ O Sun, ever changing and ever the same, let Rome be unchanging as thy eternal light !”

There were two choruses, one of boys and one of girls. These appealed to the Fates, Diana, and Apollo : —

“ Ye Destinies (Fates), fulfil the happy oracles, and to the past add future blessings ; fertility to the flocks and herds, seasonable rain and vital air.

*“ Apollo, hear us boys !
Diana, hear us girls !”*

The temple of Apollo on the Palatine was white, golden, and glorious with the marble forms of heroes. In it the Sibylline Books were kept. Here dwelt the sacred keepers of the books — quindecimviri. The Cumæan Sibyl is fabled to have been seven hundred years old when Æneas came into Italy. Apollo, in whose beautiful temple her praise was now sung, became enamoured of her, in the far period of the twilight of the gods, and offered to give her whatever gift she should ask. She asked to live as many years as the grains of sand she could hold in her hand. But she did not ask that youth and beauty might continue. So she grew withered and old in appearance, solitary and unsightly. When her sands of life were completed,



TEMPLE OF APOLLO.



she was to fall away and become a voice. She seems to have had thirteen hundred grains of sand, as she was fated to live six hundred years after her interview with *Æneas*.

The choral song ended with an assurance of blessing to those who guarded Sibylline oracles in the temple:—

“ Diana listens to the quindecimviri, and the choruses of the boys and girls, and all the gods hear and vouchsafe their blessings !”

All of the theatres, temples, and public places were full of amusements, spectacles, and games. The nights were revels. There was a stupendous place of amusement near the Aventine Hill called the Circus Maximus. It was begun by Tarquinius Priscus, and was enlarged and adorned as Rome grew. It was three stadia or $2187\frac{1}{2}$ feet long. According to Pliny it would hold two hundred and fifty thousand persons. Its circumference was a mile. A canal flowed into it, and sometimes filled the arena with water for naval spectacles. It was almost a thousand years old, and here resounded the “Ios” for the Rome of a thousand years.

Processions swept the streets; the Roman eagles blazed in the sun, as they passed the statues of the great crowned with laurel. The people passed to and fro bearing grain; trumpets rang through the skies, and echoed from the walls of the temples.



Circus Maximus.

But who is this that amid the pomp and splendor, the sound of trumpets, and floral processions, comes riding up the Sacred Way in a glittering car, hailed like a god?

It is Philip the Arabian, a cunning alien who has been elected by the army; a military emperor, who has gained the purple by arts and intrigues and murder, and who is to lose his own power in the manner that it was obtained.

The secular games were celebrated traditionally once in a generation, or periods of one hundred to ten times eleven years, but Rome held a yearly festival in December, near the close of the month, which lasted at first one day, then three, then seven. It was called the *Saturnalia*.

Saturnus, who was identified by the ancients with the Greek Cronos or Time, was a son of the Earth and Heaven, or *Cœlus* and *Terra*. Like the Earth, he is said to have devoured his own children, but his wife Rhea concealed the infants Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto, and gave him stones in a bag to eat, calling them her new-born sons.

Saturn established a kingdom in Italy, taught the people agriculture and the liberal arts, and instituted the Golden Age. This Golden Age was much like the scenes described in Virgil's *Pollio*. Everything was such as a kindly imagination would picture it; it was a kind of poet's world. When he departed he went to rule over the Isles of the Blessed at the ends of the earth, according to Hesiod, and Pindar pictures these blissful abodes. In Saturn we find personified Time, the Earth, and the Earthly Paradise: He is commonly represented with a scythe in his hand, old, bent, with flowing locks.



THE CIRCUS MAXIMUS.



His ancient temple in Rome was at the foot of the Capitoline Hill. Here his festival was celebrated, and this feast under the poetic Augustus was made so picturesque that out of it by several indirections came the modern festivities of the Christmas season.

During the *Saturnalia*, which celebrated the Golden Age gone, and predicted a Golden Age to come, all was mirth and festivity.

Friends made presents to each other.

The schools were closed.

Dolls were exchanged among children.

The Senate did not meet.

No war could be proclaimed.

Slaves were free, and on an equality with their masters, who sometimes served them, and who permitted all kinds of jovial sociability among them.

No criminal was executed.

The temples were hung with green, and adorned with the products of nature.

Festal songs were sung.

The night was made bright by torches.

It was predicted that the reign of Saturn would return again, and that then all injustice would cease, and all people be equal and happy.

We may easily imagine the glory of the Capitoline Hill during the days and nights of the *Saturnalia*, in the time of Augustus and Claudius. Between the thronging Forum and the great temples and palaces that shine in the air, stood the ancient shrine of Saturn. Thence were brought the offerings amid choral songs and the amenities of peace. Here it was proclaimed that the Fates would one

day pronounce a universal Saturnalia, and say to their spindles: —

“ Thus go on forever.”

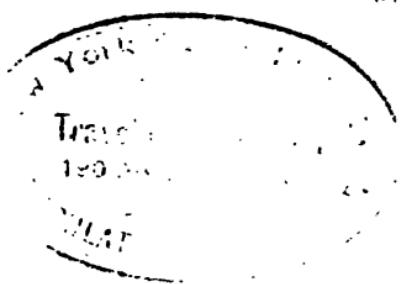
It was a beautiful hope, that found a greater expression in the Gospel that came from the Divine Teacher of Galilee.



Sacrifice.



TEMPLE OF PEACE (RESTORATION).



CHAPTER XXII.

The Popular Stories of Rome.

IN the year 274 A.D., a very romantic and poetic event happened in Rome, which is known as the Triumph of Aurelian. An Eastern monarch named Sapor had defeated the Roman emperor Valerian in 260, in a terrible battle at Edessa, and in contempt of Rome, he made Valerian his horse-block, on which to mount his war-steed, stepping first on the back of his imperial captive, and then vaulting into the saddle. When the humiliated emperor died, Sapor caused his body to be stuffed, and to be dyed purple and hung up as a curiosity.

A Syrian chief named Odenathus, who had a very beautiful and ambitious wife known in history as Zenobia, defeated Sapor, who had humiliated Rome, and rebuilt a city called Palmyra, amid an oasis in the great desert between Palestine and Assyria. Odenathus was named Augustus by Gallienus, who thus made him his colleague. His nephew or cousin murdered him about 266 not without the connivance of Zenobia who, after his death, assumed the title of Empress. She filled her city of palm-trees with glittering domes and Greek art, and was ambitious to conquer the East. Zenobia was a student of Greek philosophy, and is represented as saying in effect: "Longinus is right; I would that the world were mine; I feel within the will and power to bless it were it so."

Aurelian, an army-made emperor, followed Valerian, and he resolved to check the new power that was rising in the East amid the desert climes of Palmyra. He marched against the Palmyrenians, defeated them, razed their city, and brought the beautiful Zenobia a captive to Rome.

The triumphal procession of Aurelian exceeded as a spectacle anything that had ever happened in Rome. It was led by twenty elephants, four royal tigers, and animals representing all the countries of the conquests of Rome; and sixteen hundred gladiators. After this strange escort, moved the cars of the spoils of Asia, one or more of which was loaded with crowns of gold. Embassadors from far countries in vice-royal robes followed the spoil, and after them came the captives of the many wars of Aurelian and his commanders.

But the principal figure of this golden procession was Zenobia. She was led by a slave, and walked in fetters of gold, under an almost crushing weight of jewels. Her own chariot, in which she herself had dreamed of entering Rome in triumph, came after her, empty.

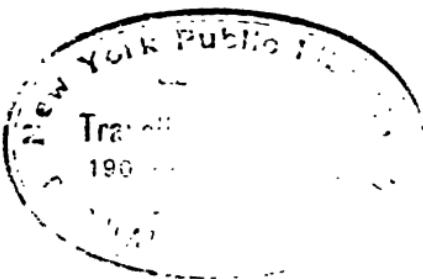
The triumphal car of Aurelian had been the magnificent treasure of a Gothic king. It was a moving throne, and on it sat one of the proudest conquerors the world ever saw.

Zenobia and her sons were given a beautiful estate at Tivoli, and here the former queen of Palmyra lived a pure and worthy life, after the Hebrew faith, and her history became one of the picturesque and dramatic stories of the world.

The story of Zenobia, Caractacus, of Cleopatra, of Epponina, who hid her condemned husband for many years in a cave, are among the popular romances of



AURELIAN.



Rome. Such stories were kept before the people in works of art, rather than in literature. The most curious and pleasing stories and traditions of Greece and Rome were written out by dramatists, and performed on the stage, and afterwards told



Zenobia.

by the people at their firesides and in the public places, gardens, and villas. So the comedians became the source of many popular stories.

The household stories of Rome were often associated with fables of the *Lares*, or inferior deities of human origin who were supposed to preside over the destinies of families. There were many orders

of the *Lares*. The *Lares Familiares*, who presided over homes; the *Lares Rurales*, who guarded the country; and the *Lares Viales*, the divinities of the roads. The *Lares* were often united in stories with the *Penates*, a higher order of divinities of



A Roman Marriage.

celestial origin. Hence the household was sometimes spoken of as the shrine of the *Lares* and *Penates*.

The *Lares* were the guardians of the home. They guarded children, and protected the aged and infirm. The souls of wicked people sometimes appeared; but these household spectres could be



COLUMN OF MARCUS AURELIUS,
(FORMERLY CALLED THE COLUMN OF ANTONINUS).

lived down. Thus, if the spirit of a man appeared as a terrible demon, he could do no harm to the good; and the family could cause him to shrink in size and to disappear, by living holy lives, doing good deeds, and thinking holy thoughts. Such was the beautiful fable.

The belief that the souls of fathers and grandfathers became *Lares* caused the bodies of the dead, at one period of Rome, to be buried within the house. The custom was forbidden by the laws of the Laws of the Twelve Tables.

The *Lares* not only protected the weak members of the family, but interceded with the powerful gods for such as needed help.

The altar of the *Lares* was the hearth. The offerings to them were the firstlings of flocks, the first fruits of seasons, and outpourings of wine.

At the family feasts, the repasts were begun by an offering to the *Lares*. The wedding processions began in the same way, and the beginnings of new homes. Soldiers returning from war hung up their arms under the protection of the *Lares*, and freed slaves began their new lives by dedicating to these genii or home spirits their fetters.

The grand houses of ancient Rome had a Lararium, a room or chapel dedicated to the worship of the *Lares*. They often had two Lararia, — one large, and another small.

The festival of the *Lares* followed the Saturnalia, in early winter. The occasion was gay and joyful, a time of household merriments.

When death occurred in the family, a solemn and costly sacrifice was made to the *Lares*, and the soul of the departed member was supposed to have joined the household gods.

THE POT OF GOLD.

Two of the pleasant and popular writers of comedy in Rome were the poets Plautus and Terence. They adapted many of the clever tales of Athens to entertainment of the Roman public, and so became popular story-tellers.

The Greek dramatic poet Menander, the supposed author of the Pauline text, "Evil communications corrupt good morals," born in Athens, 342 B.C., was the source of a number of stories that the comic poets made popular in Rome.

Menander in comedy was the Shakespeare of Greece, or rather, Shakespeare as a comedian was the Menander of the English tongue. It was said of the Greek poet, —

"O Life and O Menander, speak and say
Which copied which? or nature or the play?"

He was a philosopher as well as a writer of tragedy and comedy. His views were, —

"The saw of all philosophy is this: —
Thou art a man; than whom there lives no creature
More liable to sudden rise and fall."

The comedies of Menander became the studies of Roman dramatic wits, and the few quotations which have been preserved to us illustrating the serious thoughts that they contained are more precious than dust of gold. Besides the passage quoted by St. Paul, we have, —

"The workman is greater than his work,"
and, —

"He is well cleansed that hath his conscience clean."

Plautus began his career as a comic poet in 224 B.C. Some of his best dramatic stories or comedies

now known are *The Three Silver Pieces*, *The Bragadocio*, *The Haunted House*, *Amphitryon*.

Terence was a child when Plautus died, but followed him as popular story-teller, whose tales were both written and acted. He is said to have translated one hundred of the comedies of Menander. His principal stories are *The Maid of Andros*, *The Mother-in-Law*, *The Self-Tormentor*, *The Brothers*, and *Phormio*. The popular comedies of both Plautus and Terence are still sometimes acted by Latin classes in English schools.

One of these stories will furnish an illustration of the taste of the Roman people. It is by Plautus, and was a favorite fireside drollery. It was known in Rome as the *Aulularia*.

As we have told you, the old Roman homes had their house spirits, or Lar. The house spirit, or hearth spirit, or *Lar Familiaris*, was a kind of Robin Goodfellow, and was supposed to be a diminutive form of some true-hearted ancestor who could not forget his old fireside.

There was once a good grandfather who, wishing to provide against any misfortune that might come to any of his posterity, buried under his hearth a pot of gold, and told the secret only to the Lar or house spirit.

“Guard it well,” he said to the Lar, “and only let the secret be known when it will save the family name from poverty or disgrace.” The Lar promised, and the old man died.

The old man’s heir was a miser. He saved his money, and became so penurious that he grudged to make sacrifices to the Lar at the Saturnalias. The Lar saw no reason for discovering the pot of gold to him.

The old man's grandson, Euclio, was more miserly than his father. He neglected the Lar, and stinted his own hearth, and the house spirit had no desire or need to discover the pot of gold to him.

But Euclio had a lovely little daughter, with a heart winning sympathy and generosity. She loved the neglected hearth spirit, and brought to the hearth offerings of incense, wine, and flowers. She decorated his little altar, and the Lar came to love her, and to study what he could do to make her fortunate and happy.

She was very pretty as well as good, and the family began to talk of a husband for her.

"She shall marry Lyconides, a nephew of our neighbor Megadorus," said the family Lar, or guardian. "But as the family might object to the young man at first, I will let the uncle Megadorus court her first, and so prepare the way for the young man."

And the Lar was very happy in thus providing a way to make the young girl who had been so good to him the possessor of a young and handsome husband, and he dreamed of the delightful days they would all spend one day by the old ancestral hearth.

But the miser Euclio had not become rich by his saving habits; and when he found old Megadorus and his handsome young nephew interested in his beautiful daughter, he knew not how to provide for her a marriage dowry.

The Lar now thought that his opportunity had come. He took the girl's father to the hearth, and said to him:—

"There is your daughter's dowry. There, for

two generations, a pot of gold has been waiting for her."

But Euclio loved money more than the happiness of his lovely daughter; and he said in his heart, "I will keep the pot of gold hidden for myself."

But the pot of gold haunted him. What if it were to be discovered and stolen? He could think of nothing else, day or night. He did not dare to go away from home, or to lose sight of the hearth under which the treasure was concealed. The poor little Lar was very unhappy now. He had failed to fulfil the directions given him by the prudent old grandfather, and had merely given gold to a miser to drive him mad.

One day old Megadorus came to ask the hand of his daughter.

"He surely must have heard of the pot of gold," he said to himself. "He only wants her for the money, and he shall not have it."

His terrors now grew. He kept his housekeeper in a continual fright. He suspected every one of being a thief, and so he sat with his eyes fixed on his hearth, where no longer any offerings were made to the poor Lar.

But Euclio reconsiders Megadorus's request for the hand of his daughter.

"You may have her," he said, "but I am very poor, and can give her no dowry."

"I will take her without a dowry," said the supposed lover, knowing that he was seeking for his nephew a girl whose heart was a dowry in itself.

And he added, "I will send to your house cooks for the wedding feast."

Cooks! The old miser was filled with terror. Cooks to tend the fire on the hearth of the pot of gold!

They came.

“Bring me a larger pot,” said one to another.

A larger pot? The cook must have a hidden meaning. The old man rushed madly to the fire, with staring eyes.

One day a cockerel came into the open door, and began to scratch the floor and approach the hearth.

“He knows the secret,” said the old man, and struck off the poor bird’s head.

What was he to do?

He at last dug up the treasure, and hid it under his cloak; and now his condition was more perilous than before. He could not live long thus in such a wakeful and excited state, so he carried the pot of gold to the Temple of Faith, and gave it to the goddess to keep.

But he found that a slave of Megadorus had seen him go to the temple. This drove him mad again, and he regained the treasure and buried it in a sacred grove.

But the slave of Megadorus has been watching him constantly, and follows him, and hides in a tree, and sees him bury the treasure; and when the old miser goes away, he digs it up and steals it.

The scene which follows on the miser’s discovery that the pot of gold has been stolen was popular on the old Roman stage. Molière, the great French writer of comedy, borrowed it, and the following translation of a translation will present the old man’s surprise, terror, and despair:—

“EUCLIO (*solus*).—I’m ruined! dead! murdered!—Where shall I run? Where shall I not run to?

Stop him there, stop him!— Stop whom? Who's to stop him? (*Striking his forehead in despair.*) I can't tell—I can see nothing—I'm going blind. Where I'm going, or where I am, or who I am, I cannot for my life be sure of! (*Wringing his hands, and appealing to the audience.*) Oh pray—I beseech you, help me! I implore you, do! Show me the man that stole it! Ah! people put on respectable clothes, and sit there as if they were all honest! (*Addressing a spectator in the front seats.*) What did you say, sir? I can believe *you*, I'm sure—I can see from your looks you're an honest man. (*Looking round on them all.*) What is it? Why do you all laugh? Ah, I know you all! There are thieves here, I know, in plenty! Eh! have none of them got it? I'm a dead man! Tell me, then, who's got it?— You don't know? Oh, wretch, wretch that I am! utterly lost and ruined! Never was man in such miserable plight. Oh, what groans, what horrible anguish this day has brought me! Poverty and hunger! I'm the most unhappy man on earth. For what use is life to me, when I have lost all my gold? And I kept it so carefully!— Pinched myself, starved myself, denied myself in everything! And now others are making merry over it,— mocking at my loss and my misery! I cannot bear it!"

In the midst of the miser's terror, there comes to him handsome young Lyconides, the nephew whom the house spirit designed that the lovely daughter should marry. He has come to confess that his uncle has been courting the girl for *him*.

"I have stolen—" he said.

"Stolen? Stolen? Then you are the thief!"

“I have stolen your daughter’s affections —”

Here the old man goes mad again. He knows nothing about his daughter’s affections, but only the lost pot of gold.

The old Latin word *olla* means “pot,” and the word is the ancient form of *illa*, “she.” So, whenever the young suitor speaks of *olla*, the miser thinks that he means the stolen pot of gold, one amusing scene follows another, and the story grows intense in interest and excitement, ending in a perfectly delightful way.

“I have stolen your daughter’s affections,” said Lyconides. “I have not stolen your money, but I will now go in search of the thief of the pot of gold. If I find him, you will give me your daughter’s hand.”

The old miser’s face is happy, and happy also is the heart of the Lar, the house spirit. The young lover found the slave of his uncle and the pot of gold, and the old miser was more happy than in all his life, and gave his daughter to Lyconides, and ceased to be a miser any more.

“Here is the pot of gold,” he said; “it shall be your marriage dowry.”

The old uncle was delighted, the miser’s daughter was supremely happy, and the Lar could dance again on the hearth.

The young couple had a wedding overflowing with hospitality, and the house spirit presided over a loving and charming home, and found his altar loaded with gifts on family days, holidays, and the Saturnalia.

Every event in it is arranged to end happily. And indeed it may almost be claimed as a Christmas story, for the festival of Christmas followed

the decline of the Saturnalia, and the latter as a picture of the Golden Age anticipated the Gospel of the Nativity like a bow of promise and cloud.

PHORMIO.

A very curious old Roman fireside story which Terence learned in the Greek school of dramatic art, and made familiar by a play, and which is yet played in the English Westminster Latin classes, is "Phormio." The whole story is long and involved, but the popular characters in it and part of it are very simple. Phormio is an overgrown youth, selfish and cunning, having an enormous appetite. He eats everything tempting that he can find and creates a want in the families he visits.

A certain man named Demipho has a son named Antipho. Demipho goes away from home on a long journey, and while he has gone his son becomes pleased with a beautiful Cinderella, who is so poor as to go about with bare feet and shabby dress, and he wishes to marry her. Phormio, the merry glutton, for the sake of good dinners, brings about the marriage in a seemingly legal way. But the newly married pair greatly dread the home-coming of Demipho.

When the latter comes home, the miserable young couple and their friends shift the blame of the marriage on fat Phormio, and the indignant father takes measures to imprison the dinner-loving parasite. The scene which follows abounds in wit, as Phormio is master of the situation, as by Roman law a prosecutor must pay for his prisoner's food.

"It is a *tough morsel*," said Phormio, "but I'll make a shift to *bolt* it," using the language of the

table, in view of the threatened punishment. His summing up of the situation is very amusing, and well illustrates the humor of these old Roman comedians. He tells his friends that he will not be imprisoned.

PHORMIO. Because, my friend, no fowler spreads his net
For hawk or kite, or such-like birds of prey ;
'T is for the innocent flock, who do no harm ;
They are fat morsels, full of juice and flavor,
Well worth the catching. Men who've aught to lose,
Such are in danger from the law ; for me—
They know I've nothing. "Nay, but then," you'll say,
"They'll clap you up in jail." Oh ! will they ? Ah !
(*Laughing and patting himself.*) They'd have to keep me
—and they know my appetite.
No—they're too wise, and not so self-denying,
As to return me so much good for evil.

Phormio in all of his troubles usually manages to escape with a good dinner. He thus became a popular character for a fireside tale.

The boys and girls of Rome had no picture-books like those of to-day, no pictorial histories. But in Rome all was picture. The very air was full of pictures. Columns filled with sculptures, and triumphal arches covered with reliefs and inscriptions, arose like picture-books in stone and marble in every public place, and the sculptor's art then held the place of the modern arts of the pencil and printing. Everywhere were statues and sculptured emblems. The works of the Greek and Roman sculptors have been the wonder of all succeeding ages.

The Column of Trajan and the Column of Arelius, with their high statues and pictured histories, were among the most beautiful monuments on

which the sun has ever shone. The entablature of the Temple of Concord was a history that every traveller must read, and that interpreted the past in figures and forms of wonderful beauty. The Appian Way, with its tombs and monuments, was one long history lesson from the walls of the city to the sea.

Take for examination the Arch of Titus, which is at the foot of the Palatine. Seventeen hundred years have passed since Domitian dedicated this arch to the memory of his brother. Its very materials were precious, roseate and white. Its idea was a poem, for here figures of Victory had wings. It was simple as well as great.

Amid the vaulting arch, with its rosettes, the mouldings, the bas-reliefs, the arabesques, what may we read? We see the conqueror in the "middle of his troops standing on his chariot, holding in one hand a palm, and in the other a sceptre, and crowned by victory." Here in bas-relief he passes like a Jupiter Triumphans amid the spoils of the nations. Here are the captured Jewish tables of shew-bread, the Hebrew trumpets of jubilee, the golden candlesticks of Solomon. Here the chief of the Israelites, Simon, son of Gioras, marches barefooted behind the sacred tables.

Titus was the pride of the Roman heart, and received the title of the "Delight of Mankind." Every Roman passed under the Arch of Titus, and



Temple of Concord.

felt a feeling of elation at the glory it revealed; every Jew looked upon it with a silent woe, and an attitude of humiliation.

The Romans regarded the young son of Vespasian much as the world now looks upon Bayard. He reigned, as we said, but a little more than two years, but these two years, in the Roman eyes, were the faultless years of the empire. He was universally loved. He was but thirty when he conducted the siege of Jerusalem. The army would make him emperor before his time, which caused him to fall under suspicion of disloyalty to Vespasian. As soon as he knew of this suspicion, he hurried back to Rome, and rushed into his father's presence, saying, "I have come, father, as a loyal son should come!"

He said that no one with a right heart should ever leave the presence of an emperor disappointed. "If I cannot recall some good that I have done, under every new sun, I feel that I have lost a day," he once said, which has been expressed: —

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

When the office of the Sovereign Pontiff, or Pontiff Maximus, was offered him, he said: —

"I accept it, for it will keep my hands from shedding blood."

But the life that to the Romans represented honor and chivalry stood for horror, injustice, and calamity in the eyes of the unhappy children of Israel, of whom some seventy thousand once lived in Rome. The arch was stoned in the night, by the helpless captives and their miserable descendants.

More than seventeen hundred years have passed. Come with me to modern Rome. There follows us a Hebrew beggar. We pass along, and stand near the arch, and, counting the coins we are about to offer him, pass under the arch.

We stop and look behind. Where is the Jew? He is not following. He has stopped on the other side of the pile of sculpture.

“Here, Mordecai,” and we extend our coins.

He bends his head, and shakes his rags, then lifts his eyes over his beak-like nose.

“Not under the Arch of Titus.” No Jew ever passes there who loves the traditions of his race.

And a beggar may be a hero.



Trajan in a Chariot Drawn by Ten Horses.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Triumph of Christianity by the Fall of Heathen Rome.

DIOCLES, a Dalmatian soldier, was hailed as emperor by the legions of Rome, and under the name of Diocletianus or Diocletian began to reign like an Oriental king. He broke the power of the Praetorian Guards and refused to enter Rome lest he should thereby fall under the authority of the Senate. The liberties of Rome wholly dis-



Money of Diocletian; struck after his Abdication.

peared under Diocletian, whose government lasted from 284 to 305.

He divided the Empire into two parts and made a soldier of low birth but great ability and vigor named Maximian emperor of the West.

Each of these emperors chose his successor. Diocletian chose his son-in-law Galerius, and Maximian, Constantius Chlorus, the commander of Britain, Gaul, and Spain. Both of these emperors resigned

their power to their chosen successors in the prime of life, though Maximian again returned to political influence on the death of Galerius. Constantine after many struggles became emperor of Rome and of the world.

The emperors immediately preceding Constantine



Constantine.

had been persecutors of the Christian faith. But the Christians had grown in numbers and in influence and had become a powerful organization in Rome. The principles of the Stoics had pre-

pared the way for the Church that proclaimed the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the Gospel of Christ, and the spiritual birth of conscious revelation and witness to the truth. Self-denial had brought the Christians power, and Christianity was soon to shatter the old superstitions, and in the person of Constantine to occupy the throne of the world.

Near the end of Nero's reign there was born a man of unknown family named Epictetus, who became a slave to one of the body-guard of the emperor. He had a noble soul and lived for the highest things of life and despised pain. It is related of him that once when his cruel master twisted his leg as a punishment he said, "You will break it." The limb was presently broken, and Epictetus only said, "As I told you." He was lame for life. He obtained his freedom, became a Stoic, and was obliged to leave Rome in the persecutions of the Stoic philosophers in Domitian's reign. He made his home in Nicopolis in Epirus. Here he lived in the practice of every virtue, studied and wrote, and influenced for good his own times and enriched the thought of the world.

His home in Epirus was a small hut whose only furniture was a bed and a lamp. He lived at first alone, but after a time adopted a lost child as his companion.

The leading principle of the philosophy of Epictetus was "Bear and forbear," or "Suffer and abstain," or that in changing the evil purpose of a man you gained a new man to honor and truth, and that to forgive was to conquer and leave an enemy in the conquest. His lectures were very famous and were as pure in style as they were

lofty in thought and broad in aim and view. His discourses were taken down by one of his pupils and were published after his death.

A beautiful story is told of his solitary lamp that had been the companion of his meditations. It went out at his death, but the wisest and worthiest men sought to possess it, and it was purchased at a great price. The light of his pure teachings has never gone out.

You may like to see a specimen of his teaching. We will give it to you in a single anecdote, which you can easily remember.

Vespasian had become offended with Helvidius for his honor and sincerity and forbade him to enter the Senate. Epictetus thus pictures the scene that followed : —

“*Helvidius*. You can expel me from the Senate, but while I am a member I must attend its meetings.

“*Vespasian*. Attend, then, and be silent.

“*Helvidius*. Do not then ask me for my opinion.

“*Vespasian*. But I am bound to ask you.

“*Helvidius*. Then I am bound to say what seems to me right.

“*Vespasian*. If you say it, I will kill you.

“*Helvidius*. Have I ever claimed to be immortal ? Do your part, and I will do mine. Your part is to kill ; mine to die without fear. Yours might be to send me into exile ; it would be mine to go with a heart unmoved.”

The old Roman schoolmasters were generally known as grammarians and rhetoricians. The term “grammarian” during the Empire meant one versed in the languages, and was not restricted as now to one who masters the rules of composition ; and the

term "rhetorician" also had a larger meaning than now, as it included the art of eloquence. The most eminent grammarians and rhetoricians of Rome taught these arts, and their pupils were often public men. The office of the old Roman schoolmaster was a high one, and to show you the progress of learning we should speak of some of the eminent teachers here.

The early teaching of the arts of language and eloquence met with opposition. By a law issued A.U.C. 592 or B.C. 161 it was decreed that "no philosophers or rhetoricians be suffered in Rome."

Later a Roman censor issued the following edict: "It is reported to us that certain persons have instituted a new kind of discipline; that our youth resort to their schools; that they have assumed the title of Latin Rhetoricians; and that young men waste their time there for whole days together. Our ancestors have ordained what instruction it is fitting their children should receive, and what schools they should attend. These novelties, contrary to the customs and instructions of our ancestors, we neither approve nor do they appear to us good. Wherefore it appears to be our duty that we should notify our judgment both to those who keep such schools and those who are in the practice of frequenting them that they meet our disapprobation."

Among the early teachers of Rome was Livius the Greek, and Ennius the poet. The Greek schools of art and eloquence at this time led the world, and Greek teachers were employed in many noble families, as wealth brought the demand for learning.

Crates of Mallus, a son of a Stoic philosopher, first introduced grammar at Rome as a study, and

is given by Suetonius the place of the founder of the schools of grammarians. Suetonius gives us a view of this earliest school and its methods which is interesting. He says:—

“Crates of Mallus, then, was, in our opinion, the first who introduced the study of grammar at Rome. He was contemporary with Aristarchus, and having been sent by King Attalus as envoy to the Senate in the interval between the second and third Punic wars, soon after the death of Ennius, he had the misfortune to fall into an open sewer in the Palatine quarter of the city and broke his leg. After which, during the whole period of his embassy and convalescence, he gave frequent lectures, taking much pains to instruct his hearers, and he has left us an example well worthy of imitation. It was so far followed that poems hitherto little known, the works either of deceased friends or other approved writers, were brought to light, and being read and commented on, were explained to others. Thus, Caius Octavius Lampadio edited the *Punic War* of Nævius, which having been written in one volume without any break in the manuscript, he divided into seven books. After that Quintus Vargonteius undertook the *Annals* of Ennius, which he read on certain fixed days to crowded audiences.”

The science of letters grew with the Empire and made its way from the city into the provinces. We hear of grammarians of Rome and “teachers in foreign languages.”

The pupils who learned to write and speak correctly were called *literati*. To be able to translate the Greek poets and repeat Latin poetry became a marked accomplishment. To grammar and rhetoric was added the art of disputation.

Among the greatest teachers of grammar in Rome were Aurelius Opilius, Sævius Nicanor, and Marcus Antonius Gniphō. Suetonius gives us a short but pleasing account of the last named teacher and his pupils.

“Marcus Antonius Gniphō was a free-born native of Gaul, and was exposed in his infancy, and afterwards received his freedom from his foster-father; and, as some say, was educated at Alexandria, where Dionysius Scytobrachion was his fellow-pupil. This, however, I am not very ready to believe, as the times at which they flourished scarcely agree. He is said to have been a man of great genius, of singular memory, well read in Greek as well as Latin, and of a most obliging and agreeable temper, who never haggled about remuneration, but generally left it to the liberality of his scholars. He first taught in the house of Julius Cæsar when the latter was yet but a boy, and, afterwards, in his own private house. He gave instruction in rhetoric also, teaching the rules of eloquence every day, but declaiming only on festivals. It is said that some very celebrated men frequented his school,—and, among others, Marcus Cicero, during the time he held the prætorship. He wrote a number of works, although he did not live beyond his fiftieth year; but Atteius, the philologist, says that he left only two volumes, *De Latino Sermone*, and that the other works ascribed to him were composed by his disciples and were not his, although his name is sometimes to be found in them.”

Valerius Cato, the poet, seems to have been the first teacher of the art of poetry. The account given of this grammarian by Suetonius is simple and touching. He seems to have been devoted to

his art, but he lost the large property which he had gained by his exertions and was obliged to give up his magnificent villa at Tusculum. He died in the greatest penury. Suetonius gives us the following view of this seemingly witty man, about whom a great Roman writer wondered that one man could know so much and yet did not know how to pay his debts.

“ Valerius Cato was, as some have informed us, the freedman of one Bursenus, a native of Gaul. He himself tells us, in his little work called *Indignatio*, that he was born free, and being left an orphan, was exposed to be easily stripped of his patrimony during the license of Sylla’s administrations. He had a great number of distinguished pupils, and was highly esteemed as a preceptor suited to those who had a poetical turn, as appears from these short lines : —

“ ‘ Cato grammaticus, Latina Siren,
Qui solus legit ac facit poetas.’

[“ Cato, the Latin Siren, grammar taught and verse
To form the poet skilled, and poetry rehearse.”]

Besides his Treatise on Grammar, he composed some poems, of which his *Lydia* and *Diana* are most admired. Ticida mentions his *Lydia*.

“ ‘ Lydia, doctorum maxima cura liber.’

[“ *Lydia*, a work to men of learning dear.”]

Cinna thus notices the *Diana* : —

“ ‘ Secula permaneat nostri Diana Catonis.’

[“ Immortal be our Cato’s song of Dian.”]

He lived to extreme old age, but in the lowest state of penury, and almost in actual want, having retired

to a small cottage when he gave up his Tusculan villa to his creditors ; as Bibaculus tells us : —

“ ‘ Si quis forte mei domum Catonis,
 Depictas minio assulas, et illos
 Custodis vidit hortulos Priapi,
 Miratur, quibus ille disciplinis,
 Tantam sit sapientiam assecutus,
 Quem tres cauliculi et selibra farris ;
 Racemi duo, tegulâ sub unâ,
 Ad summam prope nutrient senectam.’

[“ If, perchance, any one has seen the house of my Cato, with marble slabs of the richest hues, and his gardens worthy of having Priapus for their guardian, he may well wonder by what philosophy he has gained so much wisdom, that a daily allowance of three coleworts, half-a-pound of meal, and two bunches of grapes, under a narrow roof, should serve for his subsistence to extreme old age.”]

And he says in another place : —

“ ‘ Catonis modo, Galle, Tusculanum
 Tota creditor urbe venditabat.
 Mirati sumus unicum magistrum,
 Summum grammaticum, optimum poetam,
 Omnes solvere posse quæstiones,
 Unum difficile expedire nomen.’ ”

[“ We lately saw, my Gallus, Cato’s Tusculan villa exposed to public sale by his creditors ; and wondered that such an unrivalled master of the schools, most eminent grammarian, and accomplished poet, could solve all propositions and yet found one question too difficult, — *how to pay his debts.*”]

The same question has been often asked concerning scholars, poets, and literary men in later times of the world.

There is one of these old Roman teachers whom many of my readers, if I should have many, will delight to know. It is Verrius Flaccus, the father

to the system of offering rewards of merit. His system of literary encouragement is sometimes disparaged now, but whatever we may think of the wisdom of it, we cannot doubt the benevolence of the old Roman schoolmaster's heart.

There are not many biographies of teachers more ideal than his, and we are sorry it is so brief. Here it is, after Suetonius:—

“Verrius Flaccus, a freedman, distinguished himself by a new mode of teaching; for it was his practice to exercise the wits of his scholars, by encouraging emulation among them; not only proposing the subjects on which they were to write, but offering rewards for those who were successful in the contest. These consisted of some ancient, handsome, or rare book. Being, in consequence, selected by Augustus as preceptor to his grandsons, he transferred his entire school to the Palatium, but with the understanding that he should admit no fresh scholars. The hall in Catiline's house, which had then been added to the palace, was assigned him for his school, with a yearly allowance of one hundred thousand sesterces. He died of old age, in the reign of Tiberius. There is a statue of him at Præneste in the semicircle at the lower side of the forum, where he had set up calendars arranged by himself and inscribed on slabs of marble.”

The Greek language and literature during the Empire greatly influenced Rome and her provinces. Greek had become the literary language of Syria, and the books that constitute the New Testament were originally written in Greek.

In the spring of 58, the fourth year of the reign of Nero, or about that time, the Apostle Paul wrote from Corinth an epistle or letter to

the Roman Christians, known now as the Epistle of Paul to the Romans. Paul was a Greek scholar. His epistle followed the general views of the Stoics, but showed that the soul was justified by faith in God, and that this teaching of Christ was also that of Abraham. The epistle or letter was carried by Phœbe, a servant of the Church at the port of Corinth, and of all the writings which were discussed at Rome in the time of Nero and the succeeding emperors, none have exerted a greater influence on the history of the world, except the Gospels. The letter is an argument and has force rather than the grace of composition. The letters of Paul written from Rome to the Corinthians exhibit the beauty of Greek rhetoric and literary art.

We have told you the legend of the Cumæan Sibyl, and have spoken of the influence of the Sibylline prophecies in the early days of the Empire. We have quoted the stanza from Horace's ode, in which the Sibyl's authority is given for the Secular Games. The translation which we gave of Virgil's *Pollio*, was in blank verse: Dryden's translation, which resembles Pope's *Messiah*, has a more poetic and sympathetic spirit. You may like to read that when you have learned how much the poem influenced the destinies of Rome.

Constantine is said to have been an admirer of this wonderful poem, and to have believed it to be a prophecy of Christ and Christianity. Of this influence Gibbons says: "In the midst of the incessant labors of his great office, this soldier employed, or affected to employ, the hours of night in the diligent study of the Scriptures, and the composition of theological discourses, which he afterwards

pronounced in the presence of a numerous and applauding audience. In a very long discourse which is still extant the royal preacher expatiates in the various proofs of religion, *but he dwells with particular complacency on the Sibylline verses, and the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil (Pollio)*. Forty years before the birth of Christ, the Mantuan bard, as if inspired by the celestial muse of Isaiah, had celebrated with all the pomp of Oriental metaphor, the return of the Virgin, the fall of the serpent, the approaching birth of a god-like child, the offspring of the great Jupiter who should expiate the guilt of the human kind."

Gibbon adds: "If a more splendid, and indeed specious interpretation of the Fourth Eclogue contributed to the conversion of the first Christian emperor, Virgil may deserve to be marked among the most successful missionaries of the Gospel." Constantine's studies as a soldier inclined his heart toward Christianity, and the times were ripe for a Christian emperor.

In the year 312 the event occurred which changed the character of the Roman world and the course of history. This was the purpose of Constantine publicly to renounce heathenism and accept Christianity. The enemies of Constantine have accused him of being crafty and politic in making this change, for the Christian religion was now winning the hearts of the people, and the Christian Church had become powerful in Rome. We think that the motives of Constantine were sincere. Although he announced his purpose of becoming a Christian at this time, he was not baptized until near the close of his life.

The conversion of Constantine is associated in

old histories with a very wonderful story. We give the legend here as told by an ancient writer who claimed to have received the narrative from Constantine's own lips. The scene of the event was near Rome, which city Constantine was approaching to engage in battle with the rival emperor Maxentius.

"The army arriving near Rome," says the narrative, "the emperor was employed in devout ejaculations. It was the 27th of October, about three o'clock in the afternoon. The sun was declining when suddenly there appeared a pillar of light in the heavens in the form of a cross, with this inscription: 'IN HOC SIGNO VINCES,' — 'in this sign thou shalt conquer.'

"The emperor was amazed. The cross and sign blazed before the eyes of the whole army.

"Early the next morning Constantine informed his officers that Christ had appeared to him in the night with the cross in his hand, and commanded him to make the Cross his royal standard. The officers were ordered to construct a cross and a standard. The standard was made thus: —

"A long spear plated with gold, with a transverse piece at the top in the form of a cross, to which was fastened a four square purple banner embroidered with gold and beset with precious stones. Above the cross was a crown overlaid with gold and gems, within which was placed the sacred symbol, the two first letters of the name of Christ in Greek."

Under this banner Constantine, having overcome Maxentius, entered Rome in triumph, and was hailed by the Christian population with great rejoicing. Thus the waning autumn of 312 witnessed

the beginning of the end of the heathen rites of more than a thousand years and the advent of the faith which has come to possess the civilized world. From this date the world may be said to have begun anew. We may credit or not the marvellous legend of the vision of the cross ; the event of the downfall of the ancient gods and the acceptance of the gospel of Christ is certain. The ancient Rome vanished, a new Rome came.

The master of the Roman world, having become a Christian, aspired to found a city, which should be dedicated to the enlightened faith from the beginning. Such a city, to follow the grand traditions of the past, should be of celestial origin ; and Constantine, while at Byzantium, claimed to have had a vision, in which a celestial messenger came to him and indicated to him in a mystic way that he should there found a city. "By the commands of God," he said, "I lay the everlasting foundations," and he founded Constantinople, a new Rome, which he seems to have believed would eclipse the glory of the Rome of the Republic and the Emperors.

But not without reason did this vision rise before him. On the one hand was the Euxine, and on the other the Mediterranean ; and between them, like a horn, which is now known as the Golden Horn, were the straits that were the gates of the great empires of the Asiatic east and the Roman west.

The founding of Constantinople is associated with as poetic a legend as that of the founding of Rome by Romulus. The latter is said to have ploughed a furrow around the city. Constantine is represented as going forth on foot with a lance in his hand, and followed by a solemn procession, and causing the line to be stretched which was to form

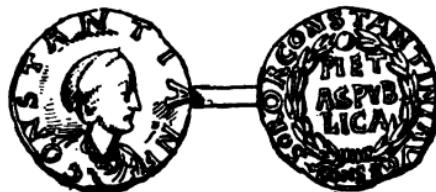
the boundary of the new city. The march was a long one, when one of his assistants said,—

“ You have already exceeded the limits of the founding of any other city.”

“ I shall still advance,” said the Emperor, “ till the invisible guide who goes before me commands me to stop.”

One might wish that such a pleasing story were true. The mind loves the legends that stand for the spirit of events. But whatever truth or misapprehension there may be in the visions of Constantine and the poetic tales related of him, he had the mind of the seer and the creative imagination of those who have been leaders in all great events, and he founded in his own name, and for the glory of the Church, one of the greatest cities that were to succeed Rome.

The great age of Constantine and his sons—Constantine, Constantius, and Constans—followed.



Money of Constantine.

Rome was now likely to be rivalled by the new city across the Hellespont, but a greater humiliation was at hand.

The family of Constantine were followed by the Emperors Gallus and Julian and a line of emperors who left no records of great deeds in the world. The ancient temples of the gods fell or were turned into Christian churches. But the obscure

pastoral nations of the West and North were growing in numbers and strength, and the Huns and Goths were to complete the destruction of heathen Rome.

The leader of the invasion which was to close the periods of the Roman gods of the Republic and Empire forever was Alaricus, or Alaric,—*Al-ric*, all rich. He was the King of the Visigoths, and first appears in history A.D. 394. He invaded Greece in 396, and was made king by his countrymen 398. About the year 400 he invaded Italy. He made three sieges of Rome in 408, 409, 410.

On August 24, 410, he entered Rome, and his army sacked the city for six days and bore away with them the spoils of the city and the treasures of the capital.

Leaving Rome in triumph, loaded with the spoils of the Roman centuries, he came to Consentia, near the river Busentinus; there he fell suddenly ill. Finding death approaching, he ordered that, after his decease, the river should be turned aside from its bed, and that his body and the spoils of Rome should be buried there in one tomb, and the river turned back again into its natural channel. The order was obeyed, and the slaves employed in turning aside the river were slain to make the secret of the place of the tomb of the treasures of Rome more secure. A poet makes Alaric to say:—

“ When I am dead no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows o'er my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain
Stain it with hypocritic tear,
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

“ But ye the mountain stream shall turn
And lay its secret channel bare,

And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting-place forever there ;
And never be the secret said
Until the deep give up its dead.

“ My course was like a river deep,
And from the Northern hills I burst
Across the world in wrath to sweep ;
And where I went the spot was curst,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

“ Not for myself did I ascend
In judgment my triumphal car,
For God alive on high did send
The avenging Scythian to the war,
To spread abroad with iron hand
The appointed scourge of his command.

“ Across the everlasting Alp
I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
In vain within their seven-hilled towers.
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem.

“ My course is run, my errand done,
But darker ministers of fate
For vengeance round the eternal throne
And in the cares of judgment wait.
But long shall Roman hearts be sick
When men shall think of Alaric.”

The triumph of Alaric over the proud empire prepared the way for the invasion of the Huns. In the year 455, Genseric, King of the Vandals, came swooping down on the city of Rome from the port of Ostia, expecting to be met by an army of Roman youth. Instead of this, there issued from the gates a procession of venerable clergy led by a bishop. The barbarian conqueror promised to spare the unresisting people, but for fourteen days the

city was given over to pillage, and all that remained of Roman wealth, of public or private treasure, the gems of maid and matron, the holy decorations of temples and altars, the crown, the purple, and the insignia of State, all were transported to the vessels of Genseric.

So Rome that had robbed the world was robbed by the world in the weakness begotten by the spoils of the nations. The measure that she had meted was meted out to her again. The Roman spirit decayed in the years of riches, triumph, and so-called glory, and the year 490 found Odoacer, a barbarian, king of the land of the traditions of *Æneas*, of Romulus, Tullius, Cincinnatus, Regulus, and Aurelius. The year 500 A.D. brought to a close all that remained of the pride and glory of the Republic and Empire of Rome. Prosperity had proved fatal to Roman virtue, and the loss of character was a loss of spirit, and honor, and valor. The hardy giants of the northern lands held her at their mercy, and the Queen of Empires, after all her triumphs, grovelled now at the barbarians' chariot wheels.

Such, little Arthur, is the story of Rome, as a lover of old tales might tell it, without seeking to destroy the traditions of the past. What are we to learn from it all? What does the great nation that rose and vanished now say to us?

It is character that lives, and character is everything. The names that do not perish are those that are allied to truth, which is eternal. They are Tullius, who sought the rights of people; Cincinnatus, who could go from the plough to serve the State and return to the plough again; Regulus, whose honor was more than life; the Catos; Aure-

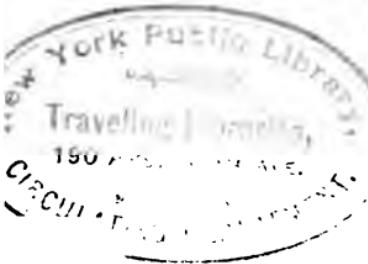
lius; Peter and Paul. All Roman history seems to voice the principle of Christ, "He that saveth his life shall lose it." It is not the memory of Roman wealth or power or glory that is precious and enshrined, but of Roman virtue and honorable poverty and sacrifice. He who denies himself the most receives the most from God, and whatever may rise or fall in this changing world, righteousness is immortal.

Live for the right, and be true to it, and give it the influence of your life, and the ages will rise up to bless you. Beginning our story with Virgil, we will end with him here:—

"*Possunt, quia posse videntur.*"

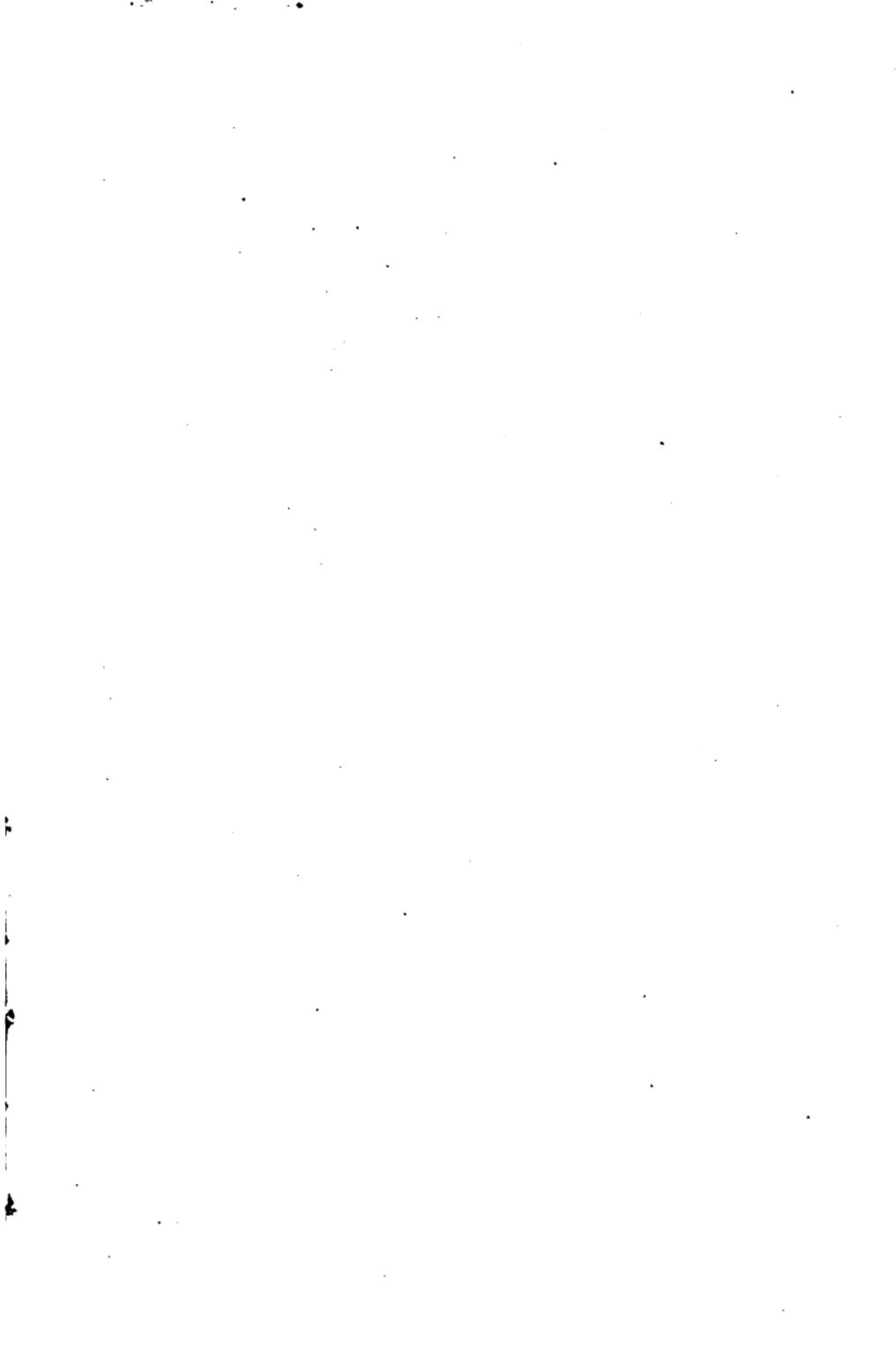
[“They are able because they are seen to be able.”]

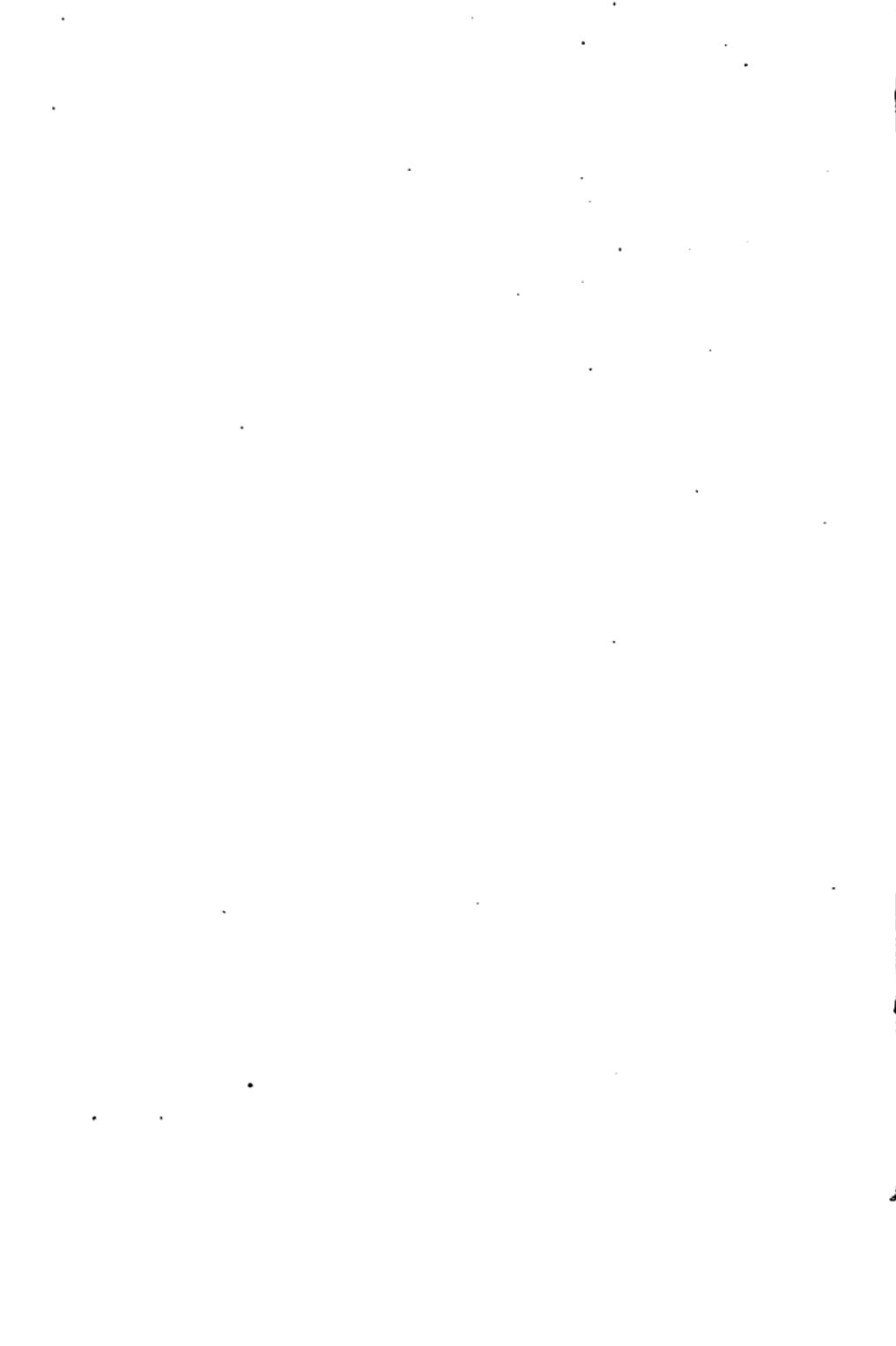
Such do well, but they do better who for right and truth are able to stand against the world. So I unclasp your hand, little Arthur, with a farewell at the gate of the school of life that is opening before you, after our journey back into the picturesque past to visit some of the scenes of Rome.

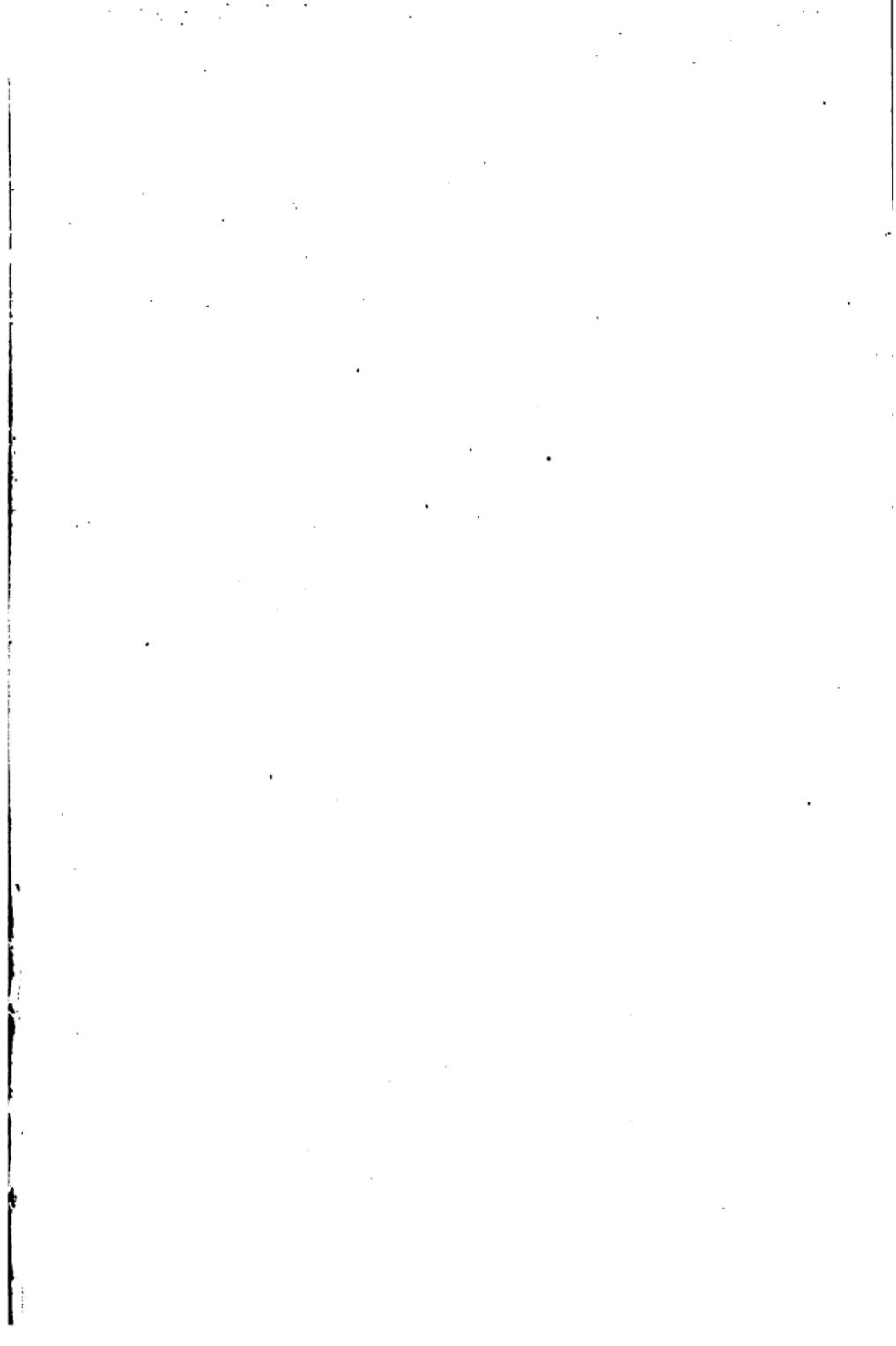


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